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ART. I. — *Greece under the Romans: A Historical View of the Condition of the Greek Nation, from the Time of its Conquest by the Romans until the Extinction of the Roman Empire in the East.* By GEORGE FINLAY, K. R. G. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1844. 8vo. pp. 554.

THE period of Grecian history embraced in the work before us extends from one hundred and forty-six years before Christ to the year 717 of our era. It is full of interest, though of an interest widely different from that which belongs to the classical ages of Hellenic civilization. Greece had run her brilliant career. In every species of literature, in every department of art, in all the regions of æsthetic beauty, she had left monuments of her genius which the world has not since been able to rival. The principles of political science had been richly illustrated by the various experiences of her numerous and widely contrasted polities. That peculiar kind of confederation which combines under one energetic government a cluster of republics, each sovereign in some respects, and in others constituting only a part of the united sovereignty, like the government of the United States of America, alone has no exact parallel in the political history of the Grecian republics. It is not without reason, therefore, that students of politics have resorted to Grecian history to trace the workings of institutions and principles, as men observe in small models the operations of wheels and springs combined in mechanical inventions.

But the free action of the Greek political life ceased with



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the Roman conquest. From that moment, the fair land of ancient civilization ceased to have an independent existence, and was incorporated into the vast body of the martial empire of Rome. Though Greece had foolishly exhausted her resources and energies in civil wars, her genius was pre-eminently for the arts of peace. The quick sense of the beautiful, the rapid invention, the intuitive elegance of imagination, which distinguished the leading races, especially the Ionian, led them to engage with passionate enthusiasm in those pursuits which adorn and exalt human life, rather than in the brutalizing and bloody works of war; and while Rome stands foremost among the military nations that have placed their chief glory in conquests, the name of Greece is for ever identified with all that is most beautiful in imagination, most thrilling in eloquence, most harmonious and entrancing in poetry. Which species of fame is most worthy the ambition of beings endowed with the immortal energies of reason and imagination?

This work of Mr. Finlay goes over, in part, the same ground that Gibbon has occupied in his History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; but the subject handled here was only an incident to Gibbon's stupendous undertaking, as Greece was only a small province of the world-embracing empire of Rome. In many respects, therefore, Mr. Finlay has gone beyond the researches of Gibbon, inasmuch as his labors come within a narrower range. He has carefully studied and thoroughly mastered all the original authorities upon which a satisfactory history of such a period must necessarily be constructed, and the fruits of modern researches that come in as useful subsidiary aids. His work is, therefore, learned and profound. It throws a flood of light upon an important though obscure portion of Grecian history, which has been but little attended to by scholars, because it is not adorned by the splendors of poetry and eloquence which shed an undying glory over the great ages of Greece. Mr. Finlay's style has none of the elaborate elegance and the stately historic march of Gibbon's; it is sometimes rugged and uncouth; but it is always significant and clear. He is so well informed upon all the details of his subject, his views are so distinct and so thoroughly reasoned out, that the language is never vague, the meaning never involved, the sentences never merely half

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significant, through the imperfect knowledge of the writer. In the essential requisites of fidelity, accuracy, and learning, Mr. Finlay bears a favorable comparison with any historical writer of our day; but in the literary merits of composition, in artistic beauty of form, he is greatly inferior to many. Mr. Finlay is known to the world as a distinguished Philhellene; a friend of Greece in her hour of affliction, sharing with our gallant countryman, Dr. Howe, and others, in the perils and the glory of her brave resistance to the barbarian. He has long resided in that country, we believe, and identified his interests with her dubious fortunes under the existing government; and, besides the present work, he has written on subjects of a classical and antiquarian character; his work possesses, therefore, almost the authority and interest of one written by a native of the country.

There are circumstances in the character of the Greek nation which attach a peculiar interest to every period of its history. The Greeks of the present day are the only unquestionable representatives of antiquity. Though Greece fell under the military power of Rome, many of her peculiar institutions remained untouched by the conquerors, and her population continued to a great extent homogeneous and unmixed; and though, at the downfall of the Byzantine empire, Greece was overrun and trampled under foot by Asiatic barbarians, she still preserved her language and the consciousness of her illustrious descent. Among her mountain fastnesses, while her plains were held by the dark and turbaned infidel, a heroic race, resembling the warriors of Homeric song, maintained their independence, and chanted their deeds of daring in strains that do no discredit to their inherited genius. Thus the Hellenic race was preserved; and when the hour struck which was to see the foreign yoke thrown off, and the oppressor's power shattered and dispersed for ever, the thrilling recollections of old, uttered in words that have resounded over Greece since the days of Homer, strengthened the heart and nerved the arm with the exalting consciousness that Marathon and Thermopylæ were to them no themes of schoolboy learning, kindling a factitious enthusiasm, but immortal names in their own history, — scenes of fame in which their own great ancestors had acted, and which they, no unworthy sons of such ancestors, were bound to emulate. The period, therefore, illustrated by Mr. Finlay's

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work is characterized not merely by a scientific or antiquarian relation to the general mass of our knowledge, but has important bearings upon the present condition of living men.

There is a feature in Mr. Finlay's method of treating his subject which gives to the result of his researches a special value ; he has investigated not merely the facts of history, so as to present an intelligible narrative, but has inquired into the causes of political phenomena, laying them open to the light of modern science in such a manner, that the reader sees how the vices of administration worked out their inevitable consequences in the decline of physical prosperity, and in the gradual disorganization of the elements which constitute the necessary conditions of a progressive national existence. In other words, Mr. Finlay understands the principles of political economy, and has applied them skilfully to the explanation of the facts in his narrative.

The old relations of Greece with the rest of the world were greatly modified by the conquests of Alexander. Like other ancient warriors, he set out in his career without the least shadow of right to justify his invasion of remote and unoffending nations ; but unlike other ancient warriors, he sought to create a new and better era, by founding new cities, extending the commerce of the world, encouraging the arts, and establishing a great empire on enlightened political institutions. The teachings of his great master, Aristotle, had initiated him in the science of government, and now, when he attempted to consolidate his conquests, guided him into the path of wisdom, which no other ancient founder of an empire had had the sagacity to discern and to follow. The language and institutions of the Greeks were planted among the barbarians, but not forced upon them. The power and wealth of the monarchs who succeeded Alexander, and divided his empire, overbalanced the influence of the free states of Greece, and, by opening a more extended sphere of action and holding up to the view of the ambitious more glittering rewards, drew off from the small theatre of continental Greece a large proportion of her ablest men, and Alexandria became the capital of the civilized world. A more intimate intercourse with the Asiatic courts corrupted the simplicity of Grecian manners, the kings of Macedonia assailed the independence of the southern Grecian states, which it was found impossible to unite in their common de-

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fence against the threatening danger, the Gauls invaded the country and inflicted on it heavy calamities, and the Greek colonies in Italy fell under the Roman arms. Thus the power of Greece rapidly declined, and her commercial influence received a fatal shock from the changes in the relations of states consequent upon the military achievements and political combinations of Alexander. "Alexandria and Rhodes," says Mr. Finlay, "soon occupied the position once held by Corinth and Athens." The transfer of the language and literature of Greece from their native abodes to splendid and luxurious foreign capitals wrought a great and unfavorable change upon its character. "That divine instinct," says our author, "which had been the charm and characteristic of its earlier age, never emigrated." In the free states of Greece, literature and art had been wrought into the daily life of the people; they were part and parcel of the education of every citizen. And these peculiar circumstances gave to literary productions a simplicity and directness, and a truth to nature, which were in a great measure lost when the immediate pressure of a cultivated popular opinion was taken off from the genius of the writers; and precisely this case occurred in the brilliant capitals of the East. The general corruption of morals was hastened to an inconceivable degree by suddenly bringing the treasures of the Persian empire, estimated by our author at between seventy and eighty millions sterling, into general circulation. "It is difficult to imagine," Mr. Finlay truly remarks, "a state of society more completely destitute of moral restraint than that in which the Asiatic Greeks lived. Public opinion was powerless to enforce even an outward respect for virtue; military accomplishments, talents for civil administration, and literary eminence were the direct roads to distinction and wealth; honesty and virtue were very secondary qualities. In all countries or societies where a class becomes predominant, a conventional character is formed, according to the exigencies of the case, as the standard of an honorable man; and it is usually very different indeed from what is really necessary to constitute a virtuous, or even an honest citizen."

Such are some of the general causes of decline from the virtues of the ancient character of the Greeks; and when these causes had brought forth their natural fruits, Rome, the great military nation, organized with a central power which



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guided all the energies of the state and wielded them as by the will of one man, came into violent collision with degenerate, effeminate, divided, and disorganized Greece. The result of such an unequal conflict could not long remain doubtful. The wars with Rome excited no strong national feeling among the Greeks. The great body of the citizens saw no means of regaining tranquillity and reëstablishing the principles of justice except by submission to Rome. This feeling is strikingly shown by an expression so current in the mouths of the people, that, according to Polybius, it passed into a common proverb:— *Εἰ μὴ ταχέως ἀπωλόμεθα, οὐκ ἂν ἐσώθημεν*, —"If we had not quickly been lost, we should not have been saved." *

For a time, the weight of subjugation to Rome was not severely felt by the Greeks. The Roman was a barbarian and a fighter from the beginning, and he never fairly laid aside the essential rudeness of his character. The moment he came in contact with the ingenious Greek, the natural superiority of intellectual abilities over the coarser character of the Roman manifested itself in a way which provoked the ill-humor of the Roman satirists, who tried to disguise the fact by calling the conquered Greeks the hardest names which their limited vocabulary could supply. But to such a degree was this a fact, that the Romans, when they became ambitious to have a literature of their own, had not wit enough to do much more than translate the literature of their subjects. Plautus and Terence translated the comic writers of Athens; Cicero translated Plato, and every other Greek philosopher he could lay his hands upon; and the only original invention they ever dared to claim was that of the satire, the poorest species of literature, since it consists mainly of invective against the persons and manners of the age, and has little or no general interest for the world at large.

The Romans made but one attempt to intermeddle with the municipal institutions and local administration of the Greeks; that was at the time of the conquest of Achaia; and so little luck had they in it, that they soon gave it up. "The local institutions," says Mr. Finlay, "ultimately modified the Roman administration itself, and long before

* Mr. Finlay incorrectly translates it, "Unless we are quickly lost, we cannot be saved." The past tense of the verbs makes this translation inadmissible.

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the Roman empire ceased to exist, its political authority in the East was guided by the feelings of the Greeks, and its forms moulded according to Greek customs."

Mr. Finlay's first chapter embraces the period from the conquest of Greece to the establishment of Constantinople as the capital of the Roman empire; that is, to A. D. 330. In this time occurred the Mithridatic war, which caused a partial revolt, particularly that of Athens, from the Roman power. Sylla found it no easy matter to break the spirit of these fiery democrats; and when, after a long siege, the defence of the city had become hopeless, the Athenians sent a deputation to the Roman general to negotiate the terms of a surrender, and the orators began, after the ancient fashion, to talk about their ancestors and Marathon, Sylla pettishly answered, that "he had come to Athens to punish rebels, not to study history"; and he was as good as his word. He carried the city by storm; put most of the citizens to death; allowed his soldiers to plunder the private houses; and took great credit to himself, on the score of humanity, for not burning them all to the ground. The Piræus he utterly destroyed. It was a great misfortune to Greece, that Mithridates chose to make Greece the theatre of his war with Rome; for Sylla's campaign wrought such havoc in the wealth and resources of Athens, that she never afterwards recovered either her commercial or political importance or her population. And yet her institutions did not, even after this terrible disaster, lose the whole of their vigor; the laws and legal forms still existed, and the court of the Areopagus, according to Tacitus, even in the reign of Tiberius, resisted the attempts of Piso to corrupt the administration of justice.

The next infliction under which the much-suffering Greeks groaned was the terrible scourge of the Cilician pirates. There be water-rats as well as land-rats; and the one almost always follows hard upon the other. The defenceless state of Greece, which was one of the consequences of her subjection to Rome, lured these sea-robbers from the Asiatic coast. The cities and temples of Greece, which contained the accumulated treasures of ages, fell an easy prey to these numerous and organized marauders, who rose to such a height of audacity and power that the supremacy of Rome herself was threatened. Pompey was intrusted with author-

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ity more extensive than had ever before been granted to an individual, and an immense force was placed at his disposal, for the purpose of suppressing them. His success in this enterprise constitutes no small part of his renown in history. He captured ninety brazen-beaked ships and twenty thousand brazen-faced men; and with these latter — promising materials to found a city with — he peopled a town which was called after him Pompeiopolis, or Pompey-town.

An interesting section of the first chapter is devoted to an examination into the nature of the Roman provincial administration in Greece. The whole subject is very ably handled, and a brief and intelligible account of the proconsular system is given. The fiscal administration of the Romans was, down to the time of Augustus, very much like that adopted by Napoleon; that is to say, the Roman armies were supported by indiscriminately robbing every nation that fell under their power. This was all very well, as long as the money lasted; but Augustus found the imperial pockets empty, and like an honest man, when he was convinced he could rob no more, he set about devising a system of universal taxation to replenish them. "And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed." And now began a series of extortions, under a system of multiplied taxation, which exhausted the wealth of the world to fill up the measure of imperial luxury at the capital, and to enable a few bad men to amass fortunes the like of which the world has never since beheld, and to run a career of gigantic debaucheries for which the wrath of Heaven doomed the empire to a terrible retribution in after ages.

The severity of Roman taxation, the cruel measures adopted by Æmilius Paulus, Mummius, Sylla, Julius Cæsar, and Augustus, struck a series of fatal blows at the physical prosperity of Greece, and led to that decline in her population which is so remarkable a feature in the history of that period, and which gradually reduced the country to the condition forcibly and eloquently described by Frederic Jacobs in one of his occasional discourses. "It is indeed true," said that veteran scholar, in an oration before the Academy of Sciences at Munich, in 1808, "that ancient Greece has disappeared, as it were, from the borders which once encompassed her free and intellectual inhabitants. The life of the most

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excitable of all nations has died out. Their cities, once the centres of virtues unsurpassed, worthy dwelling-places of the gods, and rich gardens of every art, have sunk to dismal hamlets, in which a stinted and starveling race heedlessly build their huts upon the ruins of antiquity, without respecting, and generally without even remembering, the heroic age to which the stones themselves still bear witness. The ancient rivers, some yet called by their former names, steal mournfully through a desolated land; the gods that once dwelt on their banks and in their grottos have vanished; and the wondrous strains, which told the history of every fountain, hill, and woodland to the listening ear of a free and susceptible people, have died away." The simple and pathetic letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero will at once suggest itself to the memory of the classical reader. "On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me: Ægina was behind me, Megara before me; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left; all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves, if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view."

So much of the ancient Greek spirit remained, even while the causes of national decline and degeneracy were in full operation, that the Romans found it expedient to occupy many of the strongest positions in the country with military colonies. Corinth, enthroned between two seas, and well suited to hold the country in check, was partially rebuilt by Julius Cæsar; Augustus systematically reduced the power and influence of Athens and Sparta, and founded two new states, Patræ and Nicopolis, which he peopled with Roman soldiers, and filled up the lower ranks by a series of arbitrary and ruinous measures, compelling the inhabitants of the surrounding country to desert their ancient abodes, sacrificing property to an immense amount, and forcibly diverting the revenues of several already impoverished Grecian cities to the support of these military establishments. "The peculiar privileges," says Finlay, "conferred on the three Roman colonies of Corinth, Patræ, and Nicopolis, and the close connection in

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which they were placed with the imperial government, enabled them to flourish for centuries amidst the general poverty which the despotic system of the Roman provincial administration spread over the rest of Greece."

So unfortunate Greece continued to be the object of the respect and jealousy of her Roman masters. Athens, reduced as she was, stood at the head of the literary world. Educated Romans resorted to her, to receive from her teachers the last polish of letters and art. Wealthy Roman citizens employed learned Greeks as private tutors in their families, and a knowledge of the Greek language was deemed an indispensable requisite to a polite education. In short, Greek was the fashion, the rage, in the upper circles of Roman society. Roman writers frequently aspired to the honors of authorship in the Greek language, even as early as the time of Cicero ; that great orator himself took infinite pains to accomplish himself in Greek, and was ambitious to have the history of his consulship transmitted to posterity in that language. He sent his son to Athens, and placed him under the charge of the most famous rhetoricians and philosophers of the age. The correspondence between the illustrious Roman and his son exhibits the literary influence of Greece in a most striking and interesting light, and does infinitely more honor to the right feeling and moral character of the parties concerned than the letters of a celebrated modern, Chesterfield, in a case almost parallel, directing minutely and step by step the education of one who was destined to public life in a Christian country.

The fortunes of Greece changed considerably between the reign of Augustus and that of Caracalla. The monster Nero had some visitings of civility and humanity ; and when the Greeks, having learned the arts of courtiership and dissimulation, conferred on him the musical crown at the Olympic Games, he was so much gratified by their flattery that he exempted them from tribute. This immunity, however, lasted but a short time ; for the excellent Vespasian, by way of conveniently settling the disputes which immediately broke out between the states as to the mode of collecting their municipal taxes, and not having, like the ingenious Nero, an ear for music, unscrupulously took away the privilege which that amiable fiddler had granted. The Emperor Hadrian was a real benefactor to Greece. His services to the country, and

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the lasting consequences which flowed from them, are well summed up in the following extract.

"Hadrian treated Greece with peculiar favor. He opened a new line of policy to the sovereigns of Rome, and avowed the determination of reforming the institutions of the Romans, and adapting his government to the altered state of society in the empire. He perceived that the central government was weakening its power, and diminishing its resources, by acts of injustice, which rendered property everywhere insecure. To remedy the evils in the dispensation of the laws, he published his perpetual edict, which certainly exercised a favorable influence on the condition of the inhabitants of the provinces. It laid the foundation of that regular and systematic administration of justice in the Roman empire, which gradually absorbed all the local judicatures of the Greeks, and, by forming a numerous and well educated society of lawyers, guided by uniform rules, raised up a partial barrier against arbitrary power. In order to lighten the weight of taxation, Hadrian abandoned all the arrears of taxes accumulated in preceding years.* His general system of administrative reforms was pursued by the Antonines, and perfected by the edict of Caracalla, which conferred the rank of Roman citizens on all the free inhabitants of the empire. Hadrian certainly deserves the merit of having first seen the necessity of securing the imperial government, by effacing the badges of servitude from the provincials, and connecting the interests of the majority of the landed proprietors, throughout the Roman empire, with the existence of the imperial administration. He was the first who laid aside the prejudices of a Roman, and secured to the provincials that legal rank in the constitution of the empire, which placed their rights on a level with those of Roman citizens.

"Hadrian, from personal taste, cultivated Greek literature, and admired Grecian art. He left traces of his love of improvement in every portion of the empire, through which he kept constantly travelling; but Greece, and especially Attica, received an extraordinary share of the imperial favor. It is difficult to estimate how far his conduct immediately affected the general well-being of the population, or to point out the precise manner of its operation on society; but it is evident, that the impulse given to improvement by his example and his administration produced a slight tendency to ameliorate the condition of the Greeks. Greece had sunk to its lowest state of poverty and depopulation under the financial oppression of the Flavian family, and it enjoyed the advantage of good government under Hadrian. The

* Spartianus, *in Adriano*, p. 10.

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extraordinary improvements, which the Roman emperors might have effected in the empire, by a judicious employment of the public revenues, may be estimated from the immense public works executed by Hadrian. At Athens, he completed the temple of Jupiter Olympius, which had been commenced by Pisistratus, and of which sixteen columns still exist to astonish the spectator by their size and beauty. He built temples to Juno and to Jupiter Panhellenius, and ornamented the city by a magnificent pantheon, library, and gymnasium. He commenced an aqueduct to convey an abundant stream of water from Cephisia, which was completed by Antonius. At Megara, he rebuilt the temple of Apollo. He constructed an aqueduct which conveyed the waters of the lake Stymphalus to Corinth, and he erected new baths in that city. But the surest proof that his improvements were directed by a judicious spirit is to be found in his attention to the roads. Nothing could tend more to advance the prosperity of this mountainous country, than removing the difficulties of intercourse between its various provinces; for there is no spot where the expense of transport presents a greater barrier to trade. He rendered the road from Northern Greece to the Peloponnesus by the Scironian rocks easy and commodious for wheeled carriages. Great, however, as these improvements were, he conferred one still greater on the Greeks, as a nation, by commencing the task of moulding their various local customs and laws into one general system, founded on the basis of the Roman jurisprudence;* and while ingrafting the law of the Romans on the stock of society in Greece, he did not seek to destroy the municipal institutions of the people. The policy of Hadrian, in raising the Greeks to an equality of civil rights with the Romans, gave an administrative sanction to whatever remained of the Macedonian institutions throughout the East; and as soon as the edict of Caracalla had conferred on all the subjects of the empire the rights of Roman citizenship, the Greeks became, in reality, the dominant people in the eastern portion of the Roman empire, and Greek institutions ultimately obtained the supremacy." — pp. 71–74.

The Emperors Antoninus and Marcus Aurelius, and that accomplished citizen, Herodes Atticus, whose taste in art and letters is celebrated in the history of the times, and whose public munificence rivalled that of Hadrian himself, did much towards the restoration of Greece, so far as a subject province could be restored, to her former prëeminence

* Spanheim, *Orbis Romanus*, 393.

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in literature, science, and art. But after the reign of Marcus Aurelius, Greece seems to have been almost forgotten, amidst the wars in which the Roman government was perpetually engaged. Sunk in obscurity, and taking an insignificant part in the affairs of the empire, she still retained the shadow of her ancient political institutions and the reminiscences of her ancient renown. The Amphictyonic Council held its assemblies ; the four great games were still celebrated ; the court of the Areopagus was still the last resort of justice in Athens ; and the Spartan Gerontia retained at least the form of its ancient power, several centuries after the Roman conquest. Under these circumstances, and with the original and striking differences of character between the Greek and the Roman, the two races always repelled each other. No intimate union, no blending into one people, ever did or could take place.

Constantine made great and important changes in the constitution of the empire. He rendered the military element less prominent as a characteristic of the administration, remodelled the executive and the army, transferred the seat of government to a new capital, and established a new religion. He made the emperor the centre of the civil government, and devised what in modern times has been called a "bureaucracy," that the business of the administration might be carried on with a mechanical precision. But he failed to establish a well regulated system of responsibility among the servants of the state. In fact, he moulded his government into a caste, with interests directly opposed to those of the great mass of the people. "In his desire to save the world from anarchy," says our author, "he created that struggle between the administration and the governed, which has ever since existed, either actively or passively, in every country which has inherited the monarchical principle of imperial Rome ; and the problem of combining efficient administration with constant responsibility seems, in these states, still unsolved."

The legal reforms introduced by Constantine were extensive, and gave the most striking evidence of his greatness ; while the fiscal measures which he adopted, aiming "to transfer the whole circulating medium annually into the coffers of the state," were so erroneous in principle and so fatal in their consequences, that they prevented his salutary



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legislation from doing more than to prolong the agony of the body politic, which was now advancing by a slow consumption to its dissolution. The interests of the Greeks were unfavorably affected by the reforms of Constantine. The empire was so divided, that the Greeks, constituting but a part of the population in each of the five governments into which the prefecture of the Orient was divided, lost the influence which their common language and manners and their national unity would otherwise have given them; and thus the fortunes of Greece and the Greeks were more intimately blended with those of the declining empire. The gradual operation of these and other causes of national disorders is traced out by Mr. Finlay in a masterly style; but there is no space to dwell upon them here.

One of the most interesting sections in the book is that in which is discussed the influence of Christianity upon the social condition of the Greeks. We copy a part of it, both for the intrinsic importance of the subject, and to show the manner in which it is handled by Mr. Finlay.

"The steady progress which Christianity made against paganism, and the deep impression it produced on the middling classes of society, and on the votaries of philosophy, are certainly wonderful, when the weight of prejudice, the wealth of the temples, the pride of the schoolmen, and the influence of college endowments are taken into consideration. Throughout the East, the educated Greeks, from a peculiar disposition of mind, were easily led to grant an attentive hearing to the promulgators of new doctrines and systems. Even at Athens, Paul was listened to with great respect by many of the philosophers; and after his public oration to the Athenians at the Areopagus, some said, 'We will hear thee again of this matter.' A belief, that the principle of unity, both in politics and religion, must, from its simplicity and truth, lead to perfection, was an error of the human mind extremely prevalent at the time that Christianity was first preached. That one according spirit might be traced in the universe, and that there was one God, the Father of all, was a very prevalent doctrine. This tendency towards despotism in politics, and deism in religion, is a feature of the human mind which continually reappears in certain conditions of society and corruptions of civilization. At the same time, a very general dissatisfaction was felt at these conclusions; and the desire of establishing the principle of man's responsibility, and his connection with another state of existence, seemed hardly compatible with the unity of the divine essence adored by the philosophers.

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"Under these circumstances, Christianity could not fail of making numerous converts. It boldly announced the full bearing of truths, of which the Greek philosophers had only afforded a dim glimpse; and it distinctly contradicted many of the favorite dreams of the national, but falling, faith of Greece. It required either to be rejected or adopted. Among the Greeks, therefore, Christianity met everywhere with a curious and attentive audience. The feelings of the public mind were dormant; Christianity opened the sources of eloquence, and revived the influence of popular opinion. From the moment a people, in the state of intellectual civilization in which the Greeks were, could listen to the preachers, it was certain they would adopt the religion. They might alter, modify, or corrupt it, but it was impossible that they should reject it. The existence of an assembly, in which the dearest interests of all human beings were expounded and discussed in the language of truth, and with the most earnest expressions of persuasion, must have lent an irresistible charm to the investigation of the new doctrine, among a people possessing the institutions and feelings of the Greeks. Sincerity, truth, and a desire to persuade others, will soon create eloquence where numbers are gathered together. Christianity revived oratory, and with oratory it awakened many of the national characteristics which had slept for ages. The discussions of Christianity gave also new vigor to the communal and municipal institutions, as it improved the intellectual qualities of the people.

"The demoralization of society prevalent throughout the world has been noticed, and its injurious effect on the position of the Greek females must have long been seriously felt by every Grecian mother. The educated females in Greece, therefore, naturally welcomed the pure morality of the Gospel without hesitation, and to their exertions the rapid conversion of the middling orders must in some degree be attributed. Female influence must not be overlooked, if we would form a just estimate of the change produced in society by the conversion of the Greeks to Christianity." — pp. 142 – 144.

Mr. Finlay proceeds to describe in detail the early organization of the church, and the gradual formation of the Greek hierarchy; and in a separate section exhibits the steps by which the orthodox church became identified with the Greek nation.

When the Roman empire was divided into two independent states, the Eastern and the Western, under Arcadius and Honorius, that great political revolution necessarily gave a new impulse to the nationality of the Greeks, by connect-

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ing them more closely with the Eastern sovereigns, and by extending the use of the Greek language, even to the imperial court. The organization of the Christian church and the Greek municipal institutions now began to exercise a strong and direct influence upon the imperial administration itself. The learning of the nation was turned to the discussion of theological subjects; and a body of Greek theological literature was created, important for its bearings upon the early history of the church, and interesting as an exhibition of the elasticity of the Hellenic genius and language.

"The power of the clergy," says our author, "originally resting on a more popular and purer basis than that of the law, became at last so great, that it suffered the inevitable corruption of all irresponsible authority intrusted to humanity. The power of the bishops equalled that of the provincial governors in weight, and was not under the constant control of the imperial administration. To gain such a position, intrigue, simony, and popular sedition were often employed. Supported by the people, a bishop ventured to resist the emperor himself; supported by the emperor and the people, he ventured even to neglect the principles of Christianity. Theophilus, the patriarch of Alexandria, even dared to ordain the Platonic philosopher, Synesius, bishop of Ptolemaïs, in Cyrenaïca, before he believed in the resurrection.*" — pp. 179, 180.

This great power of the clergy is explained in part by the fact, that the Greek was the language of the Eastern church from the moment of its connection with the government, while all legal business was transacted in the Latin until after the reign of Justinian. Among the Greek population of the East, this important fact could not fail to place the priesthood at a commanding height above the civilians; as language is the one great means of swaying the popular mind.

Between the death of Arcadius and the accession of Justinian, six emperors occupied the throne, their united reigns covering a period of one hundred and twenty years, from A. D. 408 to A. D. 527. It was a period of almost unlimited despotism, held in check only by the danger of invasion and by the influence of the clergy over the body of the people. The senate of Constantinople gave some degree of stability to the imperial policy, but was so dependent up-

* Sharpe's *Egypt under the Romans*, 192.

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on the emperor, and usually so servile, that, except by the force of the general maxims of administration which its existence through a series of years established, it had but little power to curb the arbitrary will of the sovereign. The fact, that these emperors ascended the throne from private stations, and had reached a mature age before they arrived at the imperial purple, brought their administrations, it is true, more under the control of the public opinion than could naturally have been expected from the prevalent tyrannical maxims, which were formally received for the greater part of the period we are now considering; and while the regular action of the government and the strengthening influence of popular opinion were conspiring to prolong the Byzantine empire, the Western fell in pieces.

The state of civilization and the influence of national manners among the Greek population suggest very interesting topics of inquiry. The following remarks upon literature and the fine arts are as just as they are well expressed; and the facts accompanying them possess much interest.

"The same genius which inspires poetry is necessary to excellence in the fine arts; yet, as these are more mechanical in their execution, good taste may be long retained, after inspiration has entirely ceased, by the mere effect of imitating good models. The very constitution of society seemed to forbid the existence of genius. In order to produce the highest degree of excellence in works of literature and art, it seems absolutely necessary that the author and the public should participate in some common feelings of admiration for simplicity, beauty, and sublimity. When the condition of society places the patron of works of genius in a totally different rank of life from their authors, and renders the criticisms of a small and exclusive circle of individuals the law in literature and art, then an artificial taste must be studied, in order to secure the applause of those who alone possess the means of rewarding the merit of which they approve. The very fact, that this taste, which the author or the artist is called upon to gratify, is to him more a task of artificial study than a creation of natural feeling, must, of itself, produce a tendency to exaggeration or mannerism. There is nothing in the range of human affairs so completely democratic as taste. Demosthenes spoke to the crowd; Phidias worked for the people.

"Christianity engaged in direct war with the arts. The Greeks had united painting, sculpture, and architecture, in such a way, that their temples formed a harmonious illustration of the



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beauties of the fine arts. The finest temples were museums of paganism, and, consequently, Christianity repudiated all connection with this class of buildings until it had disfigured and degraded them. The courts of judicature, the basilics, not the temples, were chosen as the models of Christian churches, and the adoption of the ideal beauty of ancient sculpture was treated with contempt. The earlier Fathers of the church wished to represent our Saviour as unlike the types of the pagan divinities as possible.

"Works of art gradually lost their value as creations of the mind; and their destruction commenced, whenever the material of which they were composed was of great value, or happened to be wanted for some other purpose more useful in the opinion of the possessor. The Theodosian Code contains many laws against the destruction of works of ancient art and the plundering of tombs. The Christian religion, when it deprived the temples and the statues of a religious sanction, permitted the avaricious to destroy them in order to appropriate the materials; and, when all reverence for antiquity was effaced, it became a profitable, though disgraceful occupation, to ransack the pagan tombs for the ornaments which they contained. The clergy of the new religion demanded the construction of new churches; and the desecrated buildings, falling into ruins, supplied materials more easily than the quarries.

"Many of the celebrated works of art, which had been transported to Constantinople at its foundation, were destroyed in the numerous conflagrations to which that city was always liable. The celebrated statues of the Muses perished in the time of Arcadius. The fashion of erecting statues had not become obsolete, though statuary and sculpture had sunk in the general decline of taste; and the vanity of the ambitious was more gratified by the costliness of the material, than by the beauty of the workmanship. A silver statue of the Empress Eudocia, placed on a column of porphyry, excited so greatly the indignation of John Chrysostom, that he indulged in the most violent invectives against the empress. His virulence compelled the government to exile him from the patriarchal chair. Many valuable Grecian works of bronze were melted down, in order to form a colossal statue of the Emperor Anastasius, which was placed on a lofty column to adorn the capital. Others of gold and silver may have augmented the sums which he laid up in the public treasury. Still it is unquestionable, that a taste for painting had not entirely ceased among the educated and wealthy classes. Mosaics and engraved gems were fashionable luxuries; but the numbers of the patrons of art had decreased in the general pov-

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erty, and the prejudices of the Christians had greatly restricted its range." — pp. 225 – 228.

The reign of Justinian is a prominent point in the history of the Eastern empire. "The unerring instinct of mankind," says Mr. Finlay truly, "has fixed on this period as one of the greatest eras in man's annals." It was distinguished by the achievements of Belisarius, the influence of Theodora, and, above all, by the legislation of the emperor, through which the destinies of the whole civilized world have been deeply affected.

"The changes of centuries passed in rapid succession before the eyes of one generation. The life of Belisarius, either in its reality or its romantic form, has typified his age. In his early youth, the world was populous and wealthy, the empire rich and powerful. He conquered extensive realms and mighty nations, and led kings captive to the footstool of Justinian, the lawgiver of civilization. Old age arrived; Belisarius sank into the grave, suspected and impoverished by his feeble and ungrateful master; and the world, from the banks of the Euphrates to those of the Tagus, presented the awful spectacle of famine, plague, and ruined cities, and of nations on the brink of extermination. The impression on the hearts of men was profound. Fragments of Gothic poetry, legends of Persian literature, and the fate of Belisarius himself, still indicate the eager attention with which this period was long regarded." — pp. 231, 232.

Such is our author's just and forcible delineation of a period when, to use his language in another place, "the frame of the ancient world was broken to pieces, and men long looked back with wonder and admiration at the fragments which remained, to prove the existence of a nobler race than their own."

Justinian ascended the throne A. D. 527. Two years later, the first edition of his Code was published; ten years later, in 537, the church of St. Sophia was dedicated in Constantinople. The consulate, the form of which had been retained from the ancient Roman republic, was abolished in 541. The last years of his reign were signalized by a remarkable series of earthquakes; one of which, that of A. D. 556, was so terrible, that the emperor did not venture to put on his crown, according to Agathias, for the space of forty days. It was towards the end of Justinian's life

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that the Turks, destined afterwards, under the inspiration of fanaticism and the guidance of most able leaders, to change the face of the Oriental world, first became known to the Greeks. This important reign, marked by such diversity of incidents of the highest historical importance, and the starting-point of so many leading influences that have moulded the fortunes of the modern world, closed in the year 565. Mr. Finlay has exhibited its character with great thoroughness and ability; and the changes it wrought in the condition of the Greeks are pointed out with a satisfactory clearness and force. In a literary point of view, the most interesting circumstance of this time is the fact that the Greek became the language of the governing classes in the Eastern empire, and of the orthodox church, and thus ceased to possess a national, that is, an exclusively Hellenic, character.

"The fact," says our author, in a very well written passage, a part of which only we can quote, "is easily explained by the poverty of the native Hellenes, and by the position of the ruling caste in the Roman empire. The highest offices in the court, in the civil administration, and in the orthodox church, were filled with this Greco-Roman class; and this class, sprung originally from the Macedonian conquerors of Asia, and now proud of the Roman name, repudiated all idea of Greek nationality; and, from its political views of Roman dominion, affected to treat Greek national distinctions as mere provincialism, at the very time it was acting under the impulse of Greek prejudices, both in the state and the church. The long existence of the new Platonic school of philosophy at Athens seems to have been connected with Hellenic national feelings, and Justinian was doubtless induced to put an end to it, and drive its last teachers into banishment, from his hostility to all independent institutions. This Greek nationality also indicates the natural cause of the dissatisfaction of the Athenian philosophers during their residence in Persia. They fled from the persecutions of Justinian to the court of Chosroes; but in spite of the favorable reception which they received, as enemies of the Roman emperor and of Christianity, after a few years they returned to their Greek countrymen. With this dispersion of the philosophers, the national literature of Greece ended." — p. 338.

The fourth chapter investigates the condition of the Greeks from the death of Justinian, A. D. 565, to the death of Heraclius, A. D. 641. It opens with some general remarks on the connection between the history of the

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Greek nation and the Roman empire during the reign of Justin the Second; it then describes the national disorders during the reigns of Tiberius the Second and Maurice; this is followed, among other topics, by a very interesting account of the changes effected in the state of the Greek population by the Sclavonic establishments in Dalmatia, and finally by a description of the state of the native population of Greece. From the last we take the following passage.

"It is impossible to trace with accuracy the effects of the depopulation of Greece, and of the poverty of the inhabitants. No description could exaggerate the sufferings of a country in a similar situation. The slave population, which had formerly labored for the wealthy, had now disappeared, and the free laborer had sunk into a serf. The uncultivated plains were traversed by armed bands of Sclavonians, who gradually settled, in great numbers, in Thessaly and Macedonia. The cities of Greece ceased to receive the usual supplies of agricultural produce from the country, and even Thessalonica, with its fertile territory and abundant pastures, was dependent on foreign importation for relief from famine. The smaller cities, destitute of the same advantages of situation, would naturally be more exposed to depopulation, and sink more rapidly to decay. The roads, after the seizure of the local funds of the Greek cities by Justinian, were allowed to go to ruin, and the transport of provisions by land, in a country like Greece, became difficult. This neglect of the roads had always been a cause of the poverty and barbarism of the mountainous districts in the Roman empire, whenever it happened that they were not traversed by one of the great military lines of communication.

"A complete opposition of feelings and interests began to separate the inhabitants of Greece, and the Greek population of Constantinople connected with the imperial administration, and this circumstance warrants us in fixing on the reign of Heraclius as the period at which the ancient existence of the Hellenic race terminates. It is vain to attempt to fix with accuracy the precise time at which the ancient usages were allowed, one by one, to expire; for no change in social life, which is long in progress, can be considered as really accomplished, until the existence of a new order of things can be distinctly pointed out. National transitions can rarely be effected in one generation, and are often not completed in a century. But when the Byzantine writers, after the time of Heraclius, find it necessary to make mention of the Greeks of Hellas and Peloponnesus, they do so with feelings of aversion. This display of ill-will induces us to conjecture

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that the fate of the Greek cities engaged in resisting the Sclavonian invaders had not been very different from that of the imperial cities on the Adriatic, and that they had been compelled to develope a spirit of independence, which had caused a return of prosperity sufficient to awaken the envy of the Byzantine Greeks. The manner in which the Byzantine writers mention the dwellers in Greece, or Helladikoi, as they style them, in order to distinguish these Hellenes from the degenerate Romans, as they vainly term themselves, seems almost to imply envy as well as contempt. The term Hellenes was now either used to indicate the votaries of paganism, or was too closely associated with reminiscences of the glory of ancient Hellas, to be conferred on the rude Christian population of the Peloponnesus, by the educated in Constantinople." — pp. 435 – 437.

The fifth chapter embraces the period that extends from the death of Heraclius to the year 717, at which time the Roman empire in the East in effect terminated with the reign of Justinian the Second, the last emperor of the family of Heraclius. The series of Byzantine monarchs, properly so called, commenced with Leo the Isaurian. The Eastern empire had been reduced under the family of Heraclius to the bounds which it occupied for many centuries afterwards, under the name of the Byzantine. The connection between the court and the Greek nation became more consolidated than before, especially by a community of religious feelings.

The course of political changes in this period is ably traced; but we can only indicate them here in the most general manner. After the short, insignificant, and troubled rule of Constantine the Third and his brother Cleonas, Constans the Second, Constantine the Fourth, Justinian the Second, and a succession of less important rulers, whose reigns were generally terminated by assassination or dethronement, filled up the confused history of this period. Constans and Constantine were kept employed by the Mohammedans, now in the enthusiasm of their early career. Justinian the Second, ascending the throne at the age of sixteen, carried his tyranny to such a degree, that his subjects rebelled, cut off his nose, and banished him to Cherson. Ten years after, he returned at the head of a victorious army; but the loss of his nose had not been made up to him by the gain of wisdom. His subjects rose once more upon him, and to make sure work this time, not only dethroned but murdered him.

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This valuable and learned work closes with a very able summary, or general view, of the condition of the Greeks at the extinction of the Roman power in the East. We would gladly lay a portion of this able sketch before our readers; but having already quoted largely from the volume, we can only commend it, together with the remainder of Mr. Finlay's labors, to the attention of scholars.

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Art. II. — 1. *Sancti Patris nostri Joannis Chrysostomi Opera Omnia.* Operâ et Studio D. Bernardi de Montfaucon. Editio altera, emendata et aucta. Parisiis. 1839.

2. *Homilies of St. Chrysostom.* Translated by Members of the English Church. Oxford. 1839 – 44. 9 vols. 8vo.

It is obvious that within the last fifteen or twenty years there has been a remarkable revival of a taste for the study of the Christian Fathers. The conspicuous places and high prices assigned to copies of their works in catalogues of old books, and the many reprints of them in various forms, from the complete editions issued at Paris and Leipsic down to the popular selections made at Oxford and even at New York, must convince every one that the saints of old are by no means forgotten in our bustling nineteenth century. In some quarters, indeed, the passion for Patristic lore may be carried so far as to become an infirmity, and more than once of late, Milton's strong rebuke has been quoted by the zealous antagonists of tradition: "Whatever time or the heedless hand of blind chance hath drawn from old to this present, in her huge drag-net, whether fish or sea-weed, shell or shrubs, unpicked, unchosen, these are the Fathers." Allow that the drag-net has brought up much worthless trash, we will not complain so long as it "hath drawn from old to this present" one prize laden with such precious matter as the works of the golden-mouthed John of Antioch and Constantinople. He was the most brilliant preacher of the ancient church in its palmy days, a man whose life will al-

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ways have the interest of a romance, and whose eloquence, at once so characteristic in its tone and so universal in its spirit, must have a charm and power for every age.

In looking over the many books that have been written upon Chrysostom, the reader is struck with the almost constant strain of eulogium, and is fearful that the just limits of history have been overstepped, and that the brilliant aureole of the saint has blinded the eye to the features of the man. By popes and saints he has been called "Interpreter of the secrets of God," — "The sun of the whole universe," — "The lamp of virtue," — "Brightest star of the earth." The polished and learned Erasmus, too judicious to use such fulsome phrases, gives Chrysostom far more honorable praise; after lauding his boldness, charity, and wisdom, he speaks of the eloquence that could impart "sweetness to things naturally bitter, and make one love even his rebukes, whilst the flatteries of other men are intolerable." Since the Protestant Reformation, Papists and Reformers have vied with each other in doing honor to this saint. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Sir Henry Savile devoted a princely fortune to a splendid edition of the original Greek from the press of Eton, and the Jesuit Fronte Ducæus, at Paris, followed with an edition accompanied by a Latin version. In the early part of the last century, the Benedictine Montfaucon put forth the edition which has ever since been recognized by scholars as a classic, and which has recently been reprinted at Paris in a more convenient form, and with many valuable corrections. Availing ourselves of this reprint, with its rich notes and illustrations, and of the learned work of the independent Neander,* we have ample materials for forming an opinion of the great preacher and his age. The beauty of the Paris edition cannot well be surpassed; and the publishers of it deserve the more credit for their enterprise, as the first eleven parts were destroyed by fire in 1835, and the completion of the work was necessarily deferred two years beyond 1837, the time originally contemplated. We owe not a little to the scholars of Oxford for the assistance derived from their translation of the most important of Chrysostom's homilies. The work

* *Der Heilige Johannes Chrysostomus, und die Kirche besonders des Orients, in dessen Zeitalter.* Von A. Neander, Dr. Berlin, 1821 – 22.

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which the English antiquarian, Bingham, projected more than a century ago, and which Dr. Porter of Andover began a few years since, is now going on under the auspices of a party then unknown. By such a labor, Puseyism may atone for not a few of its sins.

We have said that Chrysostom lived in the palmy age of the ancient church. It was surely so, although not the purest. His ministry began in the reign of the Spaniard, Theodosius, to whom the church owed far more than to the wavering Constantine. By him the Roman empire was reunited, and, at the second general council, held in Constantinople, A. D. 381, one emperor and one creed seemed to rule the world. The church had come off triumphant in the struggle with the apostate Julian, who denied all her claims to authority, and with the fierce heretics who opposed her leading doctrines. Enjoying the patronage of the state, with creed, ritual, and government matured, in full possession of the riches of the Greek and Latin literature, little dreaming of the barbaric darkness that was impending, the church showed her greatest brilliancy just as her sun was going down. Four men were prominent above all others in that splendid age. The heroes of the great Athanasian struggle, Athanasius, Basil, and Hilary, had gone to their graves. Who was to take their place as defenders of the faith? In Italy, the spirit that was afterwards to animate a Gregory the First and a Hildebrand guided the measures of Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, who wielded a crosier stronger than the sceptre of Theodosius. Across the Mediterranean, at Carthage, the young Augustine was teaching rhetoric to refractory pupils, whom in disgust he was soon to leave for Italy, where in Ambrose he found a teacher who led him as an humble convert to the foot of the cross. Turning to the East, we find that at Constantinople the Roman monk Jerome was pursuing his Greek studies under the direction of the venerable Gregory, and preparing himself for the solitude of Bethlehem, where he became the great scholar of his time. John of Antioch had just left his hermitage in the mountains, and entered upon the ministry in the city of his birth. These four men were the great lights of their time, shining severally as the prelate, the theologian, the scholar, and the preacher of their age. Each of them will repay a



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careful study of his life and labors. Our task is now with the most attractive of them all.

John of Antioch, surnamed two centuries after his death *Chrysostom*, or "Mouth of Gold," was placed by circumstances at an early period of his life in a school most favorable to the development of his oratorical powers. He passed the first twenty-seven years of his life at Antioch, where a picture of the whole world was before him in its heterogeneous collection of men, manners, and creeds. The Roman capital of Asia, with its two hundred thousand inhabitants, was at once Greek, Roman, and Oriental, Pagan, Jewish, and Christian. It exhibited all the phases of culture and condition, the greatest luxury and the most squalid poverty, the highest refinement and the grossest brutality, the most ascetic devotion and the most complete worldliness. For centuries after the apostles established a church there, and believers were there first called Christians, the gospel had been struggling for mastery over the worship of Baal and Astarte, Apollo and Venus. Now Antioch was nominally Christian. Still the church and the theatre were rivals, whilst pleasure and ambition bore such sway that religion had little place in the hearts of the leading men, and found its best votaries among devoted women, and the fervent recluses sheltered in the monasteries and hermitages of the neighbouring mountains.

Chrysostom saw every aspect of life, manners, and belief at Antioch. It was his school, and he learned all its lessons faithfully. His mother, who was left a widow at twenty years of age, devoted herself to his education, and although an earnest Christian, and desiring nothing for her son so much as a place in the church, procured for him the most liberal means of instruction, and conscientiously left him to the choice of his own profession. His teacher of rhetoric was the famous Libanius, whom Julian admired, and Gibbon has lauded as the last glory of expiring paganism. His teacher of philosophy was Androgathias, probably a Platonist. Under these men, he was taught to see the ancient forms of religion and morals under their most favorable aspects, and thus to understand the systems which he afterwards labored so eloquently to refute. His oratorical powers were so conspicuous that he was led to prepare for the bar, and Libanius had no small expectations of his pu-

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pil's renown in the courts of law, as well as in the schools of pagan philosophy. But his mother's Bible, with her devoted spirit, had more power than the sophist's enticements. The youth was evidently disgusted with the practice of the law at Antioch, as others have been in cities more decidedly Christian. He quitted this profession, and turned to the study of theology, first under the direction of the bishop Meletius, and afterwards by himself, in his mother's house. Still, his course of life was not at first very pure, not so much so even as that of some of his associates; but he soon abandoned his youthful follies, and his devotion to the church became so marked as to draw upon him the attention of the clergy, and to lead them to press upon him the office of bishop. But he was oppressed with a sense of his own unworthiness, and panted for retirement; and at last the death of his mother, combined with his indignation at the tyranny of the government, and the course of his religious convictions, led him to go out into the neighbouring mountains, and there to commune with God and his own soul.

This was no inappropriate education for a preacher. Six years of retirement and study, after twenty-seven years of life in a tumultuous city! Of these six years, four were spent under capable instructers in a monastery, and two in the solitude of a cave. Whether driven by the ill health induced by his ascetic practices, or by convictions of duty drawn from the Bible, which he never allowed to be laid aside for monkish legends, he returned to the city in the year 380, and was welcomed as a messenger from God to the church. Still he preferred privacy of life, and declined the honors which were offered him. For six years more he shrunk back from the position which his powers of eloquence entitled him to hold, and was content with fulfilling devotedly the lowest offices of the Christian ministry. He did not preach until his fortieth year. There is little reason to regret that the abilities of Chrysostom were so long in ripening; the fact explains his inexhaustible resources. He could preach every day, for weeks, without flagging in spirit or wanting material. He drew from a full fountain, unlike the many who are sorely tried by attempting to draw from cisterns that hold little or no water.

For twelve years he was the glory of the pulpit of Antioch. Here he produced his most valuable works, having

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sufficient leisure for study and sufficient excitement for his oratory. No productions of Christian antiquity have so much practical value now as his expository homilies. No one among his contemporaries held a position so enviable as his during this period. He preached in the church which the apostles had founded, and from which they sent forth their missionary expeditions that had converted the world. The Holy Land was near enough to give vividness to the pictures of its hallowed scenes and characters, yet distant enough to waken the imagination, and lend the enchantment that distance gives. Christians formed the principal part of the population of the city ; yet there was enough of pagan superstition and skeptical philosophy to give topics for the preacher's varied eloquence, to inflame his own zeal, and to win the attention of his hearers. Even the excitable and pleasure-loving multitude presented no unfavorable materials for his glowing eloquence to work upon. Antioch turned from its pleasures and strifes, its banquets and theatres, to listen to this vehement denouncer of popular sins, and the fascinating advocate of piety and charity. And when, in the year 387, ruin threatened her palaces and people, when Theodosius, outraged by resistance to his assessments and by indignity offered to the statues of himself and his queen, vowed vengeance against the city, the genius of the orator appeared more brilliant than ever. Chrysostom preached incessantly during the season of panic. He worked into his discourses all the imagery that the terrified city presented. Every thing was made to preach, and to testify of the evil of sin and the terrors of the judgment. The flight of the pagan teachers and the philosophical lecturers, the brave constancy of the Christians, and the ready aid of the monks, who thronged to the city from the neighbouring mountains to warn the sinful and cheer the faithful, — all joined to swell the praises of the gospel, and to appeal to the consciences of the indifferent. And when, finally, the anger of Theodosius, after it had brought heavy inflictions upon Antioch, was appeased by a special delegation headed by the bishop Flavian, the preacher bade the people look above the will of the emperor to that august power which had won the monarch to the faith, and subdued him to a humanity that befitted its doctrines of forgiveness and love.

It had been better for the orator's peace, if he had re-

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mained at Antioch, devoting himself to the pulpit, and leaving the cares of episcopal rule to heads constituted differently from his own. But the gain to his temporal welfare would have involved the loss of a martyr's crown. The see of Constantinople — next to that of Rome, the proudest office in the church — was vacant. Ambitious aspirants without number clamored for the place. One who had never aspired to the honor was called to receive it. The fame of the preacher of Antioch had reached Constantinople, and the son of Theodosius, who was now on the throne, was induced by his prime minister, Eutropius, to call Chrysostom to the episcopal chair. Refusal was impossible, and, in the year 398, the reluctant preacher was removed to his splendid charge, vainly hoping to cause the pure principles to which his life had been devoted to flourish in a city ruled by the intrigues of courtiers, priests, and women. Here every thing went wrong, except the bishop's own purpose and its necessary effect upon the true-hearted. He tried to reform the clergy, but they turned upon him with reproaches for his dictatorial spirit and his meagre style of living. They ridiculed him for eating his scanty meals alone in a palace where banquets had been so common. He found the monks as little disposed as the regular clergy to relish the austerity of his principles and conduct. They grasped at once at the honors of self-denial and the comforts of self-indulgence. South himself could not have been more earnest and pithy than Chrysostom was in his rebuke of monkish pretensions. The homily aimed at the dainty manners and assiduous gallantry of some who affected to be weary of the world will do very well as a picture of clerical or pietistic dandyism in any age. Such shafts, however, were not received as pleasantry, or submitted to as the wounds of a friend. The hypocritical monks hated the real ascetic.

The women of the city, with Eudoxia at their head, who at first had been most desirous to hear the renowned preacher, and ready to deify him, changed their tone at once, when they found that he was as pointed in his rebukes as he was eloquent in his appeals, that he could talk "of hell to ears polite," and was fond of directing his denunciations against female vanities and sins. The empress, beautiful and vicious, enthusiastic in his praise at first, and glad to supply him with the means of establishing choirs and furnishing them with



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silver crucifixes, began to persecute him with deadly hate, when she found that he was bent upon reforming the prevalent manners, and that some of his discourses were regarded as coming home to her own royal conscience. Many of the bishops turned against him. Perhaps, in his zeal, he might have exceeded the proper limits of his jurisdiction; but others had done so before, and the evils against which he strove were of crying magnitude. A regular opposition was organized against him, headed by that cold-blooded schemer, the despotic and avaricious Theophilus of Alexandria, a Bonner in temper, and a Bossuet in energy. By an informal synod Chrysostom was doomed to exile, and, though he protested against the irregularity of the proceedings, the love of peace induced him to leave the city, and take refuge on the opposite shore.

The triumph of the empress and the Egyptian was short. Strange sounds were heard on the next night, and an earthquake shook the city. The superstitious people declared that it was the voice of God uttered in vengeance for his injured servant. Theophilus was confounded, and Eudoxia sank on her knees in terror and remorse. The exile was recalled with more than an imperial triumph. The whole city went out to meet him; the Bosphorus was bridged with boats, and illuminated with torches. Immediately upon his arrival, the preacher was hurried by the multitude to the church of the apostles, and found no rest until he had given the crowd his blessing and counsel in a short harangue. Soon afterwards he preached a more elaborate discourse upon glorying in tribulation. In both cases he speaks in a spirit of the most fervent gratitude and confident faith.

But he had only two months' respite from persecution. An alliance between him and the court governed by Eudoxia could not continue long. His last remarkable sermon in Constantinople showed his fearless devotion, and though perhaps impolitic, it did not probably much accelerate his doom. A silver statue of the empress was set up before the senate-house, so near the church of St. Sophia, where he was officiating, that the tumultuous festivities, the songs, dances, and shouts of the multitude, interrupted the services of the worshippers in the church. The sermon of Chrysostom was very severe against such revelry, and every word of it was regarded by the empress as an attack upon herself.

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Again he was driven into exile, after a nominal trial before a synod of bishops.

Neander gives an affecting account of his farewell to his people, on this occasion. When he found that the soldiers of the fickle Arcadius were upon his track, and that to remain with his people was to endanger their lives as well as his own, he consented to go away.

"He called his bishops around him, for the last time in the church, knelt with them and prayed, saying, at the close, 'Farewell to the angel of this church.' Then he went into the sacristy, embraced some of the bishops with tears, and bade them a touching adieu. He then proceeded to the chapel or baptistery, and here met the devoted women, deaconesses, who by their wealth had so often sustained him in his expensive charities and ecclesiastical enterprises, and said to them: 'Come, my daughters, and hear me. The end is at hand, I see clearly; I have finished my course, and perhaps you will never see me more. My advice to you is this; let none of you remit in the least your labor of love for the church, and whoever without self-seeking or ambition is unanimously chosen bishop after me, follow him as you have followed John, as the church cannot remain without a bishop. *God, in his mercy, bless you; remember me in your* prayers.' Without returning to take leave of the bishops, he went to the east side of the church, having caused his mule to be brought up to the west door, so as to draw the attention of the multitude thither, and took his departure. Thus he went out unobserved, and quietly surrendered himself to the guard, who conducted him to the harbour, where he embarked in a small vessel for Bithynia. This was on the 9th of June, 404."

Still his influence did not cease, but by his letters and preaching he produced such an effect upon the churches, that he was as much honored and feared as when on the patriarchal throne. This influence seemed dangerous to the government, and the empress was resolved that he should be crushed. He was driven from place to place, under great exposure, and at last died in Pontus, in the year 407, while on a forced journey towards the remotest wilds of Colchis, the extreme limits of the Roman empire. When it appeared that he could go no farther, he begged the soldiers to carry him to a neighbouring chapel, where, calling for white robes, he put them on, and, after he had partaken of the sacrament, and offered prayer ending with his usual doxology, "Glory

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to God for all things," he breathed his last. The light of the Christian pulpit vanished from the world.

The defects in Chrysostom's character were obvious, but not of great importance. He may have been, as the historian Socrates implies, rather choleric by nature, somewhat hasty and dictatorial in temper, and too severe in his ascetic habits and his frequent demands for fasting and self-crucifixion. His monkish habits had given a little irritableness and acidity to an unquestionable evangelical zeal. But the chief sources of his troubles lay more deeply in his character. He was not fitted for a prelate's position in troublous times. He was great in his principles, but somewhat feeble in his measures. The former he derived from the Bible and his own soul; for the latter he trusted too much to his deacon, Serapion, who was a rash and unprincipled adviser. But even if he had possessed the requisite talents for a post of command, his views of Christianity would have been much in the way of his success. Though a lover of the church and its ritual, and free from reproach as to the main principles of his creed, he preached boldly and spiritually, and the whole genius of his ministration was directly opposed to the prevalent priestcraft and formalism. Isaac Taylor has, indeed, collected numerous passages of his works to show his exaggerated views of the importance of rites and relics, and prayers to saints and martyrs. But a man like Chrysostom must be judged by his leading purpose, not by his incidental extravagances either of rhetoric or of opinion. He could not be a very benighted formalist, so long as he believed and so eloquently preached, that the strength of the church is in the purity of its members, and that loss of the love of God is the bitterest infliction in hell.

In our hasty glance at Chrysostom's life, we have not forgotten that we are writing for a work devoted to literature rather than theology, and we have therefore been very chary in the use of the rich materials furnished by the volumes before us. We must keep this thought still more in mind as we turn to speak of the orator's genius and works.

Chrysostom was evidently a man of quick perceptions, strong common sense, remarkable power of comparison, strict conscientiousness, fervent affections, exuberant fancy, and a powerful imagination. He was not a great analytic thinker, and although well informed on philosophical sub-

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jects, he had little taste for abstractions. His great power lies in the number and richness of his illustrations. Every truth is covered, sometimes burdened, with imagery. Every duty is brought home to particular cases and consciences. He does not disdain the simplest comparisons that will help him in his work, and sometimes uses a redundancy of gorgeous figures, as if nature were taking her revenge on the ascetic for his contempt of her riches, and kindling in his literary taste a passion for splendor that was so sternly denied in his way of life. More frequently, however, he presents common truths in plain language, with the most obvious illustrations. He had evidently been a constant observer of nature, as well as a close student of the Bible. He was alike familiar with the beauties and the adaptations of creation, and, fond as he is of discoursing floridly of roses and lilies, the sea, mountains, and stars, he sometimes enters into minute statements of natural laws and of the wonderful anatomy of the human frame, that almost make us believe that we are reading an Oriental version of Paley, in spite of the occasional mistakes in the principles of science. The force and frequency with which he introduces passages of Scripture, or alludes to the personages of the Bible, their circumstances and characters, are enough to astound the most gifted of the old Scotch Covenanters. His quick perception of resemblances and rich fancy made him the unconscious master of a science of correspondences between things spiritual and natural, that throws the theoretic system of Swedenborg far into the shade. If he speaks of an irritable and of a peaceful spirit, he compares the one to a noisy street, and the other to a rural solitude, and gives a graphic picture of the two scenes. When he distinguishes the prayer of importunate selfishness from that of gospel meekness, the one, he says, is like a brawling scold, against whom the gate of heaven is shut; the other is an angel form that seraphs welcome to the throne of God. To care for riches and to neglect the soul is to be like children who laugh when the thief comes in and steals the real valuables of the house, and yet cry if he touches the least of their jingling trinkets. To neglect the soul and pamper the body is to clothe the mistress in sackcloth, and array the servant-maid in gold and jewels.

The drift of his discourses was eminently practical. He was not fond either of metaphysics or of dogmatic theology.

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He enforced the cardinal Christian virtues, especially charity, and denounced the cardinal sins, especially covetousness. Profane swearing he could not tolerate, and even advises his hearers to strike the blasphemer, if words were of no avail. This advice, however, was given during the panic at Antioch, and may not be a fair instance of his preaching. The superiority of the gospel over every other system, especially the Platonic, is a favorite theme with him. His views of the divine nature were very broad and exalted, and are constantly brought forward in his discourses. He also insists much upon the freedom of the human will, and says, again and again, that no man can be hurt but by himself. He was very free in his censures, and declaimed eloquently against slavery, priestcraft, and formalism. Neander's learning and love for free thought have enabled him to collect passages from Chrysostom that would not shame the least shackled of our Protestant divines.

He has frequently been compared to Jeremy Taylor, but unjustly. They are alike only in an exuberant fancy and a liberal creed. Chrysostom is not pedantic or scholastic like Taylor, whose sermons, although decked with incomparable beauties, are tedious as a whole, and to a popular assembly would be uninteresting. Chrysostom is direct, pointed, glowing, preaching less on a given subject than with reference to the particular wants of the audience before him. He has much of Latimer's boldness and simplicity, and something of his humor. Take some ingredients from Latimer and some from Taylor, and we might form a compound not unlike Chrysostom. In his extemporaneous style he is much like the former. As he seems generally to have spoken extemporaneously, even his more elaborate discourses have an air of being prompted by the occason. He was as hearty and outright as honest Hugh, and as little disposed to be mealy-mouthed in dealing with sin in high places. He was quite as bold in facing Eudoxia as Latimer was in braving Henry the Eighth. Both were men of free spirit ; both drew their freedom from the Bible ; and what his Saxon manhood did for the one, his study of the generous literature of Greece did for the other.

The homilies and sermons of Chrysostom are rich in historical interest, showing, as they do, the form and color of his times. In reading them, we are carried back to another

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age. We find no dry discussion of theological doctrines, no dull parade of formalisms, but a fresh, free, colloquial address, which brings the audience at once before us by its constant reference to them. The customs of the ancient church favored such a mode of address, and are singularly at variance with our modern notions of propriety. Preacher and people felt at liberty to express themselves just as they felt in church. The doctors at Oxford would be astounded at the difference between the ways of a congregation in that supposed golden age of church dignity, and their own dainty notions of cathedral quietude. The ancient audiences applauded freely whatever they liked in the preacher, and of course felt at liberty to show their disapprobation of what they disliked. Clapping, stamping, shouting, leaping, and the waving of light garments were no unusual signs of applause; whilst tears, groans, and smiting the breast indicated the compunction of the hearers. When Cyril was happy in an appeal, they cried, "O orthodox Cyril! Gift of God!" When Chrysostom was unusually eloquent, waving their garments and plumes, and laying hands upon their swords, the people shouted, "Worthy the priesthood! Thirteenth Apostle! Christ hath sent thee!" The preachers seem to have liked these plaudits, as showing the interested attention of the audience. In one case, a grave bishop speaks of being applauded as a matter of course, and invites his friend, with whom he is arguing, to come and hear him while receiving the honor, and be convinced of the truth of his doctrine. Chrysostom evidently had so many of these favors as to be at times weary of them, and often tells his hearers that he should much prefer their penitence to their plaudits, and that they must take good care lest they violate the principles which they receive with such acclamation.

The preachers, who in the cities were generally bishops, and less frequently presbyters, appear commonly to have spoken without notes, and to have trusted to reporters for the preservation of their discourses. This fact, and the peculiar relation in which they stood to the audience, tended to make their addresses very colloquial, and quite different from modern sermons. They spoke either from the steps of the altar, or from the *ambo*, a platform with a reading-desk in the middle of the church, and sitting or standing, as they chose. Frequently the preacher sat, and the people stood, throughout

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the sermon. The church had not then learned to box its orators up, and raise them high in mid air, with a position as far from the countenance of the hearer as the sermon is apt to be from his sympathies. The speaker had no fear of being rebuked for flippancy, or of hearing rebellious imitations of his freedom on the part of the audience, so established was the distinction between clergy and laity, and so fixed were the authority and dignity of the clerical office. Often several addresses were made during the same meeting, but always by the clergy, the bishop closing and summing up what his presbyters had said. Chrysostom sometimes ends his discourse by stating, that he now leaves it to his superior to do better justice to the topic.

Of course, the ancient pulpit was in every respect different from the modern. Chrysostom was, indeed, a great reformer, yet he changed the moral character, rather than the external manner, of preaching. He avoided the frequent dogmatic invectives against heretics, and the as frequent vapid allegorical interpretations of Scripture. His preaching was practical, aimed at the life ; it was rational, avoiding both the materialistic views of Tertullian's followers and the transcendental sublimations of the school of Origen. He was eminently a common sense interpreter of the Bible, and duly appreciated the letter and the spirit too.

After all, though free from many of the errors prevalent among his contemporaries, Chrysostom shows the peculiarities of the taste of his age ; and there is not one of his thousand discourses, so far as we can judge, which would be considered as a regular sermon according to our modern standard, — not one that reminds us of Massillon or South, Edwards or Buckminster. He never adopts a logical arrangement, although his elaborate work on the priesthood shows that he was perfectly competent to write a consecutive treatise, or sustain a continued argument, whenever he chose. In his homilies, or expository discourses, he closes not so frequently with a lesson taught by the general sense of the passage he has been expounding, as with one suggested by some of the wants of his people, no matter how incongruous the suggestion might be with what had gone before. Among his sermons, — his master-pieces on the Statues for instance, so well translated by Mr. Budge, in the Oxford Library, — there is not one that is from beginning to end devoted to

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the consecutive treatment of a single topic. Each has its strict unity, undoubtedly; but the unity is in the object, not in the subject; for he thinks less of the systematic exposition of a text or topic than of meeting with a single purpose the state of mind of his hearers. He preached these sermons whilst Antioch was in an agony of anxiety, those of her citizens who had as yet escaped the emperor's vengeance fearing the dungeon, the scourge, or the axe. The preacher shows great skill in suiting his discourse to them, and it is hypercriticism to blame him for sudden transitions, although he may so far violate ordinary rules as to break off an enraptured description of the benignity of God in creation as shown in the book of nature, and end abruptly with a strong rebuke to the people for their habit of profane swearing. At another time, while preaching on the apostle's advice to Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, he dwells first upon the apostle's kindness, and the folly of interpreting his advice as a plea for wine-bibbing, and then glances off to another topic, and closes with stating ten reasons why good men like Timothy are allowed to suffer sickness and affliction, and why the afflicted should not despair, and commit or tolerate blasphemy. Yet he always came to the point. He never ended a sermon without saying at the close what the moral state of the audience most needed.

Rhetorician as he was by education under the sophist Libanius, he was never so careful of his literary reputation as to disdain to be useful. He was willing to dwell continually upon one topic, so long as the one besetting sin continued. He ends more than half of his sermons on the Statues by denouncing the sin of profanity. We cannot say how often he preaches against theatre-going and money-loving. All his sermons were occasional, and in all of them he seems as much at liberty as in conversation to say just what circumstances required or the people needed.* Sometimes he is ludicrously familiar. He speaks to the people about coming to church after dinner, complaining of long sermons, talking and laughing in church, and in one instance calls attention to a pickpocket who was busy at his work among the congre-

* For an excellent *critique* upon Chrysostom's method of preaching, and statement of the difference between the ancient homily and the modern sermon, see the work of Dr. Philip Mayer upon Chrysostom, especially the introduction. The volume is dated Nuremburg, 1830.



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gation. Yet various as was the character of his discourses, Philip Mayer says truly, that through them all there runs, like a shining thread, a practical religious spirit, and a true oratorical talent, so that it is easy to value at their true worth all the doubtful or spurious works that have come to us with his name attached to them.

Certainly, it would be folly to hold up the great orator of the ancient church as a perfect model for our age, or for our country. Boston is not an Antioch, nor is the nineteenth century much like the fourth. We live in an age of the general diffusion of knowledge and the inductive exercise of intellect. The Reformation, together with the discussions consequent upon it, has given great predominance to the critical understanding, and made systematic doctrine and polished writing more acceptable than authoritative statements or glowing appeals; yet there is much that the modern pulpit may learn from the pages of Chrysostom, and not only learn, but apply. Many a modern audience might be refreshed by listening to a racy homily formed on his principles, and would regard its free expositions of Scripture and fervent appeals to the heart as a pleasant relief from doctrinal dissertations, moral lectures, or æsthetic essays. We dislike flippancy in the pulpit, and have no relish for off-hand crudities anywhere. As little friendly are we to the too common dulness and feeling of constraint that would have afflicted the gravest of the old fathers, could they have become acquainted with the pulpit habits of our time.

We may learn, too, of Chrysostom how to be independent, and, whether as hearers or preachers, that we are bound to keep the pulpit independent. As Americans, especially as inhabitants of New England, we must regard the Christian pulpit as a conservative institution second to no other. Our homes, our schools, and our laws rest in no small degree upon its support. Its history has been and will be intimately connected with our national history. Let it keep its high place, and neither become the minion of the few nor the sport of the many; let it mildly, yet fearlessly, speak the truth as given by the Scriptures, rebuking evil in the few and the many, and throwing a mantle of charity over repentance and faith, whether in the rich and powerful, or the poor and enslaved; and, above all, let it never confound the oracles of heaven with the dictates of men, nor cry out, at the voice of a single

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Herod, or of multitudes with a Herod's spirit, "It is the voice of a God, and not of a man." Subserviency may profit for a season, but truthfulness conquers in the end. Better fall for a time with Chrysostom, than triumph for a time with Theophilus.

Thirty years after his death, the remains of John of Antioch were borne in triumph from the tomb in his place of exile to a splendid mausoleum in Constantinople. Two centuries ago, his bones were carried as relics to Rome, where they now rest in the chapel that bears his name within the walls of St. Peter's. To few of the hallowed spots within that majestic cathedral would one more eagerly hasten than to that chapel. Thoughts would there be inspired that might sometimes force the attention to wander from the seraphic music of the Sistine choir, and compel one to listen to voices from another age and land. The church of Rome is still in the ascendant; her power is still majestic, whilst her Oriental sister is cast down and in humiliation. The Roman patriarch Innocent, fourteen centuries ago, interceded, though in vain, for his brother of Constantinople, when the latter was driven into exile; and now Rome protects the ashes of him whom when living she vainly sought to defend. The treatment which Chrysostom received at the hands of the ruling powers in the Greek empire was a turning point in history, and in its consequences has done much to make the fate of the Eastern church differ so widely from the long continued prosperity of the church of Rome.

When his spirit shall come to be again duly honored among the nations where his name was first canonized, and the East shall return to his principles, something of the glory of the former age may come back. If, either by the awakening of the Russian clergy and nation, by the decline of the Turkish power, or by the revival of moral life among the churches of the East, Constantinople shall again become Christian, and the cross supplant the crescent on the dome of St. Sophia, next to that of our great Master and his apostles, no name would deserve to be proclaimed with greater honor on the day of triumph than that of John Chrysostom.

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ART. III. — 1. *Report in Favor of the Abolition of the Punishment of Death by Law; made to the Legislature of the State of New York, April* 14, 1841. By JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN, Member of the Assembly from the City of New York. Second Edition. 1841. 8vo. pp. 168.

2. *Punishment by Death: its Authority and Expediency.* By REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER. Second Edition, with an Introduction by HON. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN. New York. 1843. 12mo. pp. 156.

3. *Essays on the Punishment of Death.* By CHARLES SPEAR, Author of "Titles of Jesus," "Essays on Imprisonment for Debt," &c. Fourth Edition. Boston and London. 1844. 12mo. pp. 237.

OF all forms of government, a republic stands most in need of laws, and of power to execute them. If it be not a government of laws, it is no government at all. Where the people are sovereign, and every man a law-maker, there is the greater need that they make and sustain laws which all will acknowledge, a tribunal to which all must submit. Such a tribunal presupposes a system of restraints and penalties. Penal consequences must be annexed to the violation of law, and some certainty must attend these consequences, or the whole is unmeaning and useless, if not pernicious.

These are axioms. And yet, with these on their lips, a large portion of the people of this republic are talking and acting in direct opposition to them, or entire disregard of their meaning. They are retaining laws in their statute-books which are never enforced; they are withholding that public expression which alone gives strength to law; they are erecting tribunals which the laws neither recognize nor allow; in one quarter, they anticipate even the judgment of the law by a violent execution; in another, they overawe both judgment and execution by their antipathies or sympathies; while everywhere, at times, they suffer local interests and excited passions to control, if not to defy, the operation of all laws. This is one view of existing facts. In another direction, there is an increase of the opposite feeling, a jealousy, loyalty, and conservative energy, roused by this very tendency to lawlessness, and as yet holding it in check. Which will

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prevail ultimately is not our inquiry. Every one must see that nothing will be gained by pushing to extremes in either direction. If one class think to supersede law, and to find something better even than a Christian government, their destruction is sure. If the other class resolve to see no good in any change, ascribing all dissatisfaction and attempted reform to weak understandings or the worst motives, they may hasten that which they fear. And to both extremes there is, as usual, a tendency. Nothing can surpass the soft sentimentality and one-sided condolence which some persons express in reasoning upon crime and the criminal, complaining of the severity of laws, and tracing all offences to physical disease or unavoidable influences. The charge of malevolence or cruelty in our common jurisprudence, the appeal to pity those who suffer, however justly, the attempt to connect all crime with misfortune rather than guilt, and the disposition to screen the murderer under the plea of insanity, are symptoms which might in themselves be overlooked as indicative only of an unsound mind, did they not strike at the highest truths and eternal distinctions.

But this is not the only extreme. There is another, which seems to us as false, if not as dangerous. It is the grave attempt, stimulated evidently by the opposite folly, to defend our penal code by the first ever given to man; to urge the oldest severities, not only as justifications, but commands, for all after ages; to show, as more than one writer has lately attempted to do, that the divine injunction to take the life of the murderer stands on equal authority with the Decalogue, and that to repeal it would be as wicked and fatal as to disregard those ten commandments; even to argue that Christ's repeal of the Jewish penalties and retaliations was not on account of their injustice, severity, or incongruity with his own religion, but because they had been abused. Indeed, we have seen recently, in the resolutions of some religious body, the broad assertion, that the Mosaic code has never been repealed; though we have not yet seen any attempt to reinstate its thirty capital offences, including witchcraft, adultery, blasphemy, man-stealing, blood-eating, and Sabbath-breaking. We have seen it asserted that Christ himself reenacted the legal penalty of death for murder, when he said, "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." It is declared that the death-penalty is in accordance with



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the very mercy of the Christian religion, if not demanded by its great object; inasmuch as a short term of life is more likely to bring the doomed convict to repentance, while protracted life, though in confinement, would lead only to abuse. Yet more, it is declared that the divine enactment of the law of "life for life" prepared the way for, and helped the efficacy of, the death of the Son of God. Mr. Cheever, in the book whose title we have placed at the head of this article, says, — "God would prevent the cheapening of human life, in order that the value of the sacrifice of Christ's life might not be diminished in men's estimation. In very truth, had no law ever been promulgated annexing the penalty of death to the crime of murder, it is not too much to say that the sacrifice of Christ upon the cross would have lost, in men's minds, something of its dignity." And a writer in the Biblical Repository for July, 1843, reasons in defence of the punishment of death from the government of God thus: — "HE visits transgression with uncompromising retribution. HE did not spare even his own Son."

Here is another extreme. We speak of it in no sectarian spirit, for no sect is answerable or censurable for such opinions. We give it first as a simple fact, and then as one of many reasons for subjecting this matter to a rigid and candid investigation. We had ignorantly supposed, until recently, that the Scriptural defence of capital punishment was almost relinquished. We find it not only retained, but renewed and enlarged. Now, if there be ground for this, — if it be verily an original and eternal *command* of God, that the murderer be put to death, and its observance be essential to the principle of obedience, the existence of society, and the salvation of souls, then we say, in all soberness, this nation is guilty before God, and hastening to destruction. For not only is the law of God assailed by many who view it differently, but it is constantly set aside by those who retain and declare it. It is not enforced by those who maintain the right, and possess also the power, to enforce it. The murderer is not put to death. He is liable to it, the law requires it, in every State of our union. But in no one of them are half the murderers convicted, or, if convicted, executed. Here, again, is a fact, and it is a very serious fact, independently of its causes. It is worthy the consideration of all, that the highest sanction of our country's criminal law has no uni-

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form or sure validity. It is something, that, while other offences beside murder are made capital in nearly every State, their number ranging from two to twenty, it is hardly ever the case that the law is enforced for any crime but murder. This is something, when considered as indicating the progress of opinion in regard to severity, and as tending to weaken the power of law. It becomes momentous in regard to murder, when it is maintained that the death of the murderer is authorized and required by the law of God and the life of society, and yet the murderer is constantly let off, not merely through popular clamor or morbid sympathy, but also through the conscientiousness of jurors, and the laxity of administration, failing to convict, or pardoning or commuting after conviction.

We have here given the material facts, in the present position of the subject. The least that can be said of them, and probably the feeling of all is, that they demand some action. What shall it be? It may be presumptuous in us to say; we attempt it in no spirit of self-complacency, still less of dogmatism or rash innovation. This is not a question of one side, or one argument; nor is it a subject for the imputation of bad motives. It is not to be assumed that the opponents of capital punishment are either wiser or more humane than its advocates. Nor, again, have its advocates any right to charge upon the opponents a want of principle, as to law or religion. It is pitiful to attempt to identify the proposed reform with moral or social ultraism. Were there no higher principles, there are names on the side of the reform which should save it from that suspicion. We are pained to find even the excellent Chancellor of the New York University, Mr. Frelinghuysen, in his Introduction to to Mr. Cheever's book, lending his sanction to the unjust allegation, worthy of weaker men, that to abolish the death-penalty would, in effect, if not in design, proclaim "impunity" to murder. We have more reason to charge impunity upon the present system. Against its friends we bring no charge. Its effect we pronounce worse than neutral; uncertain, unequal, ineffectual, and pernicious. We call for proof of the opposite. Our position is affirmative, not negative; conservative, not destructive. We speak for law; we uphold government. We believe man is selfish enough and corrupt enough to require restraints and penalties. We see

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a spirit of lawlessness in the land, a tampering with constitutions, and oaths, and liberty, and life, that call loudly for reproof. We maintain the right of society to impose any restraint or punishment essential to its existence. We see not where it is to derive the right to imprison, especially for life, if it have not also the right to take life. But we deny that its right to take life rests upon any positive command of God, or any sure permission. We deny that it finds the least favor in the precepts of Christ, or the spirit of Christianity. We deny that the death-penalty is justified by any experience of its usefulness, or proof of its necessity. And we throw the burden of proof, for each of these points, on the advocates of the present law.

The alleged proof of a divine command or permission lies in a single passage, if we may not say in a single word. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." — Gen. ix. 6. *Shall;* on that one word, in that one verse, depends the Scriptural argument. Change the word to *will*, which both the Hebrew and the English language permit, and the passage will express simply the great retributive law of God's providence, that violence begetteth violence; as in the Psalms: — "Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days." But leave the passage as it is; the first part of it will bear a different rendering, though the common version seems to us as natural and probable as any. We admit that the Hebrew future often stands for the imperative; but it does not always stand for it; and whether it does here, or has only the force of the future, as in Cain's assertion, — "Every one that findeth me *shall* slay me," — depends on the context, and other considerations. Thus the whole argument becomes an inference; and different men — men, too, who do not differ in their general religious views — draw different inferences from the context, and express opposite opinions as to the passage. Professor Stuart, of Andover, thinks the Hebrew for "shall be shed" is "the most *passive* form which the language admits." Professor Upham, of Brunswick, says, it has "the indefinite form of the Hebrew future," and finds in it neither command nor permission. Professor Turner, of the Episcopal Seminary, New York, says it may be permissive, but cannot be obligatory. All scholars will allow that the verb is future, and no one can assert more than that it may be im-

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perative, and is so in his opinion. Is this proof? Is it a sufficient foundation for the system that has been reared upon it? But grant it; on whom is it imperative? To whom does it give even permission to take life? Its words are, — "By man shall his blood be shed." And the preceding verse says, — "At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man." May the murderer be put to death by any man, or by the brother of the murdered man? This is the literal sense, if you adhere to the literal; it is the intimation of the context, if you judge by that. And more, it was the interpretation of the passage in that age, so far as we know of its being used. Singularly enough, it is never afterward referred to in the Bible, though so constantly referred to now. Moses subsequently slew a man, but did not apply the passage or its penalty to his own case. In his code, it is said, — "The revenger of blood himself shall slay the murderer; when he meeteth him, he shall slay him." There is another clause of the context, which was made a part of the Jewish ritual, but has never been observed by Christians. It is the injunction to abstain from "flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof." It stands in close connection with the favorite passage. If one be imperative, universal, and perpetual, why not the other?

The proof is not made out; the burden is heavier upon the advocates than they seem aware. They must first show that the passage has necessarily the imperative force; then, that it is a permanent and universal ordinance, though others near it are not; then, that in itself, or the context, it gives to government, and not to individuals, the right and duty of killing the murderer; then, that it was ever applied by the Deity himself, or by any of his servants and commissioned ministers, except in the Mosaic code; and lastly, that, in principle and spirit, it has not been repealed by him who abrogated its fellows, — "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." We have reason to say "its fellows," for, besides the principle, there is a fact here to which we call earnest heed; namely, that the law of retaliation, which Christ did abrogate, comprised originally the very law of life for life. "Life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot." — Deut. xix. 21. Another fact deserves notice. If Jehovah designed this as the principle of social order and eternal justice, is it not remarkable,

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that, when he was the only lawgiver, judge, and punisher, he not only spared the life of the murderer, but forbade any one to slay him, and said nothing even of his deserving death? Mr. Cheever has his own way of accounting for this, and using it. He intimates that this "divine lenity" was a chief cause of the wickedness of men before the flood, and was revoked by the Deity when he saw the abuse. "God spared Cain, and the consequence was, since no murder could ever be committed under more aggravating circumstances than that of Abel, that every murderer felt secure." Thus the experiment of a milder legislation, as another writer has declared, was first made by the Deity, and failed! We might ask, if the bloodiest code of Moses answered a better purpose? But no irreverence. Admitting the bold intimation, it does not remove the difficulty. There seems to have been the same "divine lenity," after the supposed enactment of life for life. Moses became a murderer; and God spared him also, though the act was revengeful and deliberate. Before this, but after the command, Simeon and Levi, sons of the patriarch Jacob, committed a treacherous and most foul murder on all the males of a city, because one of them had "defiled their sister"; the same offence, avenged more horribly and infamously, yet in the same way, as that of Mercer recently, where the murderous brother was saved by acclamation. Simeon and Levi were not so rescued, but simply let alone. Jacob reproved them, but no application or mention was made of the existing "imperative law." And omitting all inferior cases in the history, David was a murderer, in every just view; adding this great sin to another, which was also capital in his own code. But he also was spared the ordained penalty. Is the fact, then, established by the passage, by the context, or by subsequent events, that the penalty of life for life was imperative, of universal obligation, always observed and enforced by the Deity, never repealed or even virtually superseded by the Saviour? Is it, can it be, proved?

We have said the proof rests on a single passage. No other passage has ever been quoted for the purpose from the Old Testament, to our knowledge; none so strong, none indeed having the aspect or pretence of a commandment and universal law, can be found in any part of the Scriptures, as all will concede; and should this passage be relinquished,

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half the advocates of capital punishment would abandon the ground of divine authority. It is, then, a very serious question, whether this one passage, at the most and the best, is so clear and unquestionable as to be rightfully or safely taken as the foundation of a fearful system of criminal law, for all nations, and all ages, world without end.

If we were willing to turn the question from a serious to a curious and almost ludicrous one, we would go into a particular examination of the passages sometimes adduced from the New Testament. But we can hardly believe that any Christian scholars or reasonable men are in earnest, when they quote, in support of capital punishment, such passages as the declaration of Christ already referred to, and used by most men for the opposite purpose, — "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." It is yet harder to understand the cast of mind in those who think to vindicate this interpretation and strengthen the argument by quoting a similar but even weaker proof, more and more against themselves, from the Apocalypse: — "He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity; he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword." Paul likewise is drawn into the defence, because, when accused and arraigned, he appealed unto Cæsar, and expressed his willingness to suffer the utmost penalty of the existing laws, if guilty: — "If I be an offender, or have committed any thing worthy of death, I refuse not to die." And again the same apostle's use of the emblem of office, in describing the power and terror of a ruler, — "He beareth not the sword in vain," — is brought as additional and conclusive evidence of his opinion, and of the authority of the Christian religion in favor of capital punishment. Lest we be suspected of misrepresentation, we refer the reader to the fifty-second page of Mr. Cheever's book, where he says, — "There is no other possible view that can be taken of this passage"; and then quotes Calvin, as calling it "an illustrious place," to prove, adds Mr. Cheever, "the divine authority of capital punishment."

These are the arguments drawn from the New Testament. It seemed right to show what they are, and add their weight — or weakness, as others may think — to the law of "blood for blood." To our mind they prove only the impossibility of bringing the gospel into a league with the gallows. We attempt no answer to them from the gospel itself; if it

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does not answer them by its whole tone, we despair of doing it by any extracts or reasonings of our own. We have thrown the burden of proof on the other side, and we have a right to leave it there. The power of which we speak is tremendous, and they who assume or exercise it must show their warrant. To take life, — to take it on evidence which, in the nature of the case, can scarcely ever be more than presumptive, — especially to doom one murderer, when others as guilty are spared and have been from the beginning, is a fearful use of power, not to be justified by any thing less than the express word of God, and the absolute necessities of human society. In the word of God there is no justification, certainly no proof.

We turn to the argument of expediency, or necessity. Expediency alone can avail nothing against right; but if a plain *necessity* can be made out, it is but expressing a truism to say, we must yield. And here, again, too much has been assumed, and the advocates forget how much is to be proved. Expediency and necessity are confounded, and both stand upon fear, rather than fact. A man's opinion of what is best is taken as evidence of what is essential; and the fear of change grows easily into an idea of certain ruin whenever the change shall be made. The worst evils have always been predicted, at every instance of relaxation in the criminal code of any country. Yet in every country that code has been softened and abridged; England having reduced her capital offences from one hundred and sixty to nine, and practically, it is said, to one; and the people of our own country, even those opposed to the entire abolition of the punishment of death, demanding, and virtually requiring, that it be confined to murder alone. Yet it is assumed that to relax this last hold would be fatal; to take life for life is essential to the very life of society; that the murderer be put to death is a social universal necessity. This is said and repeated. But where is the proof? We have just given it; the proof is the assertion. There is no other. The alleged necessity is an opinion, and nothing more. So general an opinion has it been, and held by so many wise and good men, that it would ill become us to say, it is without foundation. But we do say, it is without proof. They who hold the opinion have a right to retain and declare it, but no right to insist that it makes out a case of necessity in favor

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of continuing the present law. They have not proved that which they assert. There is no "necessity," except in their associations and fears. These, we own, must often guide us, and define to us law and duty. But whether they may do this in the case of life and death is the single question. And we do say, if it be justly a part of all criminal law, that no jury shall pronounce a man guilty, while there is room for one *reasonable doubt* of his guilt, much more is it the duty of society to save life from that uncertain judgment and awful peril, while there is one "reasonable doubt" of the clear right and absolute necessity. This is not merely an equal, but a paramount duty, inasmuch as it is the first decision, on which all the rest depends, and which involves the whole responsibility. The community are bound to consider themselves the grand jury, whom God and their own act have made judges of the law, as well as the evidence. Blackstone has given us his opinion of the kind of evidence which alone should satisfy us. "To shed the blood of our fellow-creatures is a matter that requires the greatest deliberation, and the fullest conviction of our own authority; for life is the immediate gift of God to man; which neither he can resign, nor can it be taken from him, unless by the command or permission of him who gave it, either expressly revealed, or collected from the laws of nature or society, by *clear and indisputable demonstrations.*"

There being no clear and indisputable demonstrations, we can only examine the reasons of an opinion, the grounds of assumption. These may all be reduced to one. It will not be even assumed that there is any "necessity" for capital punishment, except on the principle of "self-defence." The principle of retaliation is forbidden and disclaimed. The principle of reparation has no place. All purpose of revenge is indignantly disowned; though, from the frequency and emphasis with which we hear it said that the murderer "deserves" to die, we might suspect it. Mr. Livingston tells us, that an exalted and excellent magistrate confessed to him, after yielding other points of defence, "that there was some little feeling of revenge at the bottom of his own opinion"; and we fear this is common. But we do not charge it. Even if it were so, and were right, it would not help the argument of necessity. Self-defence only can sustain that. The right of self-defence we admit, but we do not



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admit that it implies always the right of taking life. That, every one allows, depends upon the emergency. There are many modes of self-defence, and no individual may resort *to the extreme mode hastily, however clear may seem to* him the right of using it at all; still less, society. The cases are not even parallel; the individual kills his assailant, to save himself; society kills the murderer, to save — whom? Not the murdered man; he can be neither saved nor restored, nor can his loss be repaired by another loss. Nor can society save itself, unless from the repetition of the outrage, by the man himself, or by others. Here is the whole argument. It is the opinion and the assertion, that there is "no other way" in which it is possible to prevent a murderer from repeating the offence, or deter others from the same. This also the advocates are bound to prove. And they never can prove it, except by trying other ways, and finding that they utterly fail. Is it not clear, that, on all principles of natural right, abstract reason, or Christian law, men are bound to try other ways first, instead of last or not at all, before assuming the ground of necessity, or even expediency?

We deny both the reasoning and the fact; and we pass now to the consideration of facts.

1. Capital punishment has not prevented murder. It has been often inflicted, it has slain its thousands and tens of thousands, and still its work goes on, and still its power is defied. No man can say, that it has had power in proportion to its magnitude, or to that expectation which has been its defence. No man can say, that it has done any good compared with the sacrifice of a single innocent life, even if we think nothing of the violent termination of a guilty life. Indeed, who can show that it has done any good at all? It has not prevented murder. It has not lessened the number of murders. So many have they been, that, had capital punishment been abolished, the frequency of crime would be ascribed to that. Seventy-two thousand persons were put to death in England, in the single reign of Henry the Eighth, making two thousand a year. But instead of deterring or preventing others, the number of victims seemed but to provoke anew, as by the sight of fresh blood, the appetite for crime and murder. The whole history of England and of France gives the same lesson. And the history

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of all nations, it is believed, will sustain the remark of Beccaria: — "The countries and times most notorious for severity of punishments were always those in which the most bloody and inhuman actions, and the most atrocious crimes, were committed." The principle, indeed, that merciful laws afford more protection to society than severe, has the authority and express testimony of the first civilians in the world. By the strong voice of facts, the argument from self-defence is turned against the advocates of capital punishment. It has done its best and its worst for more than five thousand years. It has not abolished murder, or lessened the number of its victims. How much longer term is needed for trial?

2. Capital punishment has never been sure or equal. It has never been consistent with itself, or with the boast of its benefits. None of its advocates have tried or trusted their own professions. They have set it forth as a divine commandment, and they themselves have violated it. They have declared that the good of society required it, and they have cheated society of half its blessings. They insist that every murderer forfeits his life, and they deliberately suffer half the convicted murderers to live. Always has it been so; never was the law uniformly executed. To go no farther back than our own era, — though, as we have seen, we may go back to the beginning of the world, — from the days of Pilate, who "was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would," murderers have been released in every age, at the demand of the people, or by the policy of rulers. We find recorded, as a single fact in a single land, and recorded by an opposer of the abolition of the death-penalty, that, "out of 23,700 persons, who were convicted of crimes of various grade made capital by the laws of England, from the year 1813 to 1833, not more than 933 were actually executed; presenting the remarkable spectacle of about twenty-five convicts reprieved from the gallows for every one actually executed." There is no certainty in this punishment. And certainty, not severity, is the admitted principle of power in all criminal jurisprudence. Not only is it true that certainty is better than severity, but it is the judgment of eminent jurists, confirmed by reason and fact, that the severer the penalty, the greater the uncertainty. We add, there is cruelty also. The law that is never sure

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must be always unequal, often grossly unjust ; we mean, not unjust in reference to guilt, but in partiality and distinction. Let any one compare the many executions with the many pardons or commutations, and see if there be any justice, or pretence of justice, in half of them. Here is a double wrong. If the law be divine, the penalty righteous and salutary, men have not even a discretionary power, after proving the guilt. And when, disregarding this, they exercise not discretion, but caprice, policy, and passion, hanging a murderer to-day, and pardoning one to-morrow, and hanging the next lest two successive pardons be dangerous, and pardoning the next lest so many executions seem sanguinary, it is using a mild word to call it unjust. Such legislation is a bold and cruel mockery. It mocks itself, and common sense, and the people's safety, and the criminal's deserts, and the God of equal justice. It trifles fearfully with the sacredness of life, whether you take one side or the other of the great question.

And be it noted, this terrible defect belongs to the very nature of the law. It is not accidental, it is not temporary or local. It is inherent, universal, and unavoidable. It grows out of the severity. Such a law *cannot* be uniformly executed. Neither the executioners, nor the people, who in fact are the executioners, will bear it. They will rather commit the most palpable inconsistencies. They will hang men, as they often have done, in the face of the pardoned convict, and pardon others within sight of the loaded gallows. Instances may be found along the whole line of blood ; our own neighbourhood and the past year will furnish them. In Rhode Island, Gordon was executed within the very walls that held three murderers, convicted and undoubted murderers, whose sentences had been revoked, and their lives spared ; while Gordon's brother, believed to be the instigator of the whole foul plot, has been twice tried without a verdict, and is now at large on bail. In Massachusetts, the recent execution of Barrett, at Worcester, was followed by another murder within a few days, in sight of the very place of execution, and De Wolf was arrested, convicted, and condemned ; but eight thousand voices called for mercy, and the sentence has been commuted. We rejoice in the result, but the consistency is another question. We rejoice that the life of Mercer was not taken ; but that he should

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have been wholly unpunished, his high-handed murder actually applauded, and the advocates who had procured his acquittal on the plea of insanity welcomed to the city with public and tumultuous acclamation of both sexes, is a melancholy proof of the impotence of the present law, and its gross injustice. Mercer was released and applauded in Philadelphia for murdering the seducer of his sister; Eager was condemned and hung in New York for murdering the seducer of his wife; and the difference between them was, that Mercer was conscious and proud of the act, Eager was intoxicated and bitterly repented. We have no sympathy with an indiscriminate and reckless mercy. Mercy it is not, but cruelty, to the offender, to the injured, and to society. But we ask, whence comes it, and who are responsible. Has it no connection with the nature of the penalty? Can rulers and jurors be just, in the eye of the law, if the law be not sustained by the community? Here is another wrong, inflicted upon another party. We require our jurors to be just, and our rulers to execute the law, and we ourselves render it all but impossible. Ten years ago, Governor Everett made an appeal to the legislature of Massachusetts, on this very account; saying, "The law must be respected as well as obeyed, or it will not long be obeyed. A state of things which deprives the executive of the support of public sentiment, in the conscientious discharge of his most painful duty, is much to be deplored." It does not lessen the force of the argument, that this appeal had regard to other capital offences besides murder. The principle is the same, and the argument is strengthened so long as those other offences are retained as capital. It is a singular commentary on the criminal code of this good Commonwealth, that, while arson and burglary have been frequent occurrences, and robbery and rape not very rare, the penalty of death has seldom been executed upon them for thirty or forty years; while of murderers themselves more have been spared than hung. During this period, how many eyes have been wilfully shut, laws trampled upon, and criminals emboldened? Are these necessary evils? No; a different penalty might greatly diminish, if not wholly prevent, them. They belong to a law which never was equally enforced, which never can be made sure, but which, in its essence and unavoidable operation, is uncertain, unequal, and fearfully unrighteous.



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If we look to England, the evidence of these evils becomes oppressive. It has compelled a constant mitigation of the bloody code through the last hundred years. The principle on which this change has been made belongs to every infliction of the death-penalty. It is the sense of injustice, or at least the fear of injustice, so strong as to disregard an oath rather than execute the law, and turn criminals loose upon society rather than punish them with extreme and irrevocable severity. Blackstone, in his day, protested against "so dreadful a list" of capital offences, and bore a testimony against them which has come in fact to apply to every one, murder not excepted. "Juries, through compassion, will sometimes forget their oaths, and either acquit the guilty or mitigate the nature of the offence; and judges, through compassion, will respite one half the convicts, and recommend them to the royal mercy." Every one knows what cunning and falsehood were resorted to, and perjury braved, to save offenders from the rigor of the law; as where a woman, convicted by her own confession of stealing much more than the law declared to be worthy of death, was found guilty of stealing but thirty-nine shillings, and thus saved. Of two persons indicted for stealing the same goods, one was found guilty of enough to hang him, and the other of so little that he was released. Such facts abound. Lord Suffield, speaking on this subject, said: — "He held in his hand a list of five hundred and fifty-five perjured verdicts delivered at the Old Bailey, in fifteen years, beginning with the year 1814, for the single offence of stealing from dwellings; the value stolen being, in these cases, *sworn* above forty shillings, but the verdicts returned being 'to the value of thirty-nine shillings' only." Now an oath is an oath; and if men will violate it in one case, they will in another, where the same motives are addressed. Nor is this bare assertion. The known cases are not few, the unknown may be many, in which, by bold perjury, or crooked casuistry, or the aid of technicality, the guilt of murder has been changed to manslaughter, or no verdict rendered, or an acquittal given, or, at the worst, commutation, if not pardon, obtained.

And not jurors only, but the whole community, are similarly affected, and affect the entire administration of justice. It is always more difficult to convict after an execution than before. In a state of anarchy and times of savage ferocity, as

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during the Reign of Terror, the sight of blood may madden the populace, and they and their leaders call for quicker and quicker modes of wholesale slaughter. But where law is supreme, especially in our day and land, it is instructive to see the effect of a single death on the gallows. There is a silent, often ill-suppressed, breathing of either satisfied or sorrowful feeling. The next prisoner, though guilty of the same crime, perhaps involved in the same plot, cannot be so easily convicted. But then comes the injustice, and the dreadful *accident.* A long interval elapses, crimes are committed, and the people call for another example. The first offender is sure to be a victim. He has miscalculated; he has not watched the ebb and flow of the great tide. Not for the peculiarity of his offence, so much as for the peculiarity of his time, he must die. Not because many may follow his example, but because many have just been spared, he must die. He who follows him in the same career, though his purpose be formed at the foot of the gallows, and the fatal deed perpetrated before the revelling crowd disperse, will have a better chance of escape. This also is sustained by facts both in Europe and America. The whole difficulty of convicting and executing, whatever the offence, has long been admitted, and is constantly increasing. The law itself is constantly changing, and its changes show how dreadful has been its injustice, as well as powerless its terror. It is found in England, that, since the year 1810, more than fourteen hundred persons have been executed for crimes which have now ceased to be visited with death. With us, the changes in the statute-book have been reluctantly made, but the changes in public sentiment are such as to annul the statute, or aggravate its injustice. Hundreds of jurors are summoned, to find twelve that can or will serve. And when they have served, and have found complete evidence of guilt, they sometimes, as in a case in Massachusetts not long ago, ask if they may bring in a verdict of manslaughter, but not being allowed, bring in a verdict of murder with a petition for mercy.

Such are the obstacles and inconsistencies, such the uncertainty, inequality, and injustice of the present law of death. Whatever the causes, the facts are indisputable. They seem enough to prove the inefficacy of the punishment, and the necessarily bad effect upon the sentiment of

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reverence for law or life, and equally upon the temptations to crime and calculations of impunity. We leave it to sounder heads to judge of the principle which Livingston has laid down as one of the postulates of his famous code: — "The law should never command more than it can enforce. Therefore, whenever, from public opinion or any other cause, a penal law cannot be carried into execution, it should be repealed."

3. Capital punishment has failed to punish the murderer, or relieve the friends of the murdered. We have shown, that, in a large proportion of cases, it fails to reach the murderer, — that it is never so sure as to preclude a fair calculation upon the chances of escape, — and that its infliction depends on other circumstances besides guilt. We might show, that, where it does fall upon the murderers, and upon the most awfully guilty, it is by no means sure to bring upon them a punishment which they will feel as such, or which will bear any proportion to the enormity of the crime. There is an enormity in wilful murder, which we are so far from attempting to extenuate or shield, that we pronounce it inadequately punished by the taking of life. We mean, of course, in the worst cases, those alone in which the community say it should be visited with death. They are the very cases, ordinarily, in which death is the least punishment. The most criminal are usually the most hardened, least sensitive to the pains of execution, which are momentary, or to the ignominy, for which they care nothing. The many instances of stupid brutality or shocking levity, under sentence of death and at the very gallows, should teach us something. It should be enough to know of one case like that so recent in New Jersey, where Robinson, the convicted and confessed murderer of Suydam, declared that he should "burst out a laughing under the gallows," called for "a band of music, the big field, and twenty thousand spectators," and said in his most sober moments, "I 've suffered too much poverty and misery in this life to care very much about leaving it." Was *he* punished? Saying nothing now of the doubtful, or rather, pernicious, effect on the witnesses, what are we to think of the relation of the suffering to the criminality, and what of the responsibleness of sending such a soul to judgment? Let those, especially, consider, who are sure that death consigns the soul to an eternal punishment, for whose

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torment there can be no insensibility or reprieve, and from whose unutterable misery even that wretched man might possibly have been saved by an imprisonment, which he would feel more keenly, and could use profitably if he would. Then let such believers, and all, consider further, that the very fact of this being an extreme case only goes to prove either the injustice or the inefficacy of the common punishment. If the many who suffer on the scaffold are less shockingly guilty and hardened than Robinson, it would seem a strange reason for condemning them to a present punishment which they feel infinitely more, but which falls alike on all degrees and differences of guilt. Add to this the large number of the accused whose guilt is presumed rather than proved; add that other mournful class whose innocence subsequent events have made probable, and sometimes certain, — and say, if you are willing to continue your own share of accountableness for such unequal dealing with crime, or if you do not think it possible that human ingenuity or Christian fidelity may devise a punishment that will be at once more severe and more just.

It has always been assumed, that the love of life is the strongest of passions, and its loss the greatest terror. Without denying the general truth, we maintain that there are many facts which greatly qualify it, and are too little considered. Most of the sick, who expect to die, die calmly; the good in faith, the bad in helpless submission. Multitudes, particularly of the vicious and criminal, consider their death as fixed and inevitable. Thousands brave death in war, in pestilence, in perils of ocean, in destructive occupations, — now for the life of a friend, now for the smallest lucre, and now for the very love of daring and vaunting. More than this, convicts have decidedly preferred death to imprisonment, as may be seen in detailed cases in O'Sullivan's Appendix. Indeed, on any fair doctrine of chances, men deliberately expose their lives to as great danger, at least, as does the cautious murderer, with all the present uncertainties, through detection, arrest, witnesses, advocates, jury and judge, pardon or commutation. The bad may not coolly calculate upon all these, but the knowledge of them has its effect, quite equal to the fear of death. Moreover, death itself is often invited. Every form of death is premeditated and self-inflicted. The water, the rope, the razor,

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the dagger, the pistol, and poison, are in frequent use in every land. Governments cannot monopolize the liberty of killing. Individuals use it everywhere, with and without known cause. Suicides in some countries are ordinary events; as in France, where the record of a single year, 1839, gives 1,747 cases. Where is the awful dread of death? Men may continue to quote from the father of lies, — "Skin for skin, all that a man hath, will he give for his life." The aphorism of Bacon is more worthy of consideration: — "There is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death."

No; the murderer is neither effectually deterred, nor adequately punished. The punishment falls upon his friends more than himself. His innocent family, many virtuous connections, may suffer for generations from the grief and the dishonor. Is it said, This is a necessary consequence of all sin and crime? So far as it is necessary, let it come. But there is a dread peculiarity in this mode of punishment, which brings a needless aggravation of shame and sorrow, and is felt more by the innocent than the guilty. Then, what reparation or relief does it bring to the friends of the murdered? Too often are *their* sorrows and suffering forgotten, in compassion for the reckless assassin; a gross injustice, with which possibly the mode of punishment has more to do than the fact. But neither the fact nor the mode should make our mercy forgetful and cruel. It is cruel to send our sympathies only to the cell of the felon, and not to the home and hearts which he has made desolate. Yet we would offer those hearts a truer and sweeter balm than revenge. If they crave that, our pity may be the greater, but it is wholly changed. The deeper their wounds, the more would we implore them to try the Christian remedy, — forgiveness; not the forgiveness that palliates crime, or would avert its just penalty; but that which prays that life may be spared, and opportunity given for contrition and reformation. Should the hand of violence strike from us the most valued life, it would be a poor comfort to know that another life must be sacrificed, other friends agonized, and a guilty soul destroyed. Grant us rather the solace of doing what we may, with justice and security, to overcome evil with good, and at most inflict a punishment that shall be felt in the workings of repentance, not in the goadings of retaliation. This to many

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will seem visionary. Enough, if it be Christian. It is not Jewish, we own; it is not heathen or savage; neither is it lax or perilous. It possesses the element of justice as well as mercy, with more of certainty, strictness, and probable efficacy, than any known operation of the law of blood for blood. It is worth serious thought, whether the common arguments for capital punishment contain any thing distinctively Christian. Of the several objects of law and penalties, — reformation, restitution, protection, punishment, — does it not put the first last, and the last first? And does it accomplish either? Reformation is scarcely possible, and is usually scouted. Reparation is never pretended. Punishment itself is altogether uncertain, and fearfully unequal. Protection, or prevention, alone remains. That we are to consider. All we have said will pass for little, with many, if it be confined to the murderer, or his friends, or the friends of the murdered. We take, then, another position.

4. Capital punishment fails to protect society. As at present administered, the law affords no protection against the murderer himself. It does not always pursue him, but sometimes exults in his impunity; it creates or uniformly encounters many obstacles to his conviction; it suffers him to live, though condemned, and often opens his prison-door. But more, it fails to protect from other murderers. This is an essential view; it involves the strength or weakness of the common defence. The strength of this defence consists in the example; its chief argument is the example. This is its demand, this its confident boast, this the avowed necessity, from which the right and duty follow. We bring it to the test of facts.

If facts already cited are facts, the death of the murderer has not prevented other murders, or lessened the proportion of them to the population. The proportion has been largest where the axe and the halter have been busiest. Of any crime less than murder, this is acknowledged, and the acknowledgment is material. The whole civilized world confess, and make proclamation now, that the punishment of death is not favorable, but pernicious, in a multitude of offences once capital. Is not the influence the same in all offences? We speak of the example. There it is, be the offence large or small. There is death; and in some countries, death has been a moral certainty for the offender. Yet

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in its very face, offenders have braved it, and beneath the very gallows have so terribly multiplied, that the collected wisdom of England and France has cried out against it, demanding a change. The change has been made. One hundred and fifty capital crimes have been expunged from the English code; a motion was made in Parliament in 1833 to expunge all that remain excepting murder, and failed by only one vote; in 1840, another motion was made for a total abolition of the death-penalty, and was sustained by ninety-three members. Nearly all men admit, both there and here, that murder alone should be punished with death, and against even that there is a power rising everywhere which has ceased to be despised. Whence this great revolution? Not least, if not most, from that very fact on which the retainers of capital punishment now plant their foot, — example. The example is against them. Death on the scaffold has not prevented, but provoked crime. The sight of the gallows, with victim upon victim, has produced levity, licentiousness, and a frightful increase of iniquity. And if it has produced, or not prevented, minor offences, will it prevent greater? Will the same spectacle, or the same penalty, which fails to deter from crimes that are cool and deliberate, prevent those which proceed from the most vehement and reckless passions, the malice, wrath, jealousy, and drunkenness of man? On criminals themselves we know the effect. All conversant with them tell us it tends to make them worse. Mr. Wakefield and Mrs. Fry, both so familiar with Newgate, declare that their opinions were there changed from a favorable to a wholly unfavorable conviction as to the efficacy of public executions. The closest observers have expressed a similar opinion as to the effect on the whole community. And we feel authorized in saying, that capital punishment has not only failed of its object, but has caused immense evil.

We say has *caused;* that may be too strong a term. We admit, it involves a question on which a great deal depends in this whole discussion. We need no doubtful arguments. We will not assume more than can be proved or possibly known, as do many on both sides of the controversy. The opposers of capital punishment clearly assume too much, if they insist that the gallows is certainly the cause of all the evil it witnesses, or that similar evil does not attend or follow many innocent exhibitions, and even religious gatherings.

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The more we consider the common hasty reasoning upon cause and effect, — one of the deepest and highest of all problems, — the more we distrust it, on this and every subject. Men know very little of causes, in physics, morals, or events. But this we aver, — all that we *do* know, in this connection, is against capital punishment ; and that is all we assert or want. The argument, at this point, is necessarily one of inference. And the inference begins not with us, but with those opposite. They infer, or rather assume, that the influence of capital punishment is salutary and effectual. We assume nothing, and only infer the cause of that which we see, — facts. The facts they admit, but deny that they are *effects*. Grant that they are not effects, or rather that we cannot be sure of it. Can we be sure of any thing ? How are we ever to know that any law or custom has any influence ? Is there any better mode than observation ? Grant, again, that observation brings different results, and that facts may be found, of every shade and grade, for every conclusion that we wish to establish. Facts still remain, and are the best, and at this point the only possible, evidence. Those two thousand executions a year in the time of Henry the Eighth may have had no connection with each other, and none with the many of Elizabeth's time afterward, when " the rogues were still trussed up apace," as the narrator says. But this is certain, — they did not *prevent* the many crimes that followed them. The forty arrests for robbery at the execution of two men in England may not have been caused by the hanging ; but certain it is, the hanging did not prevent them. The recent execution of Zephon, in Philadelphia, did not prevent four other murders within two days, near the scene, though the poor negro was twice hung, his neck not being quite broken by the first fall. The hanging of Barrett at Worcester, for rape and murder, did not prevent another murder within ten days, close at hand, nor another rape very soon after. We care not to multiply cases. They abound, as given by O'Sullivan, Spear, and many others. They prove this, if nothing more, — the utter impotence of the gallows to awe even the gazing crowd, or restrain from instant and continued crime. They confirm what the pickpocket said in Newgate, — " That executions were the best harvests that he and his associates had."

And then we retort, and say to the defenders of capital



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punishment, Prove something in its favor. Prove that it is the cause of some good ; show some connection between your principles and known results. Your whole argument is based upon precisely the kind of reasoning, which you call so loose and vapid in your opponents. Worse ; you not only reason from facts which may be owing to other causes, but from facts which do not appear. Assume less ; prove something ; prove that the gallows does any good to the criminal or the innocent, the old or young. Demonstrate by any reasoning, by any facts, by any favorable influences, — demonstrate, by any possible means, the beneficial effects of the example of public executions. True, the publicity of executions has been partially removed. A portion of Europe, and ten of our own States, have been constrained to unsay what had always been said before, and have thrown away at once half the efficacy and the strongest prop of the honored institution. Prove still that even now, in the prison-yard or prison-dungeon, a violent legalized death secures any protection to society, or bestows any blessing on mankind. We deny it.

We have dwelt too long upon the negative ; yet we may call it positive, in the power of facts, principles, and avowals. We deny the right of capital punishment, as sustained by necessity, or demonstrated by salutary efficacy. We assert that there is no proof of its good effects, and abundant proof of the bad. We ask room for two other positions, partaking still more of the positive.

5. Capital punishment has done irrevocable wrong. Unintentionally, yet it may be responsibly, in its attempt to deter or punish the murderer, it has been itself the slayer of the innocent. There is an early and immutable law of Jehovah, — " Thou shalt not kill." We believe this refers only to murder, and has been wrongly used against all taking of life. Jehovah himself, after giving it, allowed the taking of life in the Jewish economy, and Christ interpreted the commandment, " Thou shalt do no murder." But we see in that commandment an obligation to guard the sanctity of life most scrupulously. It forbids the stoutest loyalist and the freest self-defender to take life, in any case, rashly or needlessly. In connection with the Christian law, it says it is far better to yield life to violence, than to take it by violence. That we hold authority from man, that government is the

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creature of God, and anarchy fatal to society, are not facts to lessen the sacredness of life, but to guard it the more, and to fill us with awe of our own power over it. Is it not, then, a terrible fact, that life has been one of the lightest bawbles with which kings or subjects have ever played? Is it not the most melancholy phase of history, that more has been expended in the destruction of life, than for all other objects, — that human blood has been spilled like water, not only by the hand of violence, but with the sanction of law and religion, — that governments, instituted to protect the lives and liberties of men, have held their lives cheaper than the smallest coin or the slightest fame, and have erected civil, martial, and ecclesiastical altars for the sacrifice of human hecatombs? Governments declare and sustain war; and war has slain its myriads, by a right which Christianity renders doubtful and fearful, at the very lowest point of view, — at the highest, impious. Governments sanction duelling; and the real or attempted murderers walk among men unrestrained and honored. Governments have made capital punishment their special prerogative; and not an age or a year, probably not one day of the world, has passed since this prerogative was used, that it has not, in some quarter, cut short the life of an innocent man.

The calmest retrospection will show that this statement is not extravagant. Take into account the reckless disposal of life under the despotisms of the earth, — remember the multitudes that have been slain by heathen and Christian powers, either as victims or heretics, — consider the number and rigor of penal laws in the best governments, until very recently, — consider the proverbial uncertainty of the law, the necessary dependence on circumstantial evidence, the fallibility of human judgment, and the worse than fallibility of many judges and jurors, under the sway of prejudice, ignorance, excitement, interested or local considerations, — and you have a countless host of doomed sufferers, wholly guiltless, or but partially guilty. The mind revolts, the heart grows sick, at the thought of the vast numbers of innocent beings who have been immolated on this shrine of assumed necessity. So many are *known* to have thus perished, with all the advantage of able and humane defenders, and without any malice, that, when we attempt to add the unknown and probable, it seems impossible to do less than say with La-

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fayette, — "I shall ask for the abolition of the penalty of death, until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me."

England is a land of freedom and law. One of her best sons, and one competent to judge, Sir James Mackintosh, showed by careful returns, that, when capital punishments were very frequent in England, "the average had for many years been at the rate of one person executed every three years, whose innocence had been afterward satisfactorily established." A committee who have since followed up the inquiry there have found more than a hundred, a late account says, a hundred and fifty cases. Dymond tells us, that at one assizes not less than six persons were hanged, who were afterwards found to be innocent. Smollett, in his history of England, says, — "Rape and murder were perpetrated upon an unfortunate woman in the neighbourhood of London, and an innocent man suffered death for this complicated outrage, while the real criminals assisted at his execution, heard him appeal to Heaven for his innocence, and in the character of friends embraced him while he stood on the brink of eternity." In Dublin, 1728, a surgeon of note was found alone in the house with his maid-servant who had been just murdered, and he himself was bloody; he was tried and convicted, protested his entire innocence, but was executed; a few years after, the actual murderer confessed to a priest, that he had entered the surgeon's house for robbery, when no one but the girl was there, and being stopped by her as the gentleman returned, killed her and fled. Mrs. Child, in her Letters from New York, gives the particulars of two cases of strong circumstantial evidence, one in New York, and one in Missouri, where the innocence of the accused appeared fully after they were hung. The case of Dr. Hamilton in Kentucky, some twenty-five years ago, made a deep impression. Dr. Sanderson was found murdered in a cross-road, with Dr. Hamilton's pistols lying by him. The latter, of course, was arrested and tried; he made his own defence, and showed that he could not have been such a fool as to take that mode and place of killing a friend, and leave his pistols to betray him; but it availed not; he was executed, and in three months, two robbers confessed on the gallows that they first stole Dr. Hamilton's pistols, and then committed the deed. In a speech at Exeter Hall, 1832, Mr.

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O'Connell says : — " I myself defended three brothers of the name of Cremming, within the last ten years. They were indicted for murder. I sat at my window as they passed by, after sentence of death had been pronounced. Their mother was there, and she, armed with the strength of affection, broke through the guard. I saw her clasp her eldest son, who was but twenty-two years of age ; I saw her hang on her second, who was not twenty ; I saw her faint when she clung to the neck of her youngest boy, who was but eighteen ; and I ask what recompense could be made for such agony ? They were executed, — and — *they were innocent.*"

There are no words for such facts. They are unutterably awful, and should make the whole civilized world pause. One only knows how many they are. It is useless to say they cannot be numerous, when, besides those not ascertained, there is the glaring fact, that those which are known were seemingly among the least doubtful cases. This is the most serious and terrible feature. The evil is in no way accidental, and no one's fault. It is not haste, it is not malice, it is not the sin or error of judge, jury, or witnesses. The law is plain, the evidence direct, the guilt proved, — and yet there is no guilt ! It is perfectly astounding, to see the weight of evidence all refuted by subsequent events. A father has been murdered at home ; the only person there a son, sworn by a sister to have been dissolute and anxious for the father's property; his shoes are tracked from the house to the spot of the murder, and his hammer is found concealed with marks of blood ; he is necessarily condemned, — and on her death-bed that sister confesses herself both the parricide and the fratricide. Two men have been seen fighting in a field, old enemies ; one is killed by a pitchfork known to belong to the other, and too late this other has been found innocent; the true murderer sitting on the jury that tried him. A father and daughter have been overheard in violent dispute ; the former goes out and locks the door behind him ; groans issue from the room, with the exclamation, " Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death !" the daughter, found stabbed and dying, signifies by a sign that her father is the cause ; — he returns, betrays every sign of guilt, and is hung ; — a year afterward, a letter is found in her own hand, declaring her determination to kill herself, because her cruel father forbade her marrying as she wished ; and the public authorities, to atone for the



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error, wave colors over his grave, in token of his innocence!

We refer to none of the cases of innocent death caused by the confession of the sufferers themselves; for though frightful, they are few, (yet if we take the case of witchcraft, these innocent and fatal confessions have not been few,) and belong to a kind of monomania, for which no human wisdom can account and no law provide. But we protest, in the name of justice, religion, and humanity, against every unnecessary peril of this awful character. And we repeat, it belongs to the very nature of the penalty. Continue that, and you cannot avoid the peril, by all the wisdom and care of a combined world. Those proved guilty must be punished. Punish them in a way not irremediable. Do you say, If innocent, any punishment is a wrong, and cannot be recalled? True, this is a necessary evil. But death is *not* necessary. And death, death only, is wholly irremediable. This is the point; this is the mighty wrong. And until it can be demonstrated that it is an absolute necessity, — as it never can be, — no fallible creature, no earthly power, can pronounce the irrevocable doom, without assuming a sovereignty and defying a danger that are perfectly appalling.

6. We come to our last position. Capital punishment has been abolished, with safety and advantage. It has been abolished universally for a vast many offences to which it was once attached; and though fears for the consequences were not wanting in any case, and in some were as terrible as those that now prevent the last change, the offences themselves, thus relieved, have materially lessened, and no government now could be forced back in the experiment. But the abolition has not been restricted to minor crimes; it has been carried to the greatest; and it will require more sophistry than has yet been found to prove it a failure.

We have used too much space to give the historical details on this point, and we will hope they are not unknown to our readers. They begin with Rome, where the Portian law forbade the infliction of the punishment of death upon a Roman citizen for any cause, and continued in operation two centuries and a half. Montesquieu, Gibbon, and Blackstone speak of the good effect. The last says: — "In this period, the republic flourished; under the emperors, severe punishments were revived, and then the empire fell." In

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Russia, during the reign of Elizabeth, and then of Catherine, capital punishment was expressly and wholly abolished, and is said to have been used but on two occasions to the present time. Blackstone, in his Commentaries, and Count Segur, the ambassador, bear unequivocal testimony to the good consequences of the change, in the diminution of crimes. In Tuscany, the Grand Duke Leopold, in 1786, abolished by law "the punishment of death, for ever." For a quarter of a century, this edict remained in full force, with the happiest effect. Napoleon, for reasons which we could quote in his own language, characteristic and instructive, repealed the edict and restored the punishment. Dr. Baird and Mr. Cheever have ventured to proclaim, that this restoration was owing to the failure of the experiment. We find no ground for such an intimation, and are content to set against it the positive declarations of Leopold himself, Berenger and Carmignani of France, Franklin, Rush, and Livingston of America. We add the experience of Sir James Mackintosh; during the entire period of his government of Bombay, the punishment of death was not once inflicted; and he himself says of it, "Two hundred thousand men have been governed for seven years without a capital punishment, and without any increase of crimes." And we might add the experience of Belgium, where, without its formal abolition, this punishment is said to have been disused now for twenty years, with none but good results.

These facts are enough. We can imagine but one answer to them, or one evasion of their force. "The trials have been too short to verify the principle." We reply, "Make them longer." And we have a right to ask it. As citizens and as Christians, we demand that the professed religion of our land be allowed at least a fair trial, where justice, life, and eternity are involved. It is not humanity, it is not common, still less, Christian wisdom, to refuse to attempt reforms, because they have succeeded only as far as they have been tried. Besides, the first trial, the first ten or twenty years after a change which is considered dangerous, ought to be the worst. They ought surely to disclose some of the danger. They do not; and they remove the last foothold of the gallows. Experience proves nothing in its favor; its necessity cannot be established; its influence is all against it. Its assumption of sacred ground is at best an assumption, pressed with difficulties, and feebly sustained by fact even in

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the early ages and the theocracy of the world. In Christianity it finds no countenance. Its long history has been one of carnage and dread accountableness. The millions of the guilty, whom it has doomed alike, though with every shade of guilt, from the lightest to the darkest, the army of the innocent, whom it has cut off in mid-life, imperatively demand the fair and full trial of a more equal, more merciful, more just, and less irrevocable punishment.

Imprisonment for life is punishment enough for any one to bear. It may be made terrible, beyond all other. It may be clothed with a fearfulness that shall be more powerful to deter or punish than all tortures and deaths ; and this, too, without cruelty. Let it be certain, let it be sudden ; let the murderer, the moment he is sentenced, be borne away silently and swiftly from the face of man and the light of heaven, to be consigned for a time to a darkened cell, alone with his conscience and his God, the past and the future, — soon, indeed, to leave that intolerable dungeon, but to leave it only for the simple meal or the busy workshop, and then return for the long night, and again rise to the same toil, and again go back to the same loneliness, the same, day after day, for weeks, months, a year, five, ten, twenty, fifty years. Is there a man that can think of this, without a more awful shudder and horror than the fear of death can cause ? The only objection is its severity. Yet they who bring that objection say that it will not deter from crime ! It need not be hurtfully severe. We would relieve it of all those aggravations which injure the mind or the body. We would give it all the freedom and social privileges consistent with order and safety. We would surround it with those kind moral influences which are found most effectual in softening the heart and converting the souls of men. Nor have we any of the poor fear, that this very kindness will defeat the object. It will leave enough of the terrible, in the monotonous, unending imprisonment. With all prisoners, kind treatment is as sound policy as it is true humanity. The principle is now demonstrated, and we see it stated in prison reports, that the convicts who are best treated are least likely to return. " Where the greatest severity is practised will be found the greatest number of recommitments." This is human nature, and might have been learned before. Let society treat its offenders severely, — they will avenge themselves as soon as they can. Make the laws hard, even

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seemingly unjust and vindictive, — those laws will be again and again broken. Here is one of the causes of the pernicious effects of all capital punishment. Let it be avoided, if there be a change. Let imprisonment be real and enduring, consuming all the active portion of life, or let it be perpetual; but fill it with healthy occupation, with mental and spiritual blessings. Let earth be shut out, but heaven freely come in. Above all, let it be *certain*. Why can it not be? For no reason but the use and abuse of the pardoning power. That, at the worst, would not be worse than at present. It might be infinitely better. The court that condemns has now the power to order a new trial, if new evidence appears. But this is a mockery, if you kill the man before the evidence can appear. Some of the States, as Vermont and Maine, have recently extended the interval between sentence and execution to a year or more. This is the beginning of mercy, though it seems little more than justice. Why not go on? Allow a longer interval. Let the period before death be five years, ten, forty, a life, — where is the danger, either to society or the prisoner, if there be a power lodged solely in the court of ordering another trial, should circumstances in their judgment demand it?

Ay, but the murderer may commit another murder, says one more objector. The prisoner may kill his keeper. This, it has been confidently said, is alone a sufficient reason against the change. Then is it a sufficient reason for hanging the insane man who kills his keeper. If you can protect the state by confinement in the one case, you can in the other. But though you were compelled to punish the *repetition* of murder with death, it would be no argument for the law as it now stands and works. Besides, most of those who have killed their keepers have been men doomed to die themselves. It is an evil of the present system, and we throw back the objection. Let men live, deal with them mercifully as well as justly, and what motive will they have for violence, what desire to refuse lenity and provoke a severer punishment? Let them live to repent, not to destroy. Let them live to work for society which they have defrauded, or for the families which they have bereft. Then may all the purposes of law and penalty be accomplished; condemnation, confinement, suffering, reparation, and probable reform. Is not the bare possibility of this better than the certainty of the present accumulation of wrongs and evils?

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The most depraved and guilty are still men; God requires that they be treated as men. Let society first protect itself by universal moral education. Let it be more anxious to prevent crime than to punish it. Let it punish in a way to prevent; let it not expose and tempt to evil, and then cut off the evil-doer. While it compels men to fight, and honors them in proportion as they kill, it invites the retort of the murderer in England: — "I have killed many men to please the king; why should I not kill one to please myself?" Yet more, while those who *make* murderers are protected by law and upheld by high influence, and the largest number of murderers issue from the licensed dram-shop, what justice is that, or what wisdom, which rewards him who maddened the brain of another until the fatal blow was given, and hangs him who madly and unconsciously gave it? Drunkenness is no apology? No; it is an aggravation. Excuse it not, but punish with some measure of justice. It may be, that many would think it a lighter wrong to themselves and to society, that one of their family be even murdered in his innocence, than that their sons be degraded and lost through the selfishness and depravity of men who go unpunished and unrestrained. Human laws may not be able to reach both offences equally, but they can deal with them more justly. They have no right to give impunity to the one, and visit upon the other the heaviest retributions.

Let law and religion be supreme. Let the violent and corrupting be restrained, — not encouraged, nor destroyed. Let the neglected and corrupted be helped, — not left to desperation. Let the ignorant be instructed, and the willing employed, the exposed protected, the fallen raised, and the innocent saved. The guilty must suffer; let them suffer. Let them be surely and justly punished. The murderer especially, the wilful destroyer, the violator of God's holy law and man's sacred life, let him *know* that he will suffer, — not alone in the tortures of an outraged conscience, but in exile from an outraged community, with time and solitude for busy remorse. Let him suffer, — not in vengeance, that is not ours, — not for satisfaction, that is impossible, — but for the security of the good, the terror of the wicked, the penitence and regeneration of his own soul. Let God's first mark rest upon him, that none may slay him, but all recognize and reprobate, while they pity and would save.

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ART. IV. — *The Adventures of Daniel Boone.* By the Author of "Uncle Philip's Conversations." New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1844.

WE are sorry to see this little volume. It is taken almost entirely from Mr. Flint's biography of Boone, and contains the same errors, fables, and absurdities. For instance, the hero is said to have been born in 1746, whereas, he was born in 1732; he is said to have died in 1818, although his death really took place in 1820; and at the time of his decease he was, we are told, in his eighty-fourth year, when in reality he was eighty-eight. Nay, the writer of this work has even failed to perceive, that, if born in 1746, he would have been in his seventy-second or seventy-third year if he had died in 1818, and not in his eighty-fourth; he has copied even Mr. Flint's false arithmetic. We find, also, Mr. Flint's fabulous account of Boone's recovery of his daughter, when taken by the Indians in 1776, — the falsity of which Mr. Butler exposed years ago; and also the story derived, professedly, from Audubon, which we believe to be equally untrue. Indeed, this volume, throughout, follows Mr. Flint with exquisite fidelity, and, we regret to say, does it, too, without acknowledgment. It is not our purpose, however, to dwell on the work before us, or on any of the other lives or sketches of the hero of this book. We wish, if we can, to shake ourselves free from books, and cities, and the present time, and go with our readers into the grim and green wilderness, and look at the pioneers as they press so boldly, yet cautiously, forward, and build their cabins in the shade of the noble forests which cover the hunting-grounds of the Cherokee and the Shawanese.

The spring of 1769 rose calmly over those broad woodlands. Not a cabin, not a wigwam, lay hidden in those budding valleys; not a white man's foot profaned their ancient silence. Elsewhere there was noise enough. Boston merchants, and Virginia burgesses, and British ministers, all scolding at once about the right of trial in the colonies, and the non-importation of English goods; traders swearing and Indians yelling, from the Ohio to lake Erie. The western slopes of the Alleghanies swarmed with emigrants. On the Wabash and the Illinois, red, white, and mongrel men made the prairies hide-

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ous with their orgies. In the south, and along the Mississippi, the Anglo-Saxons were already crowding the Frenchman and the Spaniard. But in the midst of all this busy life, in the centre of this whirlpool of humanity, lay a virgin land, unknown to the white, uninhabited by the red man, — the Dark and Bloody Ground, — the hunter's paradise ; the home of the buffalo and the elk. Englishmen had sailed up and down the " Belle Rivière " for twenty years ; they had built trading stations in the centre of Ohio ; they knew the Miami, and the Scioto, and the Maumee by heart ; they had formed great companies to colonize the West. But the peerless forests of that neutral ground, where the Indians of the north and south met to chase the bison together, or to engage in deadly conflict, had been scarce ever entered by the pioneers of the West, the roaming traders.

The reason is plain enough ; there were no dwellers there, none to trade with. Of one band, a dim and shadowy company, and of one only, we hear, as having entered Kentucky before 1769. In 1767, John Finley, — with others, we cannot doubt, — having crossed the mountains by the Cumberland gap, instead of following the old beaten path of business to the Cherokees and other southern savages, turned northward, along an Indian track known as the Warrior's Road, which led from the Cumberland ford over the broken country lying upon the eastern branches of the Kentucky river, on to the mouth of the Scioto. John was a business man, and saw a good chance for speculation by buying up the Indians' peltries on the spot where they took them ; and it seems that he drove a good trade, and was pleased with the country ; so that he left, promising himself a speedy return and farther profits. Slowly over that rugged region Finley and his comrades toiled back to Carolina ; and the tales they told of the game that filled those new lands buzzed far and wide among the long-legged, fearless hunters that ranged the eastern slope, and the steep valleys of the Appalachian range.

Among these hunters was one Daniel Boone, who, with his wife and children, lived in the upper valley of the Yadkin ; a man in the prime of life, thirty-six years of age, — for he was born in the same year with Washington, 1732. He was a quiet man, who had known poverty, and after many changes was poor still. A born hunter Daniel was, and fond of nothing but hunting, — a man who preferred to roam the

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mountain, and sleep in a cavern or camp by a gushing spring, to the dull farm life and the home fireside. We say he was a born hunter; he possessed the instinct of the bee, and could go to his own dwelling in a bee-line from any point to which his wanderings might carry him. Fatigue, hunger, and exposure he could bear like an Indian. Strong, but light, active as a deer, courageous, but cautious, kind, silent, thoughtful, he was the very man to act the part of pioneer. And to him, among others, came rumors of the new lands which the traders had visited, and his heart burned within him. He sought out Finley, and from his own lips learned that of a truth there was a country where buffalo swarmed like flies in summer, and where the wild turkey and the deer were scarce worth wasting powder upon. How he meditated on the tales he had heard, how he discussed the wisdom of an excursion to the Far West with Mrs. Boone, and how she vanquished him in argument, but could not change his heart one hair's breadth, how he climbed the mountains and thought of the distant Eden, and slept by the brook-side and dreamed of it, — all these things our readers must imagine as they best can. Little doubt can exist that the year before Boone's journey began was a year of hesitation, and hope, and doubt, and deep thought. But the temptation was too strong for him. The winter of 1768 – 9 wore away, and listlessly Daniel performed his spring duties on the farm, and sighed as he thought how the year was passing by. March passed, and April glided on, and still he lingered. But at length Finley prepared to return to the place he had before visited, and renew his trade with the savages; and, on the 1st of May, throwing aside plough and hoe, Daniel tightened his belt, put a new edge to his knife, shouldered his rifle, bade his wife and little ones good by, and, in company with five comrades, started "in quest of the country of Kentucky."

Finley led the way; by the Negro mountain, over range after range of rugged hills, through the Cumberland gap, northward by the ford, on and on they toiled toward the Red river, a branch of the Kentucky, running from the eastern highlands. Rain poured upon the little band of pioneers; the paths were most rough and toilsome; and as days came and went, — one week, two, three, — and still steep hills and narrow valleys, gushing streams and tangled woods, alone



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met their eyes, they began to think more highly of having a roof within a hundred miles of one, and a change of clothes once a month in rainy weather. But they had put their hands to the plough, and might not look back. Five weeks had gone and the sixth was entered upon, when Finley began to recognize the neighbourhood; the hills were less abrupt; the forest was more open; cane-brakes began to appear; now and then small herds of buffalo were seen; and at length, upon the 7th of June, the wet, weary sojourners stopped, built themselves a cabin, dried their clothes, cleaned their guns, talked over their plans by the blazing fire, and fell asleep by its embers.

They talked over their plans, but what they were we know not. Nothing can well be more barren than the preposterous paper prepared by John Filson from Boone's account of himself; and yet that paper is our only source of exact information as to the events of much of the pioneer's life. From it we learn, that, from June 7th to the 22d of December, 1769, the band of adventurers hunted with great success, and that, upon the last named day, Boone and one of his companions were suddenly attacked by Indians and made prisoners; whereupon the other four took to their heels and got back to the settlements as soon as possible. This is all that we know; but in accordance with the habit of more eminent historians, it may be proper, in the absence of facts, to introduce some suppositions. We would suggest, therefore, that, during the six months and a half spent before the attack of the savages, Finley and his fellows had been trading with the Indians as on his former visit. That six white men could scour the choice hunting-grounds of the natives, undiscovered, for half a year, is not to be believed, and probably friendly relations during that time existed between the white and red men. But how these relations were disturbed we know not. Very probably some of Boone's comrades were knaves and cheated their simple customers; or it may have been jealousy of the strangers, who, from mere passing traders, seemed changing into residents and claimants of the lands, that led the Indians to the act of violence recorded by Boone.

But whatever may have caused the natives to assume a hostile attitude toward the new-comers, certain it is that from that 22d of December, 1769, they always maintained it, till

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the power of the invaders was too great to be longer resisted, and Wayne wrung from them the treaty of Greenville. Boone and his companion were their first prisoners, and remained in durance for seven days. During that time they avoided showing any sign of hoping, or even of wishing, to escape, and thus succeeded in throwing their captors off their guard, so that, after a week of confinement, they were able to set themselves free. Boone does not tell us that he used this time in noticing the ways and stratagems of the Indians; but we cannot doubt that he did so, and thus prepared himself more effectually to baffle them at their peculiar art and mystery. Indeed, we have often thought that he continued so long in captivity for the very purpose of making himself acquainted with those customs and tricks, which he had never before, probably, had so good an opportunity of learning. When free, he and his friend soon found their way back to the camp where they had spent the summer; but behold! it was deserted. It was no part of Boone's plan, however, after he had once entered so deeply into the dangers and delights of the wilderness, to leave them on the first show of danger; and he, with Stewart, his companion in captivity, continued to hunt as before, only using greater precautions against being once more surprised by the savages.

While Daniel was thus daring the perils of the extreme frontier, his brother, Squire Boone, a man of equal skill and spirit, was on his way from the settlements to join him. Following the Warrior's Road, he came at last, in company with one other man, to the camp near the Red river, and there found his predecessors still alive and full of hope and courage. Whether he brought out any messages from Mrs. Daniel to her husband — orders to return, or the like — history fails to notice; but if the bearer of any such requests, he bore them to no purpose, for the wanderer had no thought of going back to the plough while he could live so comfortably by the rifle. These four then commenced their winter campaign; but not many weeks had passed before Stewart was killed by the Indians, an event which probably induced the new-comer, Squire Boone's companion, to return to Carolina; and thus the brothers were left alone in the great forest of Kentucky. It was early in the year 1770 that they were thus left, and until March, 1771, they remained by themselves, with the exception of the months of May and June,

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1770, when Squire Boone returned to the borders of the civilized world to provide a supply of powder and shot, while Daniel, without even a dog for company, hunted, travelled, ate, slept, meditated, and enjoyed his leisure.

It is impossible for men who have grown up in our tame civilization to enter into the feelings of one so situated. Many hundred miles from all to whom he could look for aid, in a boundless wood filled with subtle and cruel enemies, dependent upon his gun, yet with a scanty supply of ammunition, without a comrade or the hope of one, — and still contented and cheerful, nay, very happy. Every day he changed his position; every night he slept in a different place from the one he had occupied the night before; constantly in danger, he was forced to be constantly on his guard; but freedom, the love of nature, the excitement of peril, and the pleasures of the chase appear to have repaid him for all his trials, toils, and watchfulness. One circumstance, which helps us to explain Boone's security while among the bands of roaming savages, and, as we should suppose, in hourly dread of losing his life, was this; the forests of Kentucky at that early period were filled with a species of nettle, which being once trodden on retained for a long time the impression of the foot; even a turkey might with ease be tracked in it. This weed, the Indians, numerous and fearless, took no pains to avoid, while the solitary hunter never touched it; it thus became to him a sure and easy means of knowing the presence, position, and numbers of his enemies, without betraying his own whereabouts. The surface of the country was as if covered with snow for the feet of his foes, but naked for his own.

It was during this period that Mr. Flint represents him as standing at the mouth of Salt river, and looking at the distant Alleghanies, not more than five hundred miles off! Whether he went so far west as Salt river we have no means of knowing; but probably most of his time was spent about the valleys of the Kentucky and Licking. In the former was the choice region where he afterwards settled; in the latter he sought for salt, and was able also to kill any number of buffalo he desired.

One that has not seen them cannot realize the exquisite beauty of the forests near Lexington and Versailles. Free from all rugged undergrowth, but filled originally with the

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slender, graceful cane ; carpeted by a turf like that of an English park, and with scarce a dry leaf to be seen ; the trees tall and stately, and of the most beautiful varieties ; the surface slightly rolling, with springs bursting from every hill-side, and clear brooks singing along every valley, — these forests are the pride of the West. And these, when Boone first entered them, were swarming with game of every kind, bird and beast. No wonder he thought Kentucky an Eden. We can almost forgive Filson, who fills these noble woods with blossoms and fruit at the close of December.

The Licking valley possessed none of the charms of that of the Kentucky, but it contained an invaluable treasure in the mineral spring at the Blue Licks, now a fashionable watering-place. The hills of the Licking are steep and rugged ; near the Blue Licks they are barren and stony ; stripped of all herbage and of every bush, and beaten to macadam by the tramping, for ages, of immense herds of buffalo, elk, and mammoth. The spring itself is somewhat saline, that is, impregnated with common salt ; but it also contains many other mineral ingredients. It is a favorite water throughout the West and Southwest, the planters buying it in barrels, and drinking it in the morning as a preservative against bilious diseases. To the early settlers this spring had a threefold value ; it supplied them with salt, it was their grand medicine-chest, and it attracted immense quantities of game. From it in various directions went off great buffalo tracks, like turnpikes, along which the animals of the forest were for ever coming and going ; while about the spring itself, in the open valley, were sometimes gathered ten or twenty thousand bisons at a time. Such, at least, was the calculation of their numbers made by Simon Kenton, who lived near by, and was there very frequently. One obstacle alone interfered with the enjoyment of this unlimited supply of game ; in consequence of the bare character of the hills about the spring, it was impossible to approach the animals without exposing one's self to an enemy in the surrounding forest. But the nature of the hills and valleys, abrupt and varied, afforded excellent opportunities for concealment, and for the exercise of that skill and cunning upon which the hunters prided themselves.

We once heard an anecdote strikingly illustrative of this skill, which, if we remember right, came from Boone him-



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self to our informant. Boone had approached the Licking from the west at the same time that Simon Kenton had reached the borders of the valley from the east. Each paused to reconnoitre, before he left the covert of the woods; and each ascertained the presence of another human being in the neighbourhood. Then commenced a process on the part of each for learning who the other was without revealing himself; and such was their mutually baffling power of concealment, that forty-eight hours passed before either could satisfy himself that the other was not an Indian and a foe.

About this spring, and through the region extending thence to the point where Boonesborough was afterwards built, Daniel hunted during nearly two months that his brother was absent. On the 27th of June, they were safely reunited, and again pursued their adventures together.

But we must for a time leave them to wander, while we notice the entrance, at that very period, into the South of Kentucky, of a band known as the Long Hunters. It was led by Colonel James Knox, and consisted, at the outset, of forty hunters, only nine of whom crossed the whole Appalachian range; and while the Boones were wandering solitary over the sunny slopes about the Elkhorn, these men explored the wild and broken region lying upon the northern borders of Tennessee. But little is known even now of the vast country lying along the western slope of the Alleghanies from Kentucky to Georgia. The people of the interior of Africa have been more fully described, and the depths of the Himalaya range more thoroughly investigated. The whole region is as rugged as well can be, where there are neither volcanoes nor alpine peaks. You travel from two to three hundred miles, through a district destitute even of a cart-road, and where a wheeled vehicle was never seen. Three of the country towns of Kentucky are approachable only by bridle paths. In many parts, even horses cannot find footing. An informant, who tried to penetrate without a guide to the falls of the Cumberland, told us he was forced to leave his saddle and find his way on foot, sometimes on all fours. At one point, he came to a little settlement, and, knocking at a door to ask for food, was astonished to find himself, when it was opened, clasped in the arms of a stout mountain maiden; not remembering ever to have seen her before, he knew not what to think of the civility, till he

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learned that it was twelve years since she had seen any one except the half-dozen persons who lived near by, and a stranger was to her too great a rarity, too exquisite a luxury, to escape an enthusiastic welcome.

Into this most rough and inhospitable tract Colonel Knox and his companions forced their way in pursuit of the buffalo, and from the length of time they were absent from their homes, they obtained, in the traditions of the West, their name of the Long Hunters. In that same year, 1770, George Washington also visited the Ohio for the second time, going as far down as the Great Kanawha, to examine lands in that vicinity to which he had claims. The journal of his trip may be found in the appendix to the second volume of Mr. Sparks's great work; one fact alone therein mentioned is of much import to us in relation to Western history; that fact is the growing impatience of the Indians at the gradual encroachments of the whites on the lands south of the Ohio. To those lands England had obtained a nominal title by the treaty of Fort Stanwix, made two years before; but from what Washington saw, it is clear that the Mingoes and Shawanese of the West were not disposed to yield their hunting-lands at the bidding of the proud Iroquois of New York, and already the exasperation which resulted in Dunmore's war had shown itself in various ways.*

But of Washington and Knox the Boones knew nothing. Having stayed as long as they dared in the neighbourhood of the Kentucky river, they went southward toward the Cumberland, and there continued their strange, dangerous, but exciting life, until March, 1771, when they returned home.

From 1771 till 1773, the beauties and excellences of the West were in a great degree lost sight of. In England there was enough of discussion and bad blood relative to the great valley of the Mississippi; but in Carolina, Boone leaned upon his plough, and through Virginia and Pennsylvania, the frontier men moved lazily or not at all. Why this was so we have no means of ascertaining; but all the meagre records of Western history yet accessible give us no hint of any important steps taken in the settlement of the land until

* See, on this whole subject, *North American Review*, Vol. XXXV., pp. 1–20.

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1773. In that year, by the Ohio river, went on their labors the McAfees, Thomas Bullitt, Hancock, Taylor, James Douglas, Colonel Floyd, and others less known to provincial fame; while Boone, poorer than any of them, but now world-famous, hitched his team and gathered his cattle, and took his wife and household gods, and began his journey of emigration by the same Cumberland route which he had taken on his first expedition.

But it was not destined that he should yet become a "residenter" of the Eden he was bound to. He had sold his farm, reconciled his helpmate to her new lot, had shaken hands twice over with all the neighbours, — for every body loved him, — and on the 25th of September had set his face Kentucky-ward. He had climbed the Blue ridge and the Iron mountains, crossed the valley of the Clinch, and had won his way over Powell's ridge, and was drawing nigh to the last great barrier, the Cumberland range, with five families from the Yadkin besides his own, and forty men who had joined him in Powell's valley, when, upon the 10th of October, unlooked for as thunder from a clear sky, a band of Indians poured upon the rear of the little emigrant army a deadly fire. Women shrieked, children squalled, the cattle broke and ran, horses reared and plunged, the young men drew their rifles to their shoulders, and the old "treed" instantly. A few moments decided the matter; the whites were victors; but six dead men, and one badly injured, gave them an idea of the nature of frontier life. Among the dead was Daniel Boone's oldest son. A council of the survivors was at once called, and though, we presume, only men were present thereat, we doubt not that women and children were represented. Anxiety was in every face; the hostile conduct of the savages, their evident preparation to resist all farther invasion of their hunting-grounds, the loss of cattle, the fears of wives and daughters, the probability of a universal massacre if they went forward, — all concurred in recommending an immediate retreat; and Daniel found himself unwillingly obliged to resign his paradise on the very day that he was called to weep the death of his son. They turned on their track, and retrod their steps to Clinch river, a distance of forty miles. Alas for our woodman! Another year of quiet, stupid repose and farm labor seemed destined to try his patience. Dozing in security under his

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stoop by the westward flowing stream, he sighed for the howl of the wolf, and the stealthy, scarce-leaf-rustling tread of the Shawanee.

He dozed, but dreamed not how rapidly, since he left them, his fellow white-men had desecrated the solemn forest-temples he had wandered and worshipped in. All that summer of 1773 had Mammon been sending his pioneers into the wilderness, — surveyors and speculators. Gallant men many of them were, and they loved dearly the life of danger they led. Far superior to Boone in the power of planning, in grasp of intellect, in education, fortune, and demeanour, there were still few or none of them his equals in forest-craft and a simple love of forest-life. They measured out, with cool, scientific, money-loving eyes, the glorious valleys and greensward woods, at sight of which Boone's lids had run over with tears of delight. They laid out towns where he had fancied the buffalo and deer would congregate for ever ; and though already the fierce mutterings of the tribes beyond the Ohio reached their ears, and they knew a contest to be inevitable, they lingered, rod and chain in hand, on the pleasant banks of the Elkhorn, or by the cave-born rivulets that feed the Kentucky.

Meanwhile the long-smothered hatred of the Indians was burning towards a clear flame. Injury upon injury inflicted by the unprincipled land-jobbers, who swarmed along the Ohio from Wheeling downward, made every savage heart beat with darker blood ; and when, toward the close of April, 1774, those massacres took place in which Logan's family wholly perished, human nature — not to say Indian nature — could stand it no longer ; the tomahawk and the scalping-knife grew bright in every wigwam. From afar Boone heard the coming tempest, and longed to join in the war-dance ; for he hated an Indian as heartily as he loved an Indian life. He longed, but without prospect, until one day, behold ! riding down the valley in a foam, a messenger from Virginia, from Governor Dunmore, seeking one Boone, Daniel Boone, a woodman that had been in the West. All flocked to the door to hear the strange news. Boone sent for by a governor ! Think of it ! And for what ? To go westward to the falls of the Ohio and thereabouts, and conduct in the surveying parties who were lounging and measuring in that region ; for the gleam of steel was all along the

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border. Daniel looked at his wife, drew a long breath, took down his rifle with the air of one whose mind is made up, though he does not say so, cast a second glance at his helpmate, who could not say nay when a governor and earl was the asker, and accepted the proposition.

Accordingly, on the 6th of June, 1774, in company with one Michael Stoner, he started upon his perilous journey, reached the surveyors in safety, and in safety reconducted them to the settlements; the distance gone over being, by Boone's calculation, about eight hundred miles, and the time taken, two months. This trip, or "tour," as Mr. Filson calls it, exhibited the completeness of Boone's woodcraft to so great advantage as to lead to his after employment, first by Governor Dunmore, and next by a company which was proposing to settle the West on a large scale.

But before we speak of Boone's agency in the actual clearing and peopling of Kentucky, we ought to refer to an individual who explored the central portion of the State during the summer in which the North Carolina pioneer was engaged in rescuing the surveyors, and who built the first house in the West. This was James Harrod, the founder of Harrodsburg, where he erected his log-cabin in 1774, although Dunmore's war obliged him to abandon it for a season the same year. Harrod was not a man of education, that is, of book-learning; he knew the woods, and, partially, the world; his rifle he knew exactly and perfectly; and the heart of man had been read by him with care, though not with selfish care. He was a bold, dashing, active man; fond, like Boone, of forest life, but far less solitary and silent in his moods than that white Indian. He was a kindly man, too; a natural, born gentleman, a practical philanthropist, one who would spend hours of hard labor, and risk his life, to reclaim a poor neighbour's horse or cow. He was too much a hunter and a lover of frontier life to play a great part in the politics of the West; but over his comrades his influence was very great, and his name deserves to be held in respect by all who feel respect for those manly qualities which a border life so much calls for. He was forced to return, as we have said, from the valley of the Kentucky to that of the Kanawha, during the summer or early fall of 1774, to take his part in the war with the Shawanese. That war, however, was soon over; the battle of Point Pleasant and the treaty of Camp Char-

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lotte having closed it by November, 1774. Then began the real settlement of Kentucky, which, till that time, lay in all its forest beauty. The rude shed which Finley and Boone had built in 1769 had crumbled away, and the hut of Harrod was empty. Here and there trees had been felled, perhaps corn planted; but, save in the brains of speculators, the land was still, in reality, the same virgin wilderness which the first explorers had found it. And this leads us back to Boone again.

In North Carolina, at that period, there prevailed the same fever which filled Virginia, a fever for western lands. Among those who were infected was one Richard Henderson, a man of note in his own neighbourhood. He had grown to manhood without learning even to read or write; then he taught himself. He saw the world lying about him ready for use, and, filled as he was with energy, intellect, warm blood, and unguided ambition, he determined to use it for his own advancement. So he ran for constable, and won; then for under-sheriff; next began to creep up the slimy hill of legal renown and profit, until, while still young, he became associate chief judge of the colony. Meanwhile, he was no pedant, no dusty, dry recluse, but a gay, dashing, joking, popular man of the world. He lived freely, spent freely, speculated freely, and so lost all he had. What next? Thinking how to extricate himself, the rumors of the fine lands beyond the mountains came to his mind again. Some of his near friends had long known Boone, and had heard from his own lips the tales he delighted in of the paradise toward the setting sun. Would it be possible to get those far-off lands? If so, how? From the king or the Indians? Henderson saw the signs of the times; he felt King George's hand slipping off the unruly colonies; so he determined to get his fee from the savages. He soon learned the claim of the southern Indians, and quietly sought the leaders of the Cherokees, and with them blocked out a treaty for the purchase of the lands lying between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers. Having associated with himself a number of rich and influential gentlemen for the prosecution of his scheme, a final deed was given by the Cherokees, on the 17th of March, 1775, at a meeting held on the Wataga, a branch of the Tennessee.

At this meeting Boone was present, on behalf of Hender-

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son and his associates ; and at once set forward upon its conclusion, and probably before its signature, to open a road to the region first purchased. It was a difficult and dangerous task. The northern Indians were still smarting under the injuries which had caused the war of the year previous, and though the pipe of peace had been smoked with the Long Knives, it was no reason why their hunting-grounds should be invaded. As for the purchase from the Cherokees, what was it worth ? The Cherokees never owned the land. Boone understood all this, and went upon his way with armed men, and muffled footsteps. Over the mountains, across the valleys, through the tangled thickets, round the rough knobs, silently and safely the road-makers, blazing the trees as they went, passed along ; and at length the levels they were seeking came in sight. Though the Indians had not, up to that time, shown themselves, yet no sooner were the invaders within the plain than they were attacked. But the savages found their skill met by equal skill, and although they succeeded in killing four of the whites, they were unable seriously to impede their progress ; and on the 1st of April, 1775, the little band, having reached the Kentucky river and selected a site for their first station, began the construction of Boonesborough.

It was a fort, consisting of block-houses and cabins, which at first was the sole representative of the borough that bore Boone's name ; a fort some two hundred and fifty feet long by a hundred and fifty in breadth, placed sixty yards south or west of the river, near a salt-lick. Two months and a half of labor were devoted to it, — labor not without danger ; the pioneer worked with his axe in one hand and rifle in the other. Immediately upon its completion, Boone prepared to return to Carolina and bring his family to the new home he had made ready for them. But before he went, he had borne his part in the organization of the new government which was to oversee the affairs of Henderson's colony, the colony or province of Transylvania.

Upon the very day on which Boone and his assistants commenced their station, Henderson, with forty armed men, reached Powell's valley, on his way westward, and, following the road marked out by Boone, on or before the 20th of May, came to where his pioneers watched and labored. It was his purpose at once to organize his followers, agree

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upon articles of union, and commence the process of legislation. Accordingly, word was instantly sent to the four stations which by that time had been begun ; for in the interval between Boone's arrival, late in March, and Henderson's, late in May, James Harrod had returned with a company, and commenced a settlement at a spot called Boiling Spring ; while Benjamin Logan, who had crossed the mountains in company with Henderson, had established himself at St. Asaph's. To these two germs of towns, and also to Harrodsburg and Boonesborough, Henderson sent solemn greeting, inviting each town to send delegates to the place we have last named, there to hold counsel and pass such laws as might seem fitting. On the 23d of May, according to summons, seventeen men took their places, as representatives of the youthful republic, under a vast elm-tree which grew about fifty yards from the Kentucky river, and around which the white clover spread as a carpet for their hall of legislation. A chairman and a clerk were chosen ; God's blessing was asked by the Rev. Mr. Lythe, a delegate from Harrodsburg, and then the proprietors were informed that the meeting was ready to hear from them ; whereupon Colonel Henderson made them a speech of some length on behalf of himself and associates. He laid down some of the great principles of legislation, and then drew the attention of his hearers to the peculiar laws required for them in their position. Among other subjects, he spoke of the need of laws providing for the recovery of debts, and referred with extreme severity to a proclamation which Lord Dunmore had issued when he heard of the purchase from the Cherokees, and wherein he put the world upon their guard against the baseless assertion of the Carolinians, that they were the true owners of the lands they claimed. Those lands the governor asserted to be within Virginia, and he treated the whole proceedings of the Transylvanians as illegal, and originating in a design to afford an asylum for debtors and desperadoes. The Carolina judge and his friends, many of whom were among the first men in America, treated with indignation, and rightly, this impudent assertion, that they wished to be the founders of an American Alsatia, — a prophetic picture of Texas. But while this ascription of base motives to them was needless and scandalous, Dunmore was perfectly right in the main point of Virginia's claim over the land in question ; and his



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proclamation prevented that sale of lands by Henderson which might otherwise have taken place, besides serving as notice of the intention of Virginia, afterwards carried into effect, to exterminate the colony of Transylvania as an interloper.

Meantime, the members of the convention responded to the assertion of the proprietors, that they were entitled to frame rules for their own government, and proceeded forthwith, with praiseworthy speed, to the business of legislation. They were in session three working-days, and in that time passed nine laws, and framed a compact between the proprietors and people of the province. The laws they passed were as follows : — for establishing courts ; for punishing crimes ; for regulating the militia ; for punishing swearing and Sabbath-breaking ; providing for writs of attachment ; fixing fees ; for preserving the range ; for improving the breed of horses ; for preserving game. It is pleasant to notice that the last three bills were brought in by the Boones, both of whom were members of the convention. Such were the labors of the first Western legislature ; they were, as we have intimated, all in vain, in consequence of the superior claim of Virginia ; but they show that there was a free and self-sustaining spirit in the colony, and prove the presence of right principle among its founders. The first settlers of Kentucky have had no little injustice done them, in consequence of the existence at a later period of a class of "river men," who became, in the view of many, the representatives of the whole race of pioneers. But nothing could be more unlike the boasting, swearing, fighting, drinking, gouging Mike Finks, than Boone, Logan, Harrod, and their comrades, the founders of the commonwealth.

No sooner was the fort of Boonesborough completed than its founder prepared to do that which his heart had long been set upon, and which he had once before undertaken ; we mean, the transfer of his family to the West. He therefore left, about the middle of June, 1775, for the borders of the Clinch river, where his wife and children were still staying ; and, having packed up his few household matters for the second time, in September he returned to Kentucky with his own and three other families, the party numbering twenty-seven fighting-men, and four women, — the first four that had ever entered the wilderness, the "mothers of the West." These

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bold females were Mrs. Boone, Mrs. McGary, Mrs. Denton, and Mrs. Hogan. And well may they be called bold. The contest with England was just commencing; Washington was besieging Gage; and all through the colonies the feelings of men were growing more and more embittered. Amid this gathering storm, it was clear that the British might be expected to use the Indians of the West and North as auxiliaries in the war which seemed to be inevitable, and those who made the frontier their home could look for nothing but the terrors of a border contest of unknown duration. Notwithstanding the dangers which beset them, emigrants flocked to the Eden of Kentucky. Some went thither, moved only by an insane love of gain, by a hope of making fortunes without labor in land speculation; others saw in the new settlements the germ of a great community, which was to be guided and governed, and trusted to obtain that power which so many souls covet as life-food; others, again, hoped for a society free from the evils and diseases of older communities; while the fewest were moved, as Boone and Harrod were, by a love of nature, of perfect freedom, and of the adventurous life in the woods. Some have held the opinion, that the great pioneer, Daniel himself, was a mere land-jobber, and have even thought him a very selfish and dishonest one; but that idea is passing away, we believe, from the few minds which ever held it. That he entered a good deal of land is perfectly true; and that his entries were singularly incorrect, and subjected him and all holding from him to utter loss, and that they led him to claim what was not his, is not to be questioned; but no reader of his life, we think, can long hesitate to believe, that, if he had made a fortune by his lands, he would have been unable to use it beyond those supplies which his forest-life called for. He would have pined and died as a nabob in the midst of civilization. He wanted a frontier, and the perils and pleasures of a frontier life, not wealth; and he was happier in his log-cabin, with a loin of venison and his ramrod for a spit, than he would have been amid the greatest profusion of modern luxuries.

Among those men who came to Kentucky in 1775 was George Rogers Clark, of whom mention more than once has already been made in this work. He was a leader and a master spirit; full of genius, full of energy and enterprise, his heart was as large and as fearless as his mind was pene-

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trating and capacious. His biography yet remains to be written ; the necessary papers were once placed in the hands of Mr. Bliss, of Louisville ; but his sudden and violent death left the contemplated work undone, and we understand that the persons having possession of the materials for a full account of the " Western Washington " are unable to agree upon any individual at once able and willing to undertake the task. But we trust, that, before it is too late to elucidate many subjects which the manuscripts alluded to must treat of, by oral communications from surviving pioneers, the biography of Clark may be completed. He first entered the West in 1775, as we have said ; and, returning in 1776, at once assumed that prominent place in the affairs of his adopted land which he ever afterward retained. He saw the political importance of the new settlements, and perceived how great a benefit it would be to meet the British beyond the mountains, instead of suffering them to unite and concentrate the whole power of the Indians, north and south, upon the scattered positions along the mountain range, and thus create a powerful diversion in favor of the English armies, by assailing the colonies behind, while the regular troops were hunting the bleeding continentals from Long Island to Germantown.

We have referred to the fact, that Virginia, even under her royal governor, denied the right of the Transylvanians to the lands they had purchased of the Cherokees. In addition to the trouble arising from this claim of the Old Dominion, the settlers under Henderson were not satisfied with the situation of mere tenants, nor yet to be under a set of proprietors ; and this dissatisfaction was made more pressing by an unwise increase in the price of their lands on the part of the North Carolina purchasers. Clark easily saw just how the matter stood, and determined in his own mind that Kentucky should either be a part of the State of Virginia, and her citizens have the rights of Virginians, or that she should be independent of all the world. Acquainted as by instinct with mankind, and possessing that power, common to all leaders of mankind, the power of binding by enthusiastic sympathy other men to himself, he had not been long in the West before he had set such agencies at work as he trusted would accomplish his purposes. And he did not fail ; in June, 1776, while the Declaration of Independence

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was ripening in the Philadelphia Congress, a little congress at Harrodsburg met, and appointed Clark himself and Gabriel Jones as members to represent Kentucky in the Assembly of Virginia. At this meeting, Clark was not present; had he been, instead of sending members to the legislature of the mother State, Kentucky would have sent persons with power to treat for admission into the rights of Virginia, or proclaim the independence of the western colonies. And such, in substance, did he make his mission; and, after no little vexation and labor, he procured the erection of the frontier settlements into the separate county of Kentucky.

Those settlements, meanwhile, were with open eyes watching the movements of their Indian neighbours. All along the border the impression grew daily more and more definite, that the savages, instigated and backed by the British, would suddenly swoop down, as in the time of Pontiac, and lay all waste. The hated race of "cabiners," those speculators who came out to obtain a preëmption right by building a cabin and planting a crop; the wretched traders who were always wandering about the frontier; the hunters who were revelling among the countless herds of game now for the first time seen, — all began, during the winter and spring of 1776, to draw closer to the stations, and shrink from the shadows. And, within the stations, men sat round the fire with loaded rifles, and told their tales of adventure and peril with new interest, as every sound reminded them how near their deadly enemies might be. And from hour to hour scouts came in with rumors of natives seen here or seen there, and parties of the bold rangers drew their belts, and left the protection of their forts to learn the truth of these floating tales. But there was one who sat at such times silent and seemingly unheeding, darning his hunting-shirt, or mending his leggins, or preparing his rifle-balls for use; and yet to him all eyes often turned. Two or three together, the other hunters started by daylight to reconnoitre; silently he sat working, until day had drawn herself into the shadow of the earth, and the forest paths were wrapped in gloom. Then, noiselessly as the day had gone, he went; none saw him go, — he had been among them a moment before, and then was missing. "And now," said the loiterers by the smouldering logs, "we shall know something sure; for old Daniel's on



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the track." And when, by and by, some one yet wakeful saw the shadow of Boone, as he reëntered the cabin, unheard as a shadow, he found, as usual, that the solitary scout had learned all that was to be known, and the watchful slept in peace. We know of nothing more characteristic of Boone than this habit of his, so quietly, alone and in the darkness, to undertake the searching of the forest infested by Indians.

The spring of 1776 passed rapidly by, and summer came, and the grand woodlands lay in all their majestic beauty, clothed in leaves and blossoms, and the dreaded flood from the north had not yet come. But with July, — that memorable July, — the scene changed, and bands of Shawanese from beyond the Ohio, and of Cherokees from beyond the Cumberland, suddenly swarmed in the forests. Every day brought news of some one murdered; the speculators and traders turned their faces eastward, and fled; even farms, just commenced, were abandoned, and, by the 20th of July, more than three hundred emigrants had sought the shelter of the mountain posts. From station to station the news of the immense desertion spread like a pestilence, breeding new desertion. In some forts scarce enough remained to man them; terror and anxiety were the common feelings of all but the calmest and bravest.

It was in the midst of this panic, on the afternoon of July 14th, that a daughter of Daniel Boone, some thirteen or fourteen years old, with two of her friends, daughters of Colonel Calloway, one about her own age, the other older, ventured upon the Kentucky in a little skiff within sight of Boonesborough. The bushes on the bank opposite the fort were thick, and came down to the water's edge; and little by little, the playful, laughing girls, paddling and splashing, drew near unconsciously to the thicket. A white man or two, lazily lounging in the shade of the station, watched the canoe as it rolled and danced, and said there would be an upset yet if those girls weren't careful. And from the bushes ten other keener eyes watched the dancing bark, — the eyes of savage and wily enemies. Little by little, as the skiff drew nearer, one dark form, like the noiseless serpent, slid to the water's edge, slid, hidden by overhanging boughs, into the bosom of the river, and was lost to sight. Suddenly the girls looked at each other, half amazed, half alarmed; their boat, which was floating leisurely with the

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leisurely current, had turned its bow toward the northern bank, and, by unseen agency, was skimming the water directly towards that shore. One of them sprang forward, and just then rose to sight the head of the cunning Shawanese who had seized the rope dangling from the bow, and who laughed aloud as the bitter shriek of the entrapped maidens rung through the drowsy air. One shriek, and they were beneath the branches, and stout arms seized them, and rough hands closed their mouths, and they were borne away. That shriek the loungers on the opposite shore heard; had the boat upset, then? No, there she was, just passing into the shadow of the boughs; and they saw the girls struggling, and the dark forms of the captors, and heard the half-suppressed yell of triumph that they uttered, and the whole truth flashed on them. Then came the alarm, the hurry, the rapid council, and the inquiry, "Who will swim over for the canoe?" There was no other; but to seek that one, was it not certain death? The Indians perhaps still lay there under those green curtains, waiting to pick off the garrison one by one, should they seek to pursue.

How this problem was solved, how the boat was regained or another procured, we have no means of knowing. We merely learn from Colonel Floyd, that the want of a canoe detained the whites for some time, so that the pursuers were able to go but five miles before nightfall. By daybreak, however, Boone had recovered the trail, and the avengers set forward; but soon the track entered a cane-brake, through which the Indians had gone in such a manner as to make it impossible to follow them without spending hours in disentangling the maze, and hours could not be wasted. Life and death, freedom or captivity, hung upon the right use of every moment. Boone was not long at a loss; turning southward with his companions, so as to leave the track upon his left, having carefully observed its general direction, and feeling sure that the captors would take their prisoners to the Indian towns upon either the Scioto or the Miami, he boldly struck forward, and travelled with all speed thirty miles or more; then, turning at right angles toward the north, he looked narrowly for marks of the passage of the marauders. It was a bold and keen device, and the event proved it a sagacious one; for, after going a few miles, they came upon the Indian trail in one of the great buffalo paths. Inspirited

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with new hope and strength, the whites pushed forward quickly but quietly, and on the alert, lest unexpectedly they might come upon the red men. And well was it that they used great caution; for when, after going ten miles, they at length caught sight of the natives as they were leisurely, and half-stripped, preparing their dinner, the quick-eyed sons of the forest saw them as soon as they were themselves discovered. Boone had feared, that, if their approach was known, the girls would be killed instantly, and he was prepared for instant action. So soon, therefore, as the savages were seen, he and three of his companions fired, and then the whole body rushed forward so suddenly as to cause their opponents to take to their heels, without waiting for scalps, guns, knives, moccasons, or blankets; and the three terrified girls were recovered unhurt.

The remainder of 1776, and the whole of the next year, were passed by the Western settlers in the midst of danger, and want, and ceaseless anxiety. At times, the stations were assailed by large bodies of savages; at times, single settlers were picked off by single, skulking foes. The horses and cattle were driven away; the corn-fields remained uncultivated; the numbers of the whites became fewer and fewer, and from the older settlements little or no aid came to the frontier stations, until Col. Bowman, in August, 1777, came from Virginia with one hundred men. It was a time of suffering and distress through all the colonies, which was in most of them bravely borne; but none suffered more, or showed more courage and fortitude, than the settlers of the West. Their conduct has excited less admiration out of their own section than that of Marion, and men like him, because their struggles had less apparent connection with the great cause of American independence. But who shall say what would have become of the resistance of the colonies, had England been able to pour from Canada her troops upon the rear of the rebels, assisted, as she would have been, by all the Indian nations? It may have been the contests before the stations of Kentucky, and Clark's bold incursions into Illinois and against Vincennes, which turned the oft tottering fortunes of the great struggle.

But, however we may think of this point, we cannot doubt the picturesque and touching character of many incidents of Western history during the years from '77 to '80. Time

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has not yet so mellowed their features as to give them an air of romance precisely; but the essence of romance is in them. In illustration, we will mention one or two of these incidents, familiar enough in the West, but less known to the greater part of the readers of this Journal.

One of the eminent men of Kentucky in those and later times was General James Ray. While yet a boy, he had proved himself able to outrun the best of the Indian warriors; and it was when but seventeen years of age, that he performed the service for a distressed garrison of which we are about to speak. It was in the winter of 1776–7, a winter of starvation. Ray lived at Harrodsburg, which, like the other stations, was destitute of corn. There was game enough in the woods around, but there were also Indians more than enough, and had the sound of a gun been heard in the neighbourhood of the station, it would have insured the death of the one who discharged it. Under these circumstances, Ray resolved to hunt at a distance. There was one horse left from a drove of forty, which Major McGary had brought to the West; an old horse, faithful and strong, but not fitted to run the gantlet through the forest. Ray took this solitary nag, and before day-dawn, day by day, and week by week, rode noiselessly along the runs and rivers until he was far enough to hunt with safety; then he killed his game, and by night, or in the dusk of evening, retraced his steps. And thus the garrison lived by the daring labors of this stripling of seventeen. Older hunters tried his plan, and were discovered; but he, by his sagacity, boldness, care, and skill, safely pursued his disinterested and dangerous employment, and succeeded in constantly avoiding the perils that beset him. We do not think that Boone or any one ever showed more perfectly the qualities of a superior woodsman than did Ray through that winter.

If any one ever did, however, it was surely Benjamin Logan, in the spring of that same year. Logan, as we have seen, crossed the mountains with Henderson, in 1775, and was of course one of the oldest settlers. In May, 1777, the fort at which Logan lived was surrounded by Indians, more than a hundred in number; and so silently had they made their approach, that the first notice which the garrison had of their presence was a discharge of firearms upon some men who were guarding the women as they milked the

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cows outside the station. One was killed, a second mortally wounded, and a third, named Harrison, disabled. This poor man, unable to aid himself, lay in sight of the fort, where his wife, who saw his condition, was begging some one to go to his relief. But to attempt such a thing seemed madness; for whoever ventured from either side into the open ground, where Harrison lay writhing and groaning, would instantly become a target for all the sharpshooters of the opposite party. For some moments Logan stood it pretty well; he tried to persuade himself and the poor woman who was pleading to him, that his duty required him to remain within the walls and let the savages complete their bloody work. But such a heart as his was too warm to be long restrained by arguments and judicious expediency; and suddenly turning to his men, he cried, "Come, boys, who 's the man to help me in with Harrison?" There were brave men there, but to run into certain death in order to save a man whom, after all, they could not save, — it was asking too much; and all shook their heads, and shrunk back from the mad proposal. "Not one! not one of you help a poor fellow to save his scalp?" "Why, what 's the good, Captain? to let the red rascals kill us wont help Harrison." At last, one, half inspired by Logan's impetuous courage, agreed to go; he could die but once, he said, and was about as ready then as he should ever be. The gate was slightly opened, and the two doomed men stepped out; instantly a tempest of rifle-balls opened upon them, and Logan's companion, rapidly reasoning himself into the belief that he was not so ready to die as he had believed, bolted back into the station. Not so his noble-hearted leader. Alone, through that tempest, he sprang forward to where the wounded man lay, and while his hat, hunting-shirt, and hair were cut and torn by the ceaseless shower, he lifted his comrade like a child in his arms, and regained the fort without a scratch.

But this rescue of a fellow-being, though worthy of record in immortal verse, was nothing, compared with what this same Benjamin Logan did soon after. The Indians continued their siege; still they made no impression, but the garrison were running short of powder and ball, and none could be procured except by crossing the mountains. To do this the neighbouring forest must be passed, thronging with Indians, and a journey of some hundred miles accomplished

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along a path every portion of which might be waylaid, and at last the fort must be rëentered with the articles so much needed. Surely, if an enterprise ever seemed hopeless, it was this one, and yet the thing must be tried. Logan pondered the matter carefully; he calculated the distance, not less than four hundred miles, in and back; he estimated the chance of aid from other quarters; and in the silence of night asked wisdom and guidance from God. Nor did he ask in vain; wisdom was given him. At night, with two picked companions, he stole forth from the station, every breath hushed. The summer leaves were thick above them, and with the profoundest care and skill, Logan guided his followers from tree to tree, from run to run, unseen by the savages, who dreamed not, probably, of the possibility of so dangerous an undertaking. Quickly but most cautiously pushing eastward, walking forty or fifty miles a day, the three woodsmen passed onward till the Cumberland range was in sight; then, avoiding the Gap, which they supposed would be watched by Indians, over those rugged hills, where man had never climbed before, they forced their way with untiring energy and a rapidity to us, degenerate as we are, inconceivable. The mountains crossed and the valley of the Holston reached, Logan procured his ammunition, and then turned alone on his homeward track, leaving his two companions, with full directions, to follow him more slowly with the lead and powder. He returned before them, because he wished to revive the hopes of his little garrison in the wilderness, numbering as it did, in his absence, only ten men, and they without the means of defence. He feared they would yield, if he delayed an hour; so, back, like a chamois, he sped, over those broken and precipitous ranges, and actually reached and reëntered his fort in ten days from the time he left it, safe and full of hope. Such a spirit would have made even women dare and do every thing, and by his influence the siege was still resisted till the ammunition came safe to hand. From May till September, that little band was thus beset; then Colonel Bowman relieved them. In the midst of that summer, as George Rogers Clark's Journal has it, "Lieutenant Linn was married — great merriment!" This was at Harrodsburg, near by Logan's station. Such was the frontier life!

It was a trying year, 1777, for those little forts in the

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wilderness. At the close of it, three settlements only existed in the interior,— Harrodsburg, Boonesborough, and Logan's ; and of these three the whole military population was but one hundred and two in number ! Then 1778 came in ; and the frontier men felt full of confidence, for the savages had tried, and in vain, to annihilate them, and had been forced to retire beyond the Ohio again, and the prospect of a quiet winter seemed reasonably good. One thing the stations much needed, however, — salt. So Boone, with thirty men, started for the Blue Licks, to enter upon the interminable business of boiling, the water being by no means strongly impregnated. Boone was to be guide, hunter, and scout ; the rest cut wood and attended to the manufacturing department. January passed quietly, and before the 7th of February, enough of the precious condiment had been accumulated to lead to the return of three of the party to the stations with the treasure. The rest still labored on, and Boone enjoyed the winter weather in the forest after his own fashion. But, alas for him, there was more than mere game about him in those woods along the rugged Licking. On the 7th of February, as he was hunting, he came upon a party of one hundred and four foes, two Canadians, the remainder Indians, Shawanese apparently. Boone fled ; but he was a man of forty-six, and his limbs were less supple than those of the young savages who pursued him, and in spite of every effort he was a second time prisoner. Finding it impossible to give his companions at the Licks due notice so as to secure their escape, he proceeded to make terms on their behalf with his captors, and then persuaded his men by gestures, at a distance, to surrender without offering battle. Thus, without a blow, the invaders found themselves possessed of twenty-eight prisoners, and among them the greatest, in an Indian's eyes, of all the Long Knives. This band was on its way to Boonesborough to attack or to reconnoitre ; but so good luck as they had met with changed their minds, and, turning upon their track, they took up their march for Old Chillicothe, an Indian town on the Little Miami.

It was no part of the plan of the Shawanese, however, to retain these men in captivity, nor yet to scalp, slay, or eat them. Under the influence and rewards of Governor Hamilton, the British commander in the Northwest, the Indians had taken up the business of speculating in human beings,

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both dead and alive; and the Shawanese meant to take Boone and his comrades to the Detroit market. On the 10th of March, accordingly, eleven of the party, including Daniel himself, were despatched for the North, and, after twenty days of journeying, were presented to the English governor, who treated them, Boone says, with great humanity. To Boone himself Hamilton and several other gentlemen seem to have taken an especial fancy, and offered considerable sums for his release; but the Shawanese also had become enamoured of the veteran hunter, and would not part with him. He must go home with them, they said, and be one of them, and become a great chief. So the pioneer found his very virtues becoming the cause of a prolonged captivity. In April, the red men, with their one white captive, about to be converted into a genuine son of nature, returned from the flats of Michigan, covered with brush-choked forests, to the rolling valley of the Miamis, with its hill-sides clothed in their rich, open woods of maple and beech, then just bursting into bloom. And now the white blood was washed out of the Kentucky ranger, and he was made a son in some family, and was loved and caressed by father and mother, brothers and sisters, till he was thoroughly sick of them. But disgust he could not show; so he was kind, and affable, and familiar, as happy as a lark, and as far from thinking of leaving them as he had been of joining them. He took his part in their games and romps; shot as near to the centre of the target as a good hunter ought to, and yet left the savage marksmen a chance to excel him, and smiled in his quiet eye when he witnessed their joy at having done better than the best of the Long Knives. He grew into favor with the chief, was trusted, treated with respect, and listened to with attention. No man could have been better calculated than Boone to disarm the suspicions of the red men. We have called him a white Indian, and, except that he never showed the Indian's blood-thirstiness when excited, he was more akin in his loves, his ways, his instincts, his joys, and his sorrows to the aboriginal inhabitants of the West than to the Anglo-Saxon invaders. Scarce any other white ever possessed in an equal degree the true Indian gravity, which comes neither from thought, feeling, or vacuity, but from a bump peculiar to their own craniums. And so in hunting, shooting, swimming, and other Shaw-



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anese amusements, the newly made Indian-boy Boone spent the month of May, necessity making all the little inconveniences of his lot quite endurable.

On the 1st of June, his aid was required in the business of salt-making, and for that purpose he and a party of his brethren started for the valley of the Scioto, where he stayed ten days, hunting, boiling brine, and cooking; then the homeward path was taken again. But when Chillicothe was once more reached, a sad sight met our friend Daniel's eyes; four hundred and fifty of the choice warriors of the West, painted in the most exquisite war-style, and armed for the battle. He scarce needed to ask whither they were bound; his heart told him Boonesborough; and already in imagination he saw the blazing roofs of the little borough he had founded, and saw the bleeding forms of his friends. Could he do nothing? He would see; meanwhile be a good Indian and look all ease and joy. He was a long way from his own white homestead; one hundred and fifty miles at least, and a rough and inhospitable country much of the way between him and it. But he *had* travelled fast and far, and might again. So, without a word to his fellow-prisoners, early in the morning of June the 16th, without his breakfast, in the most secret manner, unseen, unheard, he departed. He left his red relatives to mourn his loss, and over hill and valley sped, forty miles a day, for four successive days, and ate but one meal by the way. Such power there is in the human frame of withstanding all fatigue and hunger, when the soul is alive and strong within us.

He reached Boonesborough, — and where was his wife? Why did she not rush to see him? "Bless your soul," said his old companions, as they hailed him like one risen from the dead, and shook his hand till it tingled, "she put in to the settlements long ago; she thought you was dead, Daniel, and packed up and was off to Carolina, to the old man's." How Boone felt and looked we leave our readers to imagine; but he had little time to express his feelings, for he found the station wholly unprepared to resist so formidable a body as that which threatened it, and it was a matter of life and death that every muscle should be exerted to get all in readiness for the expected visiters. Rapidly the white men toiled in the summer sun, and through the summer night, to repair and complete the fortifications, and to have

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all as experience had shown it should be. But still the foe came not, and in a few days another escaped captive brought information of the delay of the expedition in consequence of Boone's flight. The savages had relied on surprising the stations, and their plans being foiled by their adopted son Daniel, all their determinations were unsettled. Thus it proved the salvation of Boonesborough, and probably of all the frontier forts, that the founder of Kentucky was taken captive and remained a captive as long as he did. So often do seeming misfortunes prove, in God's hand, our truest good.

Boone, finding his late relatives so backward in their proposed call, determined to anticipate them by a visit to the Scioto valley, where he had been at salt-making; and about the 1st of August, with nineteen men, started for the town on Paint Creek. He knew, of course, that he was trying a somewhat hazardous experiment, as Boonesborough might be attacked in his absence; but he had his wits about him, and his scouts examined the country far and wide. Without interruption, he crossed the Ohio, and had reached within a few miles of the place he meant to attack, when his advanced guard, consisting of one man, Simon Kenton, discovered two natives riding one horse, and enjoying some joke as they rode. Not considering that these two might be, like himself, the van of a small army, Simon, one of the most impetuous of men, shot, and rushed forward to scalp them, — but found himself at once in the midst of a dozen or more of his red enemies, from whom he escaped only by the coming up of Boone and the remainder. The commander, upon considering the circumstances, and learning from spies whom he sent forward that the town he intended to attack was deserted, came to the opinion that the band just met was on its way to join a larger body for the invasion of Kentucky, and advised an immediate return.

His advice was taken, and the result proved its wisdom; for, in order to reach Boonesborough, they were actually obliged to coast along, go round, and outstrip a body of nearly five hundred savages, led by Canadians, who were marching against his doomed borough, and, after all, got there only the day before them. And now,

"Up, drawbridge, up! let the portcullis fall!"

On the 8th of August, with British and French flags flying, the dusky army gathered around the little fortress of logs, de-

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fended by its inconsiderable garrison. Captain Duquesne, on behalf of his mighty Majesty, King George the Third, summoned Captain Boone to surrender. It was, as Daniel says, a critical period for him and his friends. Should they yield, what mercy could they look for? and he, especially, after his unkind flight from his Shawanese parents? They had almost stifled him with their caresses before; they would literally hug him to death, if again within their grasp. Should they refuse to yield, what hope of successful resistance? And they had so much need of all their cattle to aid them in sustaining a siege, and yet their cows were abroad in the woods. Daniel pondered the matter, and concluded it would be safe, at any rate, to ask two days for consideration. It was granted, and he drove in his cows! The evening of the 9th soon arrived, however, and he must say one thing or another; so he politely thanked the representative of his gracious Majesty for giving the garrison time to prepare for their defence, and announced their determination to fight. Captain Duquesne was much grieved at this; Governor Hamilton was anxious to save bloodshed, and wished the Kentuckians taken alive; and rather than proceed to extremities, the worthy Canadian offered to withdraw his troops, if the garrison would make a treaty, though to what point the treaty was to aim is unknown. Boone was determined not to yield; but then he had no wish to starve in his fort, or have it taken by storm, and be scalped; and he thought, remembering Hamilton's kindness to him when in Detroit, that there might be something in what the Captain said; and at any rate, to enter upon a treaty was to gain time, and something might turn up. So he agreed to treat; but where? Could nine of the garrison, as desired, safely venture into the open field? It might be all a trick to get possession of some of the leading whites. Upon the whole, however, as the leading Indians and their Canadian allies must come under the rifles of the garrison, who might with certainty and safety pick them off if treachery were attempted, it was thought best to run the risk; and Boone, with eight others, went out to meet the leaders of the enemy, sixty yards from the fort, within which the sharpest shooters stood with levelled rifles, ready to protect their comrades. The treaty was made and signed, and then the Indians, saying it was their custom for two of them to shake hands with every white man when a treaty was made, expressed a wish to press the

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palms of their new allies. Boone and his friends must have looked rather queer at this proposal; but it was safer to accede than to refuse and be shot instantly; so they presented each his hand. As anticipated, the warriors seized them with rough and fierce eagerness, the whites drew back struggling, the treachery was apparent, the rifle-balls from the garrison struck down the foremost assailants of the little band, and, amid a fire from friends and foes, Boone and his fellow-deputies bounded back into the station, with the exception of one, unhurt.

The treaty trick having thus failed, Captain Duquesne had to look to more ordinary modes of warfare, and opened a fire which lasted during ten days, though to no purpose, for the woodsmen were determined not to yield. On the 20th of August, the Indians were forced unwillingly to retire, having lost thirty-seven of their number, and wasted a vast amount of powder and lead. The garrison picked up from the ground, after their departure, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of their bullets.

With this invasion from the north terminated the first period of the history of Kentucky; and here we shall close our article. Had a Clark, instead of a Duquesne, led the band which besieged Boonesborough, the West would probably have been wrested from the Americans, notwithstanding the conquest of Kaskaskia, — the stations were so few, and the garrisons so feeble. But in 1779 and 1780, emigrants poured in in crowds, and, after the siege of Boonesborough, there never was a time when the force in the interior and at the Falls was not such as to put all serious injury to the settlements out of the question. In 1779, the public lands were disposed of; Lexington, Bryant's station, and several others, were commenced; Clark took Governor Hamilton prisoner at Vincennes; and the progress of events thenceforward became more that of a society, and less purely individual.

Of the progress of that society we may at some future time speak. In this paper we have wished chiefly to hint at the characters and acts of the few men who led the little band which, from 1769 to 1779, was the ceaseless object of the hostility of the Indians, and to whom, as we have said, so much injustice has been done by confounding them with the vicious braggarts and cut-throats of a later period.



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ART. V. — *Margaret; a Tale of the Real and Ideal, Blight and Bloom; including Sketches of a Place not before described, called Mons Christi.* Boston: Jordan and Wiley. 1845. 12mo. pp. 460.

To write a story which shall find a market would not seem to be a very difficult undertaking, if we may judge from the ship-loads of such matters which find a rejoicing welcome, and the multitudes of men, so called, besides women and children, who fall, with a wolf-like appetite, on husks, which, if the lower animals were readers, would appear intended for creatures much lower than mankind. But to mature a novel which shall command the respect of really intelligent persons, which shall impress more on the second reading than the first, and which powerful minds can resort to for impulse and invigoration, is what few of the multitudes who have attempted it have been able to do; because it requires a richness of attainment, a cheerful and sympathizing spirit, a wide-reaching mastery of style, together with a clear and strong good sense, which are seldom found united in any single mind. It may seem strange to hear this last attribute mentioned as a chief element of success, when it is one of the last gifts and graces which the habitual novel-reader is likely to possess himself, or to demand in others; nevertheless, it is so. It has been abundantly proved by experiment, that sagacious common sense is necessary for the management of the various materials, for the control and guidance of fancy, and for bringing all to bear on the impression which it is desired to stamp in the mind and heart. One may apply to this quality what William Penn said to the recorder of London, when that potentate told him, after repeated demands, that he was guilty by the common law. "Friend, if that law of which thou speakest be common, methinks it should not be so hard to produce." Hard to produce examples of this common sense, in this department of literature, it certainly is; so much the sins and sorrows, the quarrels and eccentricities, of authors will sadly tell. And this is one great reason why Scott and Miss Edgeworth still keep their high stations, defying all efforts to displace them. How far it is a gift of nature, and how far it may be formed by experience and reflection, it is not easy to tell; but without it, no writ-

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er of fiction will ever make a satisfactory impression, or secure a lasting and unquestioned fame.

But the highest gifts and powers would find themselves at fault in the attempt to construct a story as a vehicle for the expression of doctrines and opinions; most probably they would not attempt it. A transparency cannot be a very good picture, and great artists will leave it to other hands. It is true, that St. Pierre, in his Paul and Virginia, intended to show the evils of artificial society in contrast with the blessings of simple and unpretending life; but it is equally true, that no reader cares for or thinks of the moral; so that it is only because the fiction is not what he meant it should be, that it met with such brilliant success. There are many such cases, in which the writer begins with that intention, but finds himself obliged to give up the doctrine or the story. So in Miss Martineau's Illustrations of Political Economy, the doctrine is put out of the way as the story advances, and afterwards attached to it as if by a wafer or a string; the reader removes the obstruction to his operation, and treats the work like any other fiction. But in works of a graver cast, where the moral is too precious to be thus cavalierly treated, the doctrine is sure to crush down the narrative with its weight. The sable fleet of religious novels, oppressed with their leaden cargo, have shown marvellous alacrity in sinking where they were never heard of more; and the whole history of these experiments proves, that there is an inherent unfitness in this form of communication for any such purposes. Such truths must be presented to minds in a different state from that in which novels find and leave them. There is something praiseworthy in the attempt, no doubt; but it is not every one who has the power to become all things to all men; and this adaptation, however well intended, must have regard to its metes and bounds. Had the great English moralist, in the exercise of his high vocation, presented himself in a ballroom, in order to create sympathy by assimilating himself to the fashions there prevailing, he probably, as he swept through the dance like a mastodon, demolishing light, fantastic toes without number, would have alarmed the sons and daughters of pleasure by his stormy gyrations more than he would have fascinated them by putting on their manners and graces; and every professed teacher places himself at equal disadvantage, when he parts with

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the character which is natural to him, to assume, even for the best reasons, a disguise which he knows not how to wear.

When the writer's professed object is to present and sustain new theories of social life, the difficulty is greater yet; because the first question with respect to them is, "Are they practicable?" It is easy to frame beautiful systems, and to plan vast improvements; but when they are brought to the test of action, unforeseen difficulties often appear. Like the wings of the schemer in Rasselas, however nicely calculated for the resistance of the air and the weight they are to carry, as soon as they are spread for a flight, the neck of the inventor is in much danger, and the merit of the contrivance is set at rest. To show that a theory works well in a novel is not enough to silence the doubter; there the elements of success are more under control and less refractory than they are found in real life; the Utopian experiment, that is, the one tried nowhere, is not precisely the thing to convince opposers. Neither is it enough to show that the existing state of things requires improvement; this will be the case in the happiest state of existence here below; but it may be undeniable that things are bad as they are, and yet not by any means clear that our inventions would make them better. And when both the old abuses and the new improvements are set before us in imaginary forms, the former overstated as is common in fiction, and the latter wholly untried in practice, and therefore somewhat visionary in their aspect, all reasoning and inference are too shadowy and unsubstantial to make any impression on those who do not already sympathize with the theorist in his aversion for the old and his passion for the new.

One of the doctrines intimated in this work is the sufficiency of every mind to itself, thus implying that every human spirit can solve for itself the problem of existence, and work out from its own resources an idea of God and eternity, sufficient to satisfy the wants of the soul. A Christian apostle has stated, that men might have become acquainted with the divine power and existence from the suggestion of created things; but it must be understood that they might have done so, had they begun aright, by listening to the intimations of nature from without, and paying respect to the voice of conscience within. Had this been the course of mankind from the beginning, no doubt they might have travelled in the

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ascending path of light far beyond what can be seen or even imagined now. But that any single mind, exposed to depraving influences, with its selfish and worldly passions constantly tempted into strong action, could clear an atmosphere and form a field of vision for itself, so as to discern those heavenly things which are invisible to other eyes, requires to be established by stronger evidence than a fictitious illustration can supply. For the human race had a tolerable allowance of time to make these discoveries for themselves, and yet, though powerful minds bent their energies in that direction, they made no approach to success. If they could not do it in some thousand years, it does not seem likely that they can do it at all. It is true, that a sense of dependence suggested that there was some higher power; but this gives little satisfaction, without some knowledge of his character and our relations to him. If we feel a presence near us at deep midnight, it gives us no confidence; it is rather an oppressive and fearful mystery. It is not till we recognize it as the presence of a friend, that it can possibly encourage and strengthen us. And it was in this painful way alone that men felt the divine presence in the ages before Christianity, and so, without a revelation, they would feel it still. Now it may be admitted, that men of themselves might discover the divine existence; but what would the knowledge avail them, without such information of his character as to make that knowledge a blessing to the heart? We do not understand this author as maintaining, however, that the minds of children can work out the full disclosure for themselves; but only as intimating that they are better off without such religious instruction as is commonly given them than with it. In this we do not agree with him; for, though uncouth, imperfect, and unworthy, it at least conveys the impression of something which is considered important; and therefore, when communicated in good faith and sincerity, it is better than none.

Our author also intends to convey an idea of New England life and character by representing a community which has grown up under a form of Christianity. He paints them as coarse, selfish, and worldly, with hardly an exception; indulging in dishonesty, intemperance, and other vices, unreproved, and to such an extent as to excite the contempt and aversion of a child, who herself had grown up among degrad-

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ed associates in a drunkard's home. What can it be which induces all who give a representation of New England to make it so desperately vulgar? In the name of common sense, is it true, that there is nobody but Sam Slick extant in this part of the habitable globe? Sharp and selfish many are, no doubt, but not in a greater proportion than elsewhere; and it is a fact, though no one would suspect it from such writings, that there are hearts and souls here; hearts as true and souls as spiritual as in other parts of the world. We hardly know how to explain this perversion of the truth, except from the tendency of the pencil, in the hands of an unpractised painter, to caricature; for every one, who knows what real refinement of feeling is, must have found much of it in the humblest places of the land. And as for kind affections, the author is true to nature when, in a beautiful passage of his work, he represents the villagers as turning out with self-forgetful and deep feeling to find the child, the heroine of his story, who was wandering in the woods when a whirlwind passed through them. Nothing can be better than the description of enmities laid aside, and cares and interests forgotten, while all engage with unanimous impulse in this labor of love. Whence came these affections, flashing out with such brightness at such a time? Had Christianity nothing to do in forming them? Would they have been found to the same extent in any but a Christian land? There were those who distilled ardent spirit, and those who sold and drank it; but it does not appear that this was done in consequence of instructions from the pulpit to that effect; nor could the clergymen be condemned for not denouncing such things, when no one suspected them to be sins. Father Matthew, had he lived in that day, would have taken his glass with others. The impressions thus given are neither according to nature nor truth.

Too much of the work, probably because the author was describing that which he personally knew little about, is liable to the same objection with the account of the ordination dinner, on the 228th page, which has just enough of fact to save it from being called an entire misrepresentation, and enough of travesty to give an entirely false impression of the men and times which it describes; men cheerful and natural in their manners, but worthily respected, and at least as holy as those who have come after them; and times which, though

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abounding in their own peculiar temptations, were exempt from some of the sins of a later day. On the whole, the view of that state of society which the author has given is not only dreary and disgusting, but one-sided and unjust; it is not drawn from the living reality of those times, but from a theoretical imagination of what, in his view, they are likely to have been.

The author has also fallen into a sort of cant, which prevails quite extensively at the present day, and threatens to abound yet more. It is the angry lamentation over the fallen church; as if Christianity was better represented anywhere and everywhere than in the lives and bearing of those who profess it. Every one who has a wild opinion which Christians regard with indifference; every one who has some fantastical remedy for social evils which the good sense of Christians rejects; every one who, under some transparent pretext of philanthropy, indulges his selfish and savage passions, turns upon the church, as if it was the source of all human guilt and woe. Now, it is quite certain that the church, as it is their pleasure to call it, is by no means true to its profession nor to its design; but the question is, To what set of men could its influence be transferred with any advantage? And where are those who better represent the spirit of their Master? The church, it must be remembered, is made up of men. They are influenced and tempted like others in this strange world; but that they are less faithful than others is more easy to say than to prove. They ought, indeed, to be more so; and we have no doubt that they are more faithful than others; immeasurably in advance of those whose joy it is to abuse them. But it is so easy to compound with one's conscience in this way, and to assume to one's self the praise of excellence without taking pains to reach it, that we can hardly expect men to deny themselves the self-glorifying satisfaction which it is such a comfort to possess. Accordingly, we find great numbers who endeavour to pass for holy and humane at the expense of nothing but words. To revel in this pleasing self-indulgence requires no other exertion on their part than is necessary to run others down; so that not only are the consciences of individuals deeply wounded by the sins of other people, but we see great nations, with all manner of social evils and outrages untouched at home, sending their moral sense abroad to denounce abuses in foreign

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lands, which are evidently recommended to their humanity by the circumstance, that, inasmuch as those abuses are out of their reach, they are not called upon to redress them. It is a good suggestion to such persons, which is written where they perhaps are not very likely to find it, "Let them show piety at home."

Speaking of reformers, our times offer a curious problem, and one which a future age may find it less difficult to solve than the present. When it is the glory of the age, that the principle of love has been discovered and applied, applied to the hearts of men with a success which fills the world with wonder; when the world, after hammering on evils for some thousand years in the vain endeavour to overcome them with evil, has tried the experiment of overcoming them with good, and has found that it can be triumphantly done,—how happens it that many who pass for reformers are perpetually using language and breathing out a spirit which it would be painfully ridiculous to regard as a manifestation of love? It would be hard to tell what such persons have ever succeeded in reforming; still they insist upon their theory; and when they find that evils only stand the firmer, and that the clear judgment of mankind is not with them, so far from suspecting the soundness of their principles, they turn in wrath on their cooler advisers, representing them as the abettors and upholders of all the wrongs which they are striving to overthrow. The truth seems to be, that such persons are but half awakened to the truth. They have gone far enough in the right direction to see the guilt and danger of existing evils, but not to reach the faintest comprehension of the spirit of Christian love. Suddenly startled from their indifference, they have been impatient to do something, and, without reflecting whether they could do any good, have dashed hastily into any door of reform which stood open near them. Passion supplied the place of humanity, which had not yet risen in their hearts; and as no other objects of wrath were near them, they fastened with teeth and nails on their neighbours who were standing quietly at their side. While others cannot see very clearly the good they are accomplishing, they look upon their own exploits with singular satisfaction, as every cock in the morning doubtless exults in believing that the day never would have broken but for him. We do not mean to class our author with these grotesque reformers,

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who bear no great resemblance to apostles, except it be that their language is somewhat like Peter's when he asseverated that he did not know his Master. Something of their want of reverence for the Scriptures may be traced in him; but he has not their strong personal reasons for hostility to the ninth commandment. Without their harshness and violence, he fails in general sympathy for others, and therefore awakens little in them. This, indeed, is one of the chief faults in the book, — a kind of hardness that runs through it; when it pleads the true cause of humanity, it gives no impression of tenderness; it breathes out an intellectual philanthropy; its fountains do not seem to spring in the heart.

We say so much of reformers, because the chief apparent object of this work is to present an example of social reform, the scene of which is a village where the general tone of morals and manners was coarse, selfish, and vicious; more so, we imagine, than it could have been anywhere in New England even at the close of the Revolution; though it was the fact, that the difficulties and disasters of the war left their marks behind them for many a weary day. Industry and enterprise were suspended; places of gossiping resort were of course frequented; and men sought for that happiness in low and idle amusement, or sensual forgetfulness, which, in better times, they would have found in the successful exertion of their physical, social, and spiritual powers. Now the question arises, What remedy can be applied to such a state of things, and in general to those unworthy aspects of social life which everywhere abound? The inquiry is a serious one, and at this moment engages the deep thought and feeling of many earnest hearts. We do not speak of those absurd persons who are perpetually thrusting themselves before the public eye, little heeding the indifference and contempt with which it regards them; who might be aptly represented by the widow in this book, with her quack nostrums for all disorders of the system; remedies which, by their sale, were beneficial to the inventor, but detrimental in the extreme to the victim who might be induced to take them. Such persons, who are sorrowful examples of want of wisdom and power to guide themselves, yearly assemble in conventions to discuss their plans for the world's regeneration, all of which are like the surgical process lately suggested for complaints of the heart, which was to take it



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out through the side, cleanse it of disease, and then replace it; a process attended with the essential difficulty, that it would cease to go meantime and for ever. Utterly undismayed by objections, and case-hardened against derision, they wear their fool's caps with as much grace and grandeur as if they were royal crowns; nor do they feel in the least the force of the hint distinctly given them, that the world will mind its own business if they will attend to theirs.

One thing seems common to these worthies; they have no confidence in the Christian religion as an instrument for their purposes; and as they evidently know nothing about it except the name, it is hardly to be expected that they should understand its power. This author, however, is aware that there is no power sufficient to this great reform, except that which resides in Christianity; and his idea is, that, if it can be set free from the corruptions which restrain its energies, and brought into direct communication with human hearts, it will bring their powers and affections into such full and harmonious action, that, like active human frames, they will resist the infection of prevailing disease, when those which lie unexerted will be sure to receive it, and to linger on in wasting decline, a burden to themselves, and losing all power to bless and serve their race. This is undoubtedly the truth; but it is not so clear that the want of power is owing to the particular form in which the religion manifests itself, nor that it would become efficient at once if its forms of doctrine or service were altered. There are those who make too much of forms on the superstitious side, when they treat them as substitutes for duty and devotion; and others ascribe too much to them on the hostile side, when they consider them as determining the religious character, which is shaped and fashioned by other influences that work deeper in the heart. If a portion of doctrinal forms were wholly corrupt and unsound, and others were pure from earthly admixture, it might be so. But this is not the case; for every sect has its portion of truth; without it the sect could not have existed. Error is nothing but a name and a delusion; and as we may see in popular fancies and superstitions, that no one subsists for any length of time without some basis of truth under it, so we find, on inquiring into religious systems, that each one contains some truth which either is not contained, or not set prominently forth, in the others; and therefore,

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instead of bringing all to a single form by a rejection of the rest, the true reform would be for each to give and receive, each imparting what is good in its views and its influence to others, and cordially welcoming in return whatever light and inspiration they may be able to bestow. It must be remembered that these forms are not arbitrarily and capriciously taken up; except, perhaps, in a few cases. In general, they must have established themselves in the mind and heart of numbers by some stronger power than that of accidental association. There must have been some reason for their first adoption, sufficient to account for their past and present existence. It will be found that they expressed the state of mind and heart in the community which embraced them; they were in accordance with its moral and religious condition; and when they cease to have this fitness, they will begin to perish; they will lose all their hold on the general reverence and affection; and the attempt to sustain them, in a vain traditional existence, will seem as useless and unnatural as to detain a corpse from the grave.

We cannot conceive how any one can fail to see the truth on this subject, when he observes what is passing in the Christian world. There is no danger of any permanent harm from religious forms or parties, when all that their friends can do will hardly keep them in existence. It is evident they are under the operation of an unseen law, which ordains, that, like the red leaves of autumn, when they have ceased to answer the purpose of their existence, they shall pass away. We see the most liberal, as they are called, those which allow so much individual independence that they have hardly sufficient cohesion to call themselves one, as fervor extends itself among them, are like cold water when heat is applied to it, going off in the shape of steam, — not dangerous, as when confined in cylinders, but quietly spreading in the air and finding its place in the clouds; while those which are held more firmly together by party interest and attraction, and therefore are gathered into larger masses, at the moment when they are exulting in their power and success, become aware of an air-slaking process going on within them, bursting them at first into huge fragments, which defy all attempts at reunion, and are themselves fast crumbling into a general heap of dust. If religious forms ever had much influence upon the times, the times have now

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the upper hand, and will take ample vengeance if ever they have suffered wrong. To us it seems clear that the religious forms and systems in the day and the village which our author describes existed not in defiance of light and truth, but simply because the community was not ripe for any other; and had a better one been proposed to them, it would not have been estimated or even understood. These forms, which are the rallying points of sects and parties, are seen in various lights and relations, as the adherents to them advance or remain stationary. There is no longer any singleness of views, and of course there ceases to be any singleness of feeling. Hence it results that every such association contains the principle of decay within itself; it will bide its time; but the eye of the sharp observer, when he traces the first small seam creeping through its walls, though it gives neither alarm nor warning to the inhabitants, knows that it cannot be long before its end shall come.

But suppose that these forms were as important as some believe them; suppose that they really exerted a controlling influence for good or for evil on those who live under them; suppose it were possible to remove at pleasure those which we disapprove. How shall their place be supplied? The Quaker, though a deadly enemy to fashion, must have his garments, and his resistance ends in adopting a fashion of his own. So those who exclaim most fiercely against these religious forms must have some drapery for the religious sentiment, and the question is, What shall it be? Our author, in the conclusion of his work, appears to have had it in view to present a system of his own, to which we have no particular objection, except that it is his own; in other words, it is not one that most Christians would accept as a means of inspiring or expressing *their* religious feeling. Like most other suggestions of the kind, it is made only in the spirit of opposition to the old system; it mistakes reverse of wrong for right, and, when considered as a plan proposed for general adoption, it is liable to the fatal objection, that there is no prevailing state of mind standing ready to give it welcome. The only true course to be pursued by those who would introduce great social improvements is to adopt as a basis the existing state of things. By gradual approach and correction, changes may be made which shall amount at last to a revolutionary, and, all the while, an unconscious,

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reform ; whereas, the friend of humanity who exalts himself over the darkness of those around him, and calls on them, with pert flippancy or passionate defiance, to become as wise as he is, and to despise all the present objects of their reverence, is answered with such a quiet intimation as the Jews gave to Herod when he proposed to rebuild their temple, that, before they suffered him to remove a stick of the old building, they should like to see him provide not only the plan, but the materials and resources, for the new.

On the whole, we think that this is a matter which necessarily arranges itself ; that is, it is determined by causes and influences not under the immediate control of human effort, and therefore not to be changed at will. Where the religious principle does not exist, no outward forms of doctrine or service will create it ; and where it does exist in strength and sincerity, it breaks through them at once, and acts independently of them. If there is any want of harmony between Christianity itself and its forms, the form may be left standing till it perhaps sinks in decay ; but the religious principle will be as free in its range and action as if no form was there. It is easy to see, in a great proportion of cases, why these forms are prized and cherished with such fond devotion. With many, the respect is traditional, and taken at second hand from their friends or fathers ; but when they choose for themselves, we can see something in their temperament, character, or habits of thought and feeling, which inclines them to those views and sects with which they will most readily assimilate. And this tendency will not be changed by the strongest demonstration we can give them of the error of their way ; for they feel that it is natural and beneficial to their hearts, if not to ours. Whether we like it or not, we must reconcile ourselves to this state of things so it ever has been, and so it will continue to be. But we may find some comfort in reflecting that the spirit of truth is not confined to any party, nor is it necessarily excluded from any. Whenever it exists in power, it is the same in every party, the same in every breast.

The author makes hostile demonstrations against some institutions which are held in general regard ; against the Sabbath of New England, for example, which so many desire to replace with a Sabbath of their own invention, and which is naturally enough regarded by those who are unaccustomed to



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it as a heavy and uninteresting day. There is no doubt, that, in former times, it was observed with a severity which would not consist with our feelings. This writer has given a representation of it as it was half a century ago, showing the general sense of relief which pervaded all hearts, particularly those of the children of the community, when the Sabbath sun went down. But does he suppose that the day, with all its gloom, was forced upon our fathers against nature, and in defiance of their taste and choice? On the contrary, it was a true expression of their taste and feeling; and it came into that tragically solemn form, and stood fast in their reverence, because their hearts pronounced it good. It is true, that a change in the character and feeling of the community was taking place at the period which this writer so well describes; and he is perfectly right in representing them as groaning under its severe restraints, and submitting to it as a heavy burden, because, when it had ceased to be in harmony with their prevailing spirit, it could no longer do them good as before. It is when in this transition state that he describes it; when it was changing from a Judaical stagnation into the interested thoughtfulness and cheerful devotion in which the Sabbath is now spent by those who observe it best. Much speculative wisdom is expended on this subject by some of the lights of our day; sundry doctors maintaining that every day should be a Sabbath, and not appearing to be at all aware that it may result from this principle, if admitted, not that the Sabbath should be dispensed with, but, on the contrary, that it should send its influence through the week, making every day like itself, — a result which, we imagine, will not soon come to pass in the history of those who hold it in light esteem. As for the foolishness of their preaching who maintain that it ought to be given to recreation, as it is in some other lands, it is enough to say, that a fiddling and dancing Sabbath might be very much to their taste, but would be rejected with scorn by every enlightened and thoughtful people. What we need is a day of rest to the body in favor of the mind and heart; and it is because the Sabbath answers to this want of our nature, that it exists and will endure, defying all attempts that can be made to displace it from the reverence and affection of cultivated men. We are glad to see that the hostility of this writer turns only against its errors and abuses, and that his ideal is one in

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which all serious persons would agree. "It is the Lord's day to us: in the most exalted sense, it is Christ's own day. All days are holy; this is the cream of the week. On the spiritual river where we would ever sail, the Sabbath opens into clearer water, a broader bay; and we can rest on our oars to get a distincter view of the heavenly hills whither we tend."

In one passage of his work, the Sabbath as it was is brought full before us by a few touches of beautiful description.

"It was a Sabbath morning, a June Sabbath morning, a June Sabbath morning in New England. The sun rose over a hushed, calm world, wrapt like a Madonna in prayer. It was The Day, as the Bible is The Book. It was an intersection of the natural course of time, a break in the customary order of events, and lay between, with its walls of Saturday and Sunday night on either side, like a chasm, or a dyke, or a mystical apartment, whatever you would please liken it to. ..... Its light, its air, its warmth, its sound, its sun, the shimmer of the dawn on the brass cock of the steeple, the look of the meetinghouse itself, — all things were not as on other days. And now, when those old Sabbaths are almost gone, some latent, indefinable impression of what they were comes over us, and wrenches us into awe, stillness, and regret." — p. 101.

While we cannot but approve the idea of the Sabbath as our author has here presented it, we cannot say that we have equal confidence in the system of festivals which he has devised in his Arcadian vision; not that they are inappropriate and inconsistent in themselves, but because they are not in harmony with the genius of our people. The same taste which demands and rejoices in the Sabbath, as a day of spiritual thoughtfulness, will not be likely to thirst for recreations. Pleasures are not required by the happy; just in proportion as the blessings of physical and moral existence are generally diffused and enjoyed, will such transient excitement be held in diminished esteem. There could hardly be a severer infliction to a serious and earnest native of New England than to be required to enjoy himself, as it is called. Such a penalty might be advantageously substituted for the treadmill in our prisons; for no person who had once suffered under the discipline would put himself in the way to endure it again. It is not that recreations are not wanted; for, here

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as elsewhere, they are essential to the healthy activity of the mind and heart. But the same pleasures in which some would disport themselves luxuriously would drive others to their wit's end with weariness and disdain. Men must unbend from their severe cares; but should they lift up their voices to sing, "Away with melancholy," it would be an immediate signal for that unbidden guest to come. Some of the festivals here suggested would bring their own recommendation with them; such, for example, as that in the spring, when the inhabitants of the village renewed the flowers in the cemetery, transplanted ornamental trees into the streets, and set out shrubbery near their houses. There must be some object and design in a celebration, or it will soon lose its place in the public mind. This is the case already with the Fourth of July, which has fallen into general decline, because it has reference solely to the past, and men do not see any good which its observance is likely to do. And in the great proportion of days and seasons set apart for pleasure, there is a care-worn perplexity and solemn hopelessness in the expression of men's faces, which indicates as plainly as words could do that "the heart distrusting asks, Can this be joy?"

But without extending these general remarks, we will proceed to say something of the literary character of the work, so far as it is possible to describe any thing so unequal, disjointed, and full of contrasts and contradictions. It is not a finished or satisfactory work, though it is evidently written by a man of uncommon ability; nor is it pleasing, though there are many passages which one reads with deep interest and delight. Some of the characters are finely conceived, and well sustained in parts, but not self-consistent throughout. The style is often rich and expressive, and again it is slovenly, snappish, and jerking. The writer's statement of his ideas is sometimes clear and sharp as the outline of cut tin, and then shades off into that mystical nothingness in which the imagination comes out and supplies what meaning it pleases. The opinions are in general deliberate, manly, and forbearing; but sometimes they tend to that excess and exclusiveness which so much disgrace the religion and philanthropy of the present day, destroying all their loveliness, and disarming them of half their power. So, too, in his description of the effect of Christian principles, and the result of their application to social disorders, there is something

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elevated and inspiring; but the impression left on the reader's mind is cold and forbidding, and sympathy is not awakened in any proportion to the strength and sincerity with which these great thoughts are presented. Altogether, we must say that we think more highly of the writer than his work. His talent is unquestionable; but there is evidently something in his mental constitution, or his acquired habits of thought and feeling, which must be changed, before he can make the world acknowledge, indeed before he can himself do justice to, his powers.

But our impressions of the work can be more easily given by slightly running over the story. It begins with the interior of a cottage or log-hut, inhabited by a drunken bacchanal, known by the name of Pluck, with Brown Moll, his cynical wife; the former engaged in cobbling shoes and drinking rum, the latter in smoking her pipe and weaving. Nothing can be better than the description of this dwelling, with its internal arrangements; in this, and in his descriptions of dress, furniture, manners, and subjects of interest, the writer displays an astonishing familiarity with former days. His work is a perfect magazine of intelligent and faithful antiquarian lore, embracing all things, from the *skilt*, as it was called, by corruption, doubtless, from the Scottish *kilt*, — which so imperfectly protected the lower limbs of the wearer, that our December gales must have laughed it to scorn, — to the preparation which was made for the inside plenishing of the head by the spelling-books of Noah Webster and Enoch Hale. The latter of these books was recommended only by its substantial merits, while that of Noah took captive the fancies of children by the graven image of the author in the title-page, rising like the day-star from its ocean bed, and succeeded by a representation of the tree of science, which, by an unhappy association, brought up, in the wrong place and time, the vision of orchards and their fruit. It is well that minute circumstances of the kind here set down in various places should be carefully preserved, for they are all expressive; they give a better idea than any thing else of a state of society which has passed away. To us it seems somewhat coarse and simple; not so much so, however, by any means, as it is here represented. But we must remember that this is nothing peculiar to the time itself; fifty years hence, our day will give the same impression to

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those who follow ; our houses and public buildings, our furniture, dress, and decorations, our railroads and hotels, in short, all the appliances of social and domestic life, will be so entirely supplanted and set aside by more modern inventions, that our descendants will often shake their sides, when they hear of the simplicity and rudeness of us, their fathers. So it will be with schools and means of instruction ; and yet it will be generally conceded that such schools as New England supplied in a former day, though not quite perfect, were somewhat better than none. Let the same suggestion be applied to churches and religious teaching, and it will not seem so plain as it now is to some minds, that our fathers' views of doctrine and duty, and their ways and forms of devotion, were good for nothing but to be trodden under our feet.

The most interesting object in the cottage which we have mentioned was a little girl, the heroine of the story, who was brought to it, while an infant, by Nimrod, the eldest born of the thirsty household, a vagrant by taste and habit, and altogether more free in his language than is tolerated in the better circles. Having entered into the service of a miser in New York, Mr. Girardeau, one of that extensive class who are richer in money than in public respect or domestic affection, he is led to take a friendly interest in the old man's daughter. She had become attached to a Hessian, one of those prisoners who remained in this country after the war, a man of thoughtful and tender spirit, which answered to her deep and earnest affections. When she became his wife, they were cast out and persecuted by the angry father, till both found rest in the grave. Their child, who was intrusted to Nimrod to be disposed of in some efficient way, was conveyed by him to his father's cottage, where she became the Margaret of this story, inheriting her mother's depth and determination of character, and her father's tender and thoughtful spirit ; not precisely the best outfit, one would think, for such a life and such a home.

The effect of such companionship as the family supplied was to throw the child on her own resources for happiness. The second son, Hash, as he was familiarly called, by contracting Maharshalalhashbaz, was sullen and unkind ; his bearing, on some occasions, is shocking to humanity ; and if such words as his were ever spoken in reality, they never should have been written down. The youngest boy, Chi-

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lion, was of a much more refined and elevated stamp than the rest of the family ; ingenious in his employment, which consisted in supplying the family with their various articles of household use, and skilful as a musician, in drawing out life and eloquence from those unpromising sources, the fife and violin. He felt a deep interest in the girl who was called his sister ; he was too reserved to express it in words, but he was affectionately attentive to her wants, and sympathized with her deeper feelings ; so that it is not unnatural to represent the child, sustained by such a companion, as growing up with a concentration of thought and feeling not common with those whose minds and hearts are permitted to expand in free communion with their race. The trees and fields became her familiar friends ; the hill, which rose suddenly near the house and overhung the pond near which the cottage stood, was invested with a sort of human claim to reverence ; and the dark waters from their mysterious depths reflected some undefined suggestions, which affected her the more, perhaps, because they were such as she could not analyze nor understand. The author has skilfully represented the whole family, with the exception, perhaps, of the brutal Hash, as treating her with a sort of respectful tenderness ; otherwise, it would have been against nature to describe her as possessing those traits of character which are never found growing except in the sunshine of love.

She was thus enjoying nature in her way, and coming into deeper familiarity with it by means of mysterious sensations of beauty, grandeur, and power, laying up treasures of profound impression against the self-questioning season of life, which to some arrives early, to some never. We are conscious that the bright star, the crimson cloud, the autumnal red, exert an influence upon us ; we begin to ask whence that influence comes. The star, the vapor, and the leaf are inanimate things, having no power of themselves to affect us ; since they are lifeless and insensible as the clods of the valley, the influence cannot be theirs. When we begin to sound and explore our emotions, it seems to be the expression of a living heart ; it intimates the sympathy of some unseen presence ; it arrests attention like some hieroglyphical inscription, speaking to us in a language which we feel has meaning, but which we cannot read. Now, it does seem as if these voices of nature and the answering echoes which

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they awaken in the heart might suggest that a mighty Intelligence made it, and a kind Spirit dwells in it, breathing through it his sympathy for the sons and daughters of men; and yet, though benevolence is the prevailing expression, though the face of nature wears a thoughtful smile, seldom darkened by a frown, we cannot find, that, before Christianity, there was any conception of the truth which seems most evidently written in nature, that God is love. And we see in various examples, that such contemplations, if not inspired and guided by Christian principle, produce nothing more than a sentimental thoughtfulness, which has no more of the substantial character of religion itself, than the bank of clouds in the west has the rocky firmness of the mountain ridge which it resembles. Thus imagination points in one direction, while experience travels in the other. And yet, this intimacy with nature may do much, if not all; it may prepare the heart to give a warm welcome to authorized and sure disclosures; and this, perhaps, is all that the author intends to teach.

But Margaret had other teachers than nature, and some whose instructions were not altogether wise and true. The village schoolmaster, who is represented as an absurd old pedant, such as was never seen in New England or any other part of creation, happens to be a skeptic, outwardly conforming to established religious forms, and disguising with solemn grimaces the unbelief and contempt in his heart. He takes an interest in the girl, supplies her with books, such as the time afforded, suitable to her age, and also employs her to gather flowers for his botanical collections. He helps her to some acquaintance with heathen mythology and classical allusions, and by various kind attentions establishes an influence within her which appears to be intended to account for her intellectual opposition to the religious teaching and services of the time; otherwise, it is not natural that a child should have such feelings. The circumstance, that so many persons of various characters, good and bad, unite at times in reverence for an unseen Being, is certainly not calculated to make a child suspicious of their sincerity; and much less would it have the effect to prevent her reverence for the Spirit whom they profess to adore. Such, in fact, is not the tendency in maturer minds which have any sympathy with mankind. They know that there are many who are sin-

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cere without being regular or consistent in their devotion, and they discover an explanation of the unevenness and disproportion which they witness in the faith and lives of others from what they find passing in their own.

Margaret is represented as attending the church, on one occasion. She had always been kept from it, by the orders of her reputed father, and by the example of the rest of the family; but at length, she was permitted to gratify her curiosity by visiting the mysterious meeting. Having been used to gather flowers in the woods on the Sabbath, she provided herself largely with them. On her way, she attempted to convey some of them into the window of a murderer's cell; and the prison-keeper, a coarse person, in the exercise of his vocation, thought it his duty to drive her away. She went into the church at a time when her entrance disturbed the quiet of the service, and therefore did not receive a very cordial welcome. At its close, she attended the recitation of the catechism, which, to be sure, was not much calculated either to attract or enlighten; and from this variety of Sabbath experience, she is very unfavorably impressed with the character and devotion of Christians, and with the religion whose name they bear. If the intended moral is, that jailers should permit free communication with their prisoners under sentence of death, there are strong reasons why it should not be; but if it is intimated that such men as Mr. Shooks should not hold that office, it is probable that there were not many at the time so rough and inhuman as he. If it is meant, that religious worship should have an air more genial and inviting, this is determined by the taste and spirit of the times, and solemn sternness was the order of that day. It would be difficult, we imagine, to devise a regular service which would have much attraction, or be of much immediate benefit, to the young; and yet, on the whole, it is better that services should be attended even by those who do not at the time fully comprehend the purpose which they answer; because experience shows, that, if that day is neglected or given to self-indulgence in youth, habits are formed which are never afterwards altered. There needed, doubtless, to be a relenting from the strictness of former times, because what was suited to their habits of thought and feeling is not so to ours. This comes in its season; the danger is that which attends all similar changes, that of swinging to an extreme on the opposite side.



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The manner in which Margaret is brought into an acquaintance with the Saviour and to an acknowledgment of his claims on the heart, is one which, with all our experience in reviewing, we confess ourselves unable to understand. If the author walked more decidedly with the company of antic speculators, whose reason rejects the idea of a miraculous revelation to the human race, while they think it perfectly natural that each individual should have miracles and an apocalypse of his own, we should know what to think of it, certainly ; though, like the introduction of Neptune and Æolus into a modern log-book, it would throw doubts on the soundness of the skipper's mind and the reality of the voyage. But while the sympathies of the author appear to lean in favor of the dreamers, his common sense is refractory, and refuses to go with them ; and, as there is nothing in Margaret's history or experience to account for religious impressions revived in the visions of the night, it throws the whole process of her conversion into the regions of fable, and destroys all our interest in tracing the influences brought to bear on her mind and heart. Surely the writer cannot suppose it common, that a child, from her own resources, should be able to form a perfect idea of the Saviour, to write the gospel of John, and to apply the instructions contained in it to the circumstances in which she lived. This would evidently be a greater miracle than would be implied in regarding the dream as a miraculous disclosure. But either supposition takes this interesting character out of the pale of ordinary life ; it shows that the influences about her and within her are not sufficient to account for her spiritual development ; and as supernatural communications are not always to be had in real life just when and where they are wanted, this passage has the same effect, as if, in the history of some difficult wayfaring, the traveller should be represented as borne on the wings of angels over some mountain-pass which was peculiarly difficult to tread. This vision, though it is powerfully conceived, and, had it stood by itself, might have been impressive and striking, but for some defect of reverence, is but an injury to the story. After it, we know not what to think of Margaret ; whether as a visionary enthusiast, who exalts her fancies into solid realities, or as one who has been favored with a direct, personal communication from on high.

Another person who is introduced about this time to Mar-

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garet, or rather thrown in her way, in the progress of the story, is a young lady whom she meets in her rambles, who chooses to decorate herself with mystery, and to bear no other than the name of Rose. It afterwards appears that she is related to Margaret, if the circumstance, that the grandfather of the latter married a sister of Rose's grandmother, entitles her to that distinction, — which certainly, had a nearer connection with a person of the other sex been in question, would not have brought her within the prohibited degrees. She was the daughter of a clergyman, and, in a time of prevailing religious interest, had joined the church of her father; but being naturally capricious and fond of excitement, she grew weary of religious duties and devotions, and allowed an adventurer to gain an interest in her heart, — an interest which, as the individual is described, must have been wholly owing to her sentimental vein, and had no excuse in her lover's personal attractions. By this association her character is so much injured, that she is made the subject of discipline, becomes an outcast from society, and causes the ruin and death of her parents and the madness of her sister. The reader is afterwards greatly relieved to find that she had only to reproach herself with indiscretion; but she did not appear to think it worth while to clear up her reputation at the time; and, like many others in similar circumstances, was exceedingly bitter against the world's uncharitableness, without any self-upbraiding for that foolish defiance of its habits and opinions which had brought its censures down. Owing to her disgust at this society, she renounces Christianity, as if the Saviour's influence was responsible for her sufferings, and passes on to atheism without delay. By a process of reasoning like that in Cato, "if there 's a Power above, he must delight in virtue, and that which he delights in must be happy," finding herself unhappy and unhonored, she could imagine no way, though possibly some one might have been pointed out, to escape from the inference that no such Being existed. She appears to have been cured at last by the attachment of a young man who was afterwards the clergyman of the community; it was rather the light of the honey-moon than that of truth which removed the darkness of her soul. On the whole, her entrance on the scene is a misfortune to the story. The intended moral, which probably is, that a spirit hardened by severity is to be

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reclaimed only by kindness, might have been presented in a less questionable way. With her paraded mystery and self-glorifying remorse, Rose only hangs on the wheels of the narrative, which were somewhat overladen before.

We should also object to the instrumentality through which Margaret is brought to an acquaintance with Christian truth; not that the character of Mr. Evelyn is not well conceived, or that his conversations are not well sustained on his part. In this respect, he has greatly the advantage of the subject of his instruction, who, when she hears of Lachryma Christi, expresses her wish to drink a barrel full of those tears, and speaks of herself, after what he has said to her, as "filled to distention." These may be touches of nature, but they are not in perfect keeping with her refinement and elevation. But without criticizing these matters, it seems to us that the eloquence of a lover, however convincing, is not the sort of logic best suited to the occasion. We have seen doctrinal conversions brought about, under such circumstances, with marvellous expedition; unusual views were made perfectly satisfactory, and doctrines with which the faith was confounded before became at once clear as the day, when seen in the light of love. But though such converts are never embarrassed by doubts, and are proof against all objections, it is our misfortune or perverseness to rejoice more in those who have less clearness of vision, and a faith less omnivorous and triumphant. We have no objection to the agent employed, except the relation which is established between him and the subject of his teaching; his views are well defined and expressed, his spirit kind and forbearing, and with the zeal of a reformer he unites a moderation the more valuable because not often found among innovators, but which is more necessary to them than is generally imagined, not perhaps for producing sudden impressions, but for accomplishing useful reforms in the thoughts and ways of men.

Before Margaret comes under his influence, however, she has been compelled to read a dark page in the history of life. When she had become sufficiently mature in years, she was employed to teach the village school for the younger scholars. She entered upon the trust with pleasure, interested her pupils by her animated and affectionate manners, and was fast establishing an influence among them, when it appeared that she had not used the little manual of faith

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which had formerly been taught in the school. As there were some who were jealous of her standing, and all thought it savored of presumption in her to dispense with a form so sacred, she was called to account for so doing; and while all wondered at her temerity, and the master, though a scoffer himself, was afraid to defend her, she maintained, firmly and gently, that she could not teach what she did not understand. In this she was doubtless right; but it was not strange that the villagers should have insisted on what they had been taught to consider so important. The difficulty in all such cases is the spirit of exclusiveness, which has its roots in our natural selfishness, and contrives to manifest itself in every department of domestic, social, and religious life, making men intolerant of each other's proceedings and opinions, and giving them a plea of conscience under which they may indulge their passions as they will. It is not easily dislodged from the heart; it is one thing to exclaim against it in the conduct of others, and another to release ourselves from its power. Accordingly, we see it exhibited in some of its most bitter and vengeful forms in those who boast the freedom of their souls. They have no words of contempt strong enough to apply to the narrowness of those from whom they differ, and, at the same time, they pour out the most fervent scorn and hatred on all who presume to differ from themselves. This intolerance is the scourge and pest of social existence at the present day; not confined to religious subjects and interests, as many, in their simplicity, appear to imagine; but boldly set forth on the brazen front of political parties, secretly cherished in moral associations, and indulged with childlike unconsciousness and excess by those who maintain that thought shall be free, without much idea, however, of allowing that privilege to any thoughts but their own.

Though Margaret is sad at losing her place, by the salary of which she hoped to serve her friends, while she was of service to the children of her charge, she found before long that she had gained in the public estimation by her sincerity; it was shown to be genuine by her faithful discharge of her duty before. Her dismissal gives the author an opportunity of presenting one of his best characters, — Tony, the negro barber, drummer, and fiddler of the village. Such a person is commonly represented in the broadest caricature; but his



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portrait is drawn by the author with great forbearance and success. The effort of such persons to express themselves in elegant language is given in terms sufficiently ludicrous and without excess ; while the earnest attachment and hearty kindness, which are found in their best forms in that unfortunate race, are made to appear in some of the tragical scenes through which the story is led. The barber begs Margaret to let him decorate her head after the voluminous fashion of the day, saying, " Your brother Chilion has done great favors to this gentleman [meaning himself] in the musical profession ; and if the mistress would let him try his tongs on her head, it would make great commendations." Her friend Deacon Ramsdill, an excellent portrait of New England character, manifests his sympathy in his cheerful and friendly way ; and a family of Quakers is introduced, who have a fellow-feeling for one who seems to follow the inner light, and who relieve, by their simple and delicate attentions, the sense of desertion which her loss of office was calculated to give. On her way home, she calls at the house of the Tapleys, a poor and intemperate family, and there is met with tokens of kindness and confidence, which show that the outward act which removed her from her station was no expression of the real feeling of the community toward her. To this visit we would refer, as one of those descriptions in which this writer is eminently happy. Had these separate scenes been thrown disconnected into a sketch-book, we hardly know any descriptions of life, as it is in our smaller villages, which would compare with them in reality, freshness, and power. We cannot say so much of her interviews with Raxman, the Lothario of her friend Rose, whom she encounters on her way home. He appears to have been detached by her old grandfather for the purpose of gaining her good graces ; a purpose which would have been more easily accomplished by keeping himself out of her sight. No reader would have been sorry, had he absented himself from the book.

When Margaret is again established in her home, she returns to her familiarity with nature, with a spirit enjoying as much as ever, but inquiring more ; subdued into a deeper thoughtfulness by painful experience and maturer years, and asking those questions of profound interest respecting life and its Author and purpose, which some feel as an oppressive mystery, while others labor to solve them by their own

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power. To these questions the many find sufficient and satisfactory answers in the word which represents us here as in the childhood of our existence, with a view of the path of duty clear before us, but perplexed by many wonders both without and within, which will unfold themselves to us if we travel that way, while mere searching, however earnest, will never be able to explain them. She is guided in her inquiries by William Ames's Marrow of Theology, a work written in Latin, but which the vernacular would not make much clearer, and from which the reader gathers not much beyond the author's mistake in calling it marrow, when the antediluvian remains are not more dry and solid bone. This work was placed in her hands by her friend, the master, who had taken away a Testament which some friend had given her, though with what purpose the author represents the old ape as making this substitution we profess ourselves wholly unable to understand. It is not natural that he should wish to undermine her faith without supplying its place with some theory of his own. The position in which he stood, of inward contempt hidden under outward conformity, is not one in which a kind heart would wish another, in whom he was interested, to share.

It is while thus employed, that young Evelyn finds her in her wood-paths, and becomes interested in her state of mind, or rather in her; for her views and feelings are expressed in a sort of *lingo* which seems to us most unhappy, not giving in the least the impression of deep and earnest feeling, but flippant and shallow, at least to uninitiated ears. She told him of her experience on the Sabbath, and her disgust at the sepulchral faces of the worshippers, as if she had expected the pleasure of devotion to be manifested by its setting the assembly in a roar. Now, that an ingenuous and thoughtful young person might dislike the connection of religion with sadness is probable enough; such a one might become prejudiced against Christianity from having seen it in such associations; but whatever the feeling might be, whether of sorrow or of wonder, it would be expressed, not in cynical and misanthropic tones, but with that tender regret which the young so often feel when waked from their early dreams. Still, if the Sabbath was somewhat sombre, some other religious proceedings must have been jovial enough, one would think, to satisfy the wants of her soul. She speaks of a

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camp-meeting which she attended in the woods; this, she says, "was the pink of what the master calls puppetry, a hornet's nest of harlequins, saints bacchantizing." Though we are not sufficiently well informed to know just what is meant by these phrases, we have no doubt they describe some very sprightly gatherings, where she could not be aggrieved by the sight of sepulchral faces. Then, too, she had the privilege of attending an ordination, where the gaiety rose into a livelier key. The town, she says, was full of people, and soaking in rum; and her father, Pluck, "when he was drunk, had far better manners than those sanctiloquent wigs exhibited." "It was altogether the richest specimen of deific temulency," if our readers know what that is, that she ever beheld. "To finish the play, one gray old Punch, with inimitable gravity, said grace at the close." Never having seen or heard of ordinations so conducted, we cannot say whether the buffoonery was found in real life or existed only in description; but if the fair Margaret saw what she describes, we do not understand why she should not have been in communion with those who were following their instincts, and acting out themselves to her heart's desire.

When Margaret has given Mr. Evelyn an insight into the state of her mind, — showing that, whatever her capacities might be, she was sailing in ballast, so far as information was concerned, — the author appears much more at home in reporting that gentleman's words to her, which are sensible, often striking and eloquent, and though much too long for a private conversation, when considered as a means of expressing the writer's opinions on important subjects, are as much condensed as the nature of the case would allow. The speaker must have been very much interested in the person before him, not to be dismayed at the medley of ideas and impressions which she poured out in language fantastical, pedantic, and full of tragical exclamations and classical allusions. The want of depth was too apparent to make it necessary that he should take the trouble of sounding; but as if he had divined that his words, though thrown away on her, might be of service to some readers, he went on with a full exposition of all his views of human duty and relations; and though there is a spice of foppery in some expressions, — such as, "most people are degraded by their piety," which is an evident plagiarism from Mr. Vainglory, — his discourse

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is, on the whole, clear, discriminating, and full of inspiring truth. He represents to her the true character of the Saviour, of whom she had talked in sentimental phrase as her "Beautiful One," — showing that it is only by sympathy with him that we can enter into the comprehension of his divine excellence, and that just in proportion as love gains influence in the heart, that wondrous image of heavenly perfection will rise in us from glory to glory, ascending to the warmth and brightness of the perfect day.

But we cannot follow him through his reasonings, and we should be still more at a loss for time to unravel the tangled skein of the story. It is needless to say, that she is convinced and professes herself a Christian, or rather finds herself a Christian, and the time is not distant when she becomes Mr. Evelyn's wife. Unfortunately for the work, though, no doubt, much to the acceptance of the persons interested, old Girardeau takes occasion to leave them a fortune of two millions when he himself can keep it no longer. With this they purchase the place where Margaret had passed her youth, with much of the adjacent country, where they build a large house of stone, make extensive and tasteful improvements, and exert themselves for the benefit of their neighbours with great success. But this success would have been much more to the purpose, had it been achieved without alliance with the dollars. Where two forces are united, it is not easy to say how much is owing to the one and how much to the other. There is an uncomfortable apprehension lest the reforms may turn out to be less genuine and lasting than in cases where it is clear that none but moral influences have been employed. Still, with the exception of this mistake, the state of society brought about by the full action of Christian influences is one which is delightful even in the most imperfect description, and we cannot but regret that the author should have condensed it into a few letters, which always give the impression that a writer has grown weary of his labor, and snatches at any expedient for hurrying to the close.

On the whole, we greatly regret that the idea of this work, if we are sure that we understand it, had not been differently carried out and presented. Nothing could be more interesting than the picture of a young girl, energetic and imaginative from her birth, thrown among coarse and profane associ-

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ates, and not only keeping herself from contamination, but maintaining a quiet superiority to the influences which surround her, and coming into life with a character formed by the agency of stronger influences from within. That self-originated conceptions of the Deity and of human relations would be found in her heart is not so sure; but it might be assumed, and the portrait drawn accordingly; and she might also have been represented as indifferent to religion because of the associations of severity, gloom, and hollowness, which had become connected with it in her mind from the sight of its unworthy disciples; though this is not common. It is not the simple, nor even the sensual, but those who are looking for arguments against religion, who hold it responsible for what Christians are and for all that it pleases them to do. If in the moral and intellectual solitude where she dwelt, with unsympathizing beings around her, great thoughts, lofty conceptions, and heavenly feelings should have arisen in her breast; and if, when Christianity was first presented to her in its purity and loveliness, she should have recognized in it the ideal of her dreams, the beautiful mystery which she had all the while been learning to love, the finished portrait of that which she had seen in a glass darkly in the silent chambers of her soul; and if, finding a new inspiration from this fulfilment of her hopes and visions, she had gone out to exert an influence, by means of sympathy, on all around her, with no wealth to buy, nor power to overawe, impressing and interesting others, till the changed feeling and aspect of the community where she lived bore testimony to the wonders love can do, we should have had a work of a character far more attractive and useful than the present, and offering a better field for the author's peculiar powers. We regret, therefore, that, instead of the more simple development of this idea, it should have been given in this unreal and impracticable form; in which, besides the impression constantly made on the reader that no such being ever existed, the improbability is heightened by the language put into her mouth; language which it is grievously unjust to the schoolmasters of a former generation to ascribe to their teaching or example, when it is only an euphuism of the present day, which is perfectly unaccountable in some able men who use it, though it answers good purpose to those pretenders who would cover up their defect of meaning with a jargon of strange

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sight and sound. We cannot tell why this author, who, in his own person, generally employs nervous and expressive terms, should have defaced his most prominent and interesting character by making her speak in a dialect which resembles nothing ever heard in the social world, and which is wholly out of nature in a village girl, whatever the accidental circumstances of her education may have been. It destroys the beauty and truth of the conception; we feel that she could have had no real existence; when, but for this, and the needless touches of coarseness which we have mentioned, the idea of her character might have been original, beautiful, and true.

But we have no time to dwell farther on the development of character in this singular book. There are other parts which seem more natural to the author's taste and habits of thought; those, for example, in which he describes the rich loveliness of the landscape and the various influences by which it acts upon the heart. Here he is more at home; he has a discerning eye for the wonderful variety of its treasures, and he has evidently felt the power of those inaudible tones in which it addresses all who have an ear to hear them. He has noted every crimson berry and red leaf of autumn, and all the green plants and opening flowers of spring. He seems to be on terms of intimacy with all the birds of the air; from the lightest glance of a wing, or the faintest snatches of song, he is able to detect them afar. The stillness of the deep forest, grand and solemn in its aspect and its sounds, but abounding in animated existence, heavy and oppressive as it is to the many, is best society to him. We know not where any could go to find more exact and pleasing descriptions of the scenery of New England, or of the vegetable and animal forms which give it life, than to the work before us; and the language in which he sets them forth, though he often invents a dialect for his purpose which would have startled even Noah Webster, had he lived to hear it, is felt to be such as one would employ who was gazing or listening with delight, and wanted words of power to express his strong emotions. To this part of his work, though there is some slight confusion of seasons, we give the heartiest praise.

We will quote one passage of rich and beautiful description, which is almost entirely free from the prevailing defects of the author's manner. On the Sabbath eve after her most

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unfortunate visit to the village meetinghouse, Margaret returns home, and strolls up the Indian's Head in order to view the sunset.

"Along a tangled path, trod by sheep, more by herself, and somewhat by visiters to the Pond, she wound her way to the summit. This, as we have said, was nearly one hundred feet above the level of the Pond; on the top were the venerable trunk of the Hemlock before referred to, a small cluster of firs, a few spears of yellow orchard grass and brown sorrel, sparse tufts of harebells and buttercups, bunches of sweet-fern, and mosses growing on the rocks. From the south front projected a smooth shelving rock directly over the water, forming the brow of the so called Head. This elevation commanded points of extensive and varied interest; the Pond below, its dark waters dotted with green islands, its forest-skirted shore, the outlet, the dam, the deep and perpetual gurgle of the falling water. Beyond the dam was a broken congeries, the result of wild diluvial force; horrid gulfs, high rocky pinnacles, trees aslant, green dingles; to the west, the hills crept along by gentle acclivities, and swelling upwards, formed, to an untrained eye, the apparent boundaries of this nether world. On the north was a continuation of the ridge of mountains of which the Head itself seemed to be the close, proceeding indefinitely till they met and melted into the sky. On the northwest, buried like a cloud in the dimmest distance, appeared the round, bald, but soft and azure crown of Old Umkiddin. Beyond the Pond, on the south, extended a forest without visible break or limitation. Turning to the east, one beheld the River, its meadows, the mountain beyond, and below you were portions of the village; to the south, through the tops of the woods, some of the houses in No. 4 were seen; and on the southwest lay the hamlet, Breakneck. In every direction, here and there, on sidehills, in glades of the forest, among orchard-groves, appeared the roofs of houses and barns, dappling the scene, and reflecting, in the middle of the day, a gray silvery light, like mica in granite. To this place Margaret ascended; here had she often come before, and here in her future life she often came. She went up early in the morning to behold the sun rise from the eastern mountain, and be washed by the fogs that flowed up from the River; at noon, to lie on the soft grass, under the firs, and sleep the midtide sleep of all nature; or ponder with a childish curiosity on the mystery of the blue sky and the blue hills; or with a childish dread, on that of the deep dark waters below her. She came up in the Fall to gather thimble, whortle, and rasp-berries that grew on the sides of the hill, and get the leaves and crimson

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spires of the sumach for her mother to color with. She now came up to see the sun go down; she sat on the grass, with her hands folding her knees. Directly on the right of the sun-setting, was an apparent jog or break in the line of the woods and hills, having on one side something like a cliff or sharp promontory, jutting towards the heavens, and overlooking what seemed like a calm clear sea beyond; within this depression lay the top of Umkiddin, before spoken of; here also, after a storm, appeared the first clear sky, and here at mid-day the white clouds, in long ranges of piles, were wont to repose like ships at anchor, and Margaret loved to look at that point. Nearer at hand, she could see the roads leading to Dunwich and Brandon, winding, like unrolled ribbons, through the woods. There were also pastures covered with gray rocks, looking like sheep; the green woods in some places were intersected by fields of brown rye, or soft clover. On the whole, it was a verdant scene, — Greenness, like a hollow ocean, spread itself out before her; the hills were green, the depths were green, the trees, grass, and weeds were green; and in the forest, on the south margin of the Pond, the darkness, as the sun went down, seemed to form itself into caverns, and grottos, and strange fantastic shapes, in the solid Greenness. In some instances she could see the tips of the trees glancing and frolicking in the light, while the greedy shadows were crawling up from their roots, as it were out of the ground to devour them. Deep in those woods the black-cap and thrush still hooted and clang unweariedly; she heard also the cawing of crows, and the scream of the loon; the tinkle of bells, the lowing of cows, and the bleating of sheep were distinctly audible. Her own Robin, on the Butternut below, began his long, sweet, many-toned carol; the tree-toad chimed in with its loud trilling chirrup; and frogs from the Pond and Mill Brook, crooled, chubbed, and croaked. Swallows skimmered over her, and plunged into the depths below; swarms of flies in circular squadrons skirmished in the sunbeams before her eye; and at her side, in the grass, crickets sung their lullabies to the departing day; a rich, fresh smell from the water, the woods, the wild-flowers, the grass-lots, floating up over the hill, regaled her senses. The surface of the Pond, as the sun receded, broke into gold-ripples, deepening gradually into carmine and vermilion; suspended between her eye and the horizon was a table-like form of illuminated mist, a bridge of visible sunbeams shored on pointed shining piers, reaching to the ground. Margaret sat, we say, attentive to all this; what were her feelings we know not now, we may know hereafter; and clouds that had spent the Sabbath in their own way came with her to behold the sun-setting; some in



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long tapering bands, some in flocky rosettes, others in broad, many-folded collops. In that light they showed all colors, rose, pink, violet, and crimson, and the sky in a large circumference about the sun weltered in ruddiness, while the opposite side of the heavens threw back a purple glow. There were clouds, to her eye, like fishes; the horned-pout, with its pearly iridine breast, and iron-brown back; floating after it was a shiner with its bright golden armory; she saw the blood-red fins of the yellow-perch, the long snout of the pickerel with its glancing black eye, and the gaudy tail of the trout. She saw the sun sink half below the horizon, then all his round red face go down; and the light on the Pond withdraw, the bridge of light disappear, and the hollows grow darker and darker. A stronger and better defined glow streamed for a moment from the depths of the sun, into the sky, and flashed through the atmosphere. The little rose-colored clouds melted away in their evening joy, and went to rest up in the dark unfathomable chambers of the heavens. The fishes swam away with the sun, and plunged down the cataract of light that falls over the other side of the earth; and the broad massive clouds grew darker and grimmer, and extended themselves, like huge-breasted lions couchant which the Master had told her about, to watch all night near the gate of the sun. She sat there alone, with no eye but God's to look upon her; he alone saw her face, her expression, in that still, warm, golden sun-setting; she sat as if for her the sun had gone down, and the sky unloosed its glory; she sat mute and undisturbed, as if she were the child-queen of this great pageant of Nature." — pp. 117 – 120.

We wish that we could have found the same full sympathy for humanity manifested in this writer's descriptions of social life, which breathes through the sentiments which he expresses. Yet it is not uncommon to find this interest in social reforms, and desire to advance the welfare of mankind, evidently sincere, too, in those who do not give the impression of quick sympathy with individuals. Perhaps it is that the sharp observation, which searches out at a glance the whole of the character, has a natural tendency to caricature; faults and follies, even when slight and easily forgiven, are often so ridiculous and annoying as to destroy our respect for that which well deserves it; and it is on this account, perhaps, that this author, observing as he is, has done less justice to what is amiable and excellent in the character of New England men than might be expected in one who has such a taste for the beautiful and the good. His character is often disguised

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by ungracefulness of speech and manner; it is very seldom ostentatiously paraded for applause; still it should be visible to all clear and earnest eyes, and is a subject on which every heart in its right place might rejoice to dwell.

As a representation of manners as they were, and in many respects are still, in New England, this book is of great value. It is a succession of pictures, full of life, and though somewhat overdrawn, not the less giving life-like imaginations of many scenes which will soon cease to be. Such is the "Training-day," which was formerly a high festival, but has lost much of its hold on the reverence and affection of the people, and there is little prospect that its former glory will ever be restored. We think our author makes rather too much of our militia system, not in the way of excessive interest, but rather on the opposite side. It does not strike us, that our train-bands are much in danger of breaking the sixth commandment; blood and carnage are not the associations connected in our minds with their exhibitions; as Miss Martineau says of them, every body knows that they can fight when they see reason, but we do not think them more likely to rush into the battle from their indulging in this harmless and peaceable display.

There was danger of another sort formerly connected with these celebrations, which was indeed more serious, and under which many went down to rise no more. The author has given a strong description of the excitement and intemperance of those occasions in former days. The latter vice, which was once so general, or rather the means of which were then so general, furnishes a frequent theme for sarcastic remark and severe description. There are very few passages anywhere more powerful than the account of the dark and hateful "Still." The poor child left alone in such a place at night, with an intoxicated brother, a roaring furnace, a hissing caldron, barrels of detestable drink all round her, and frightful shadows thrown by the angry fire, which, fed by dry hemlock, sounded like subterranean musketry, and threw out burning splinters on her sleeping brother's face, are brought before us as by a master's hand. But while we entirely approve the tone in which he speaks on this subject at large, we think he has fallen into the error so common with communities and individuals when suddenly reformed, — that of representing their former state as worse than it really was.

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Bad enough in conscience it was; but New England was not quite transformed into one vast bar-room. Many, many there were who walked unhurt amidst the flames; and the inspiring manner in which the general feeling rose against the destroyer, and the energy of will exerted to resist it, showed that the heart of the people was still sound, and there was hope for the days to come.

With respect to another great evil, war, which, as the author shows, is not according to the spirit of the gospel, we do not think his course in the narrative so happy. His feeling is earnestly opposed to this practice, not only as a desolating evil, but a deadly sin. But an onslaught upon the militia is not the sort of crusading expedition which is likely to reach it; not only the town of Livingston, but the whole country, might be exempted from military duty, without any approach to that state of peace and general good-will which Christianity is destined to bring. But this subject seems in a way to be brought up as a theme for intelligent and interested discussion; instead of being taken into the keeping of a party, it will be investigated by active and powerful minds; the public will at length be firmly established in some convictions which will affect the proceedings of nations, a work which the feeling of a sect would never be able to do. The duty of not resisting evil, — how far does it go? Is the Saviour's charge, "Resist not evil," to be understood like another near it, "Give to him that asketh thee?" or is it to be followed in full, and without reserve? Have we a right to resist evil with our tongues, while our hands are bound, or may we take comfort in our self-denial by abusing others with the hardest words which the language affords? Does this obligation extend only to cases in which life is concerned, and what gives the right to deprive others of liberty while the life may not be taken away? If evil may not be resisted in one way, can it be in another? and if not, how is any social system to hold together for a day? These are questions lying under this matter, which need to be patiently sifted and made clear to the public mind, before it can reach a full understanding of this whole subject of war. And since no partial views will accomplish any thing more than imperfect reforms, it is well that this subject is not likely to be *chaired* like a candidate at an English election, but debated wisely and without passion by manly and independent minds.

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The subject of capital punishment, which is of near kindred to the former, is here introduced in the fate of Chilion, the early friend of Margaret, whom she had always regarded as a brother. His character is finely sustained throughout, except in the single incident — for it could hardly be called an action — which brought his life to a close. A husking frolic, the festival which answers to the harvest home of other countries, was followed by a supper, which is the greatest failure in all the work. The revels ended in furious intoxication; and Chilion, seeing a young man apparently offering some insult to Margaret, and urged on by the reproaches of Rose, who had drunk something more than the dews of night, threw a file at the offender, which severed an artery of his neck, and inflicted a wound of which he bled to death. The author found a jury, though to a sheriff it might have been a difficult matter, who brought in a verdict of wilful murder, and the judge pronounced the sentence of the law. There are some natural and affecting scenes in the prison, but we cannot say so much of the condemnation; it is ruined by the unnatural talk of Margaret in her raving, which falls like ice upon the reader's excited feeling. But the question of capital punishment is not reached by such an imaginary case as this. Evidently nothing could be more absurd than such a penalty inflicted on such a person, where it was obvious that he could not have intended to give a fatal wound. The question is, whether capital punishment can be dispensed with. It is not to the purpose to say, that "the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him"; for this, though doubtless a smart saying, would apply equally well to shutting him up in a jail. When the truth is made clear, that this fearful penalty does not answer its purpose, or that some others can be resorted to instead of it, the public mind will be ready to surrender it; but if this is not done, it must endure till it is displaced by the advance of civilization, which has many remains of barbarism yet hanging round it, but will sooner or later lose all its taste for blood.

There are many things in this great magazine of materials to which we should be glad to direct the attention of the reader; but we have only time to mention the description of winter, which is admirable. Thomson and Cowper have done their best with the same subject; but our author's painting surpasses theirs as much as the December storms of New



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England exceed the tempests which fall from their milder sky. The crimson fire throwing its warm red light through the room, the low beating of the flames, the hollow roar of the north wind over the chimney, the snow-drift gathering in wild and fanciful forms, the ice-plain silvered by the clear full moon, the evergreens with their snowy fringes, the sublime and beautiful forms of winter, which, desolate as its aspect is, cause it to be welcomed by many, and make it a time of delight to a few, — all these things are here presented with perfect faithfulness, and therefore with beauty and power. For the benefit of those who have not seen the work we will cite a portion of this lively and truthful sketch.

"An event common in New England is at its height. It is snowing, and has been for a whole day and night, with a strong northeast wind. Let us take a moment when the storm intermits, and look in at Margaret's and see how they do. But we cannot approach the place by any of the ordinary methods of travel; the roads, lanes, and by-paths are blocked up; no horse or ox could make his way through those deep drifts, immense mounds, and broad plateaus of snow. If we are disposed to adopt the means of conveyance formerly so much in vogue, whether snow-shoes or magic, we may possibly get there. The house or hut is half-sunk in a snow-bank; the waters of the Pond are covered with a solid enamel as of ivory; the oxen and the cow in the barn-yard look like great horned sheep, in their fleeces of snow. All is silence and lifelessness, and if you please to say, desolation. Hens there are none, nor turkeys, nor ducks, nor birds, nor Bull, nor Margaret. If you see any signs of a human being, it is the dark form of Hash, mounted on snow-shoes, going from the house to the barn. Yet there are the green hemlocks, and pines, and firs, green as in summer, some growing along the flank of the hill that runs north from the Indian's Head, looking like the real snow-balls, blossoming in mid-winter, and nodding with large white flowers. But there is one token of life, the smoke coming from the low gray chimney, which, if you regard it as one, resembles a large, elongated, transparent balloon; or if you look at it by piecemeal, it is a beautiful current of bluish-white vapor, flowing upward unendingly; and prettily is it striped and particolored, as it passes successively the green trees, the bare rocks, and white crown of the hill behind; nor does its interest cease, even when it disappears among the clouds. . . . . .

"Flourishing in the centre of these high-rising and broad-spreading snows, unmoved amid the fiercest onsets of the storm, comfortable in the extremity of winter, the family are all gather-

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ed in the kitchen, and occupied as may be. In the cavernous fireplace burns a great fire, composed of a huge green backlog, a large green forestick, and a high cob-work of crooked and knotty refuse-wood, ivy, hornbeam, and beech. Through this the yellow flame leaps and forks, and the bluish-gray smoke flows up the ample sluiceway of the chimney. From the ends of the wood the sap fries and drips on the sizzling coals below, and flies off in angry steam. Under the forestick great red coals roll out, sparkle a semibrief, lose their grosser substance, indicate a more ethereal essence in prototypal forms of white, down-like cinders, and then fall away into brown ashes. To a stranger the room has a sombre aspect, rather heightened than relieved by the light of the fire burning so brightly at mid-day. The only connection with the external air is by the south window-shutter being left entirely open, forming an aperture through the logs of about two feet square; yet when the outer light is so obscured by a storm, the bright fire within must anywhere be pleasant. In one corner of the room sits Pluck, in a red flannel shirt and leather apron, at work on his kit mending a shoe; with long and patient vibration and equipoise he draws the threads, and interludes the strokes with snatches of songs, banter, and laughter. The apartment seems converted into a workshop; for next the shoemaker stands the shingle-maker, Hash, who with froe in one hand and mallet in the other, by dint of smart percussion, is endeavoring to rive a three-cornered billet of hemlock, on a block. In the centre of the room sits Brown Moll, with still bristling and grizzly hair, pipe in her mouth, in a yellow woollen long-short and black petticoat, winding a ball of yarn from a windle. Nearer the fire are Chilion and Margaret, the latter also dressed in woollen, with the Orbis Pictus, or World Displayed, a book of Latin and English, adorned with cuts, which the Master lent her; the former with his violin, endeavouring to describe the notes in Dr. Byles's Collection of Sacred Music, also a loan of the Master's, and at intervals trailing on the lead of his father in some popular air." — pp. 157 – 159.

" Chilion whispered his sister, and she went out for the purpose in question. It was not excessively cold, since the weather moderated as the storm increased, and she might have taken some interest in that tempestuous outer world. Her hens, turkeys, and ducks, who were all packed together, the former on their roost under the shed, the latter in one corner, also required feeding; and she went in and got boiled potatoes, which they seemed glad to make a meal of. The wind blazed and racketed through the narrow space between the house and the hill. Above, the flakes shaded and mottled the sky, and fell twirling, pitching,

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skimble-scamble, and anon slowly and more regularly, as in a minuet; and as they came nearer the ground, they were caught up by the current, and borne in a horizontal line, like long, quick-spun, silver threads, afar over the white fields. There was but little snow in the shed, although entirely open on the south side; the storm seeming to devote itself to building up a drift in front. This drift had now reached a height of seven or eight feet. It sloped up like the roof of a pyramid, and on the top was an appendage like a horn, or a plume, or a marble jet d'eau, or a frozen flame of fire; and the elements in all their violence, the eddies that veered about the corner of the house, the occasional side-blasts, still dallied, and stopped to mould it and finish it; and it became thinner, and more tapering, and spiral; each singular flake adjusting itself to the very tip, with instinctive nicety; till at last it broke off by its own weight; — then a new one went on to be formed. Under this drift lay the wood Margaret was after, and she hesitated to demolish the pretty structure. The cistern was overrun with ice; the water fell from the spout in an ice tube, the half-barrel was rimmed about with a broad round moulding of ice, and where the water flowed off, it had formed a wavy cascade of ice, and under the cold snows the clear cold water could he heard babbling and singing as if it no whit cared for winter. Her great summer gobbling turkey attempted to mount the edge of the cistern to drink, but the wind blew, his feet slipped, and back he fell. She took a dish and watered her poultry. From the corner of the house the snow fretted and spirted, in a continuous stream of spray. While she looked at this, she saw a flock of snow-birds borne on by the winds, endeavouring to tack their course, and run in under the shelter of the house, but the remorseless elements drifted them on, and they were apparently dashed against the woods beyond. One of the birds was seen to drop, and Margaret darted out, waded through the snow, caught the luckless or lucky wanderer, and amid the butting winds, sharp snow-rack, and smothering sheets of spray, carried it into the house. In her Book of Birds, she found it was a snow-bunting, that it was hatched in a nest of reindeer's hair near the North Pole, that it had sported among eternal solitudes of rocks and ice, and come thousands of miles. It was purely white, while others of the species receive some darker shades. She put it in the cage with Robin, who welcomed the travelled stranger with due respect." — pp. 162, 163.

If the impressions of the readers of this book are like ours, they have thought the author superior to his work, which, though it abounds in proofs of talent, has many things that

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to some must impair, to others utterly destroy, its attraction. If he is one of those who feel no respect for prevailing sentiments in matters of taste, he may persist in his own way, which, as it is now, will not lead him to a throne in men's minds and hearts. But if he will pay deference to established modes of communication, which, though they might be improved, are, at present, the only channels through which extensive influence can be exerted, he may gain for himself a brilliant reputation, and, what is more to his purpose, he may be a powerful and successful instrument for bringing about those reforms which he evidently has at heart, and which will be triumphantly accomplished in happier days than ours.

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ART. VI. — 1. *Biographical, Literary, and Philosophical Essays, contributed to the Eclectic Review.* By JOHN FOSTER, Author of Essays on Decision of Character, Popular Ignorance, and Christian Morals. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1844. 12mo. pp. 419.

2. *Miscellaneous Essays on Christian Morals, Experimental and Practical.* Originally delivered as Lectures in the Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, England. By JOHN FOSTER. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1844. 12mo. pp. 252.

AT the latest glimpse that we can get of the distinguished author whose name has drawn our attention to the above-mentioned publications, we find him an infirm, retired octogenarian, long, gaunt, and ghastly, careless and slovenly in dress, with a countenance deeply furrowed by a life of intense thought, and indicating great mental vigor and rigid inflexibility of character. He was revered and cherished as the last of a constellation of luminaries, that had for half a century or more shed lustre on the previously obscure and overshadowed denomination of Particular or Calvinistic Baptists. He, too, has now gone to his rest; and, as his finished life and testimony pass to be matters of record and history, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to present such imperfect sketches of his person and character as we can obtain, and to de-

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scribe that compact and strongly marked individuality which has so stamped itself upon his works, as to give us, in the least of them, a perfect daguerrotype of the man.

John Foster was, we believe, born in Bristol, was educated at the Baptist Academy there, and spent most of his days in that city or its vicinity. He entered in early life upon the clerical profession, but was never a popular, or, to a promiscuous audience, even an endurable preacher. He was two or three times settled, either over very small societies, or over congregations that dwindled rapidly under his ministrations. His failure as a public teacher was to be ascribed, in part, to the uncompromising rigidity of his character, which forbade his becoming "all things to all men," even in that apostolic and Christian sense in which these much abused words were first used, — and in part to great personal awkwardness, and to feeble and unadorned elocution; though, as a speaker, he is said, by his skilful and graphic emphasis, to have exercised the power, denied to his *vivâ voce* readers, of rendering his own cumbrous and clumsy sentences intelligible to a patient hearer. He was fond of the company of intellectual men, and conversed with animation and interest on high themes; but in ordinary social and domestic intercourse was, in early and middle life, austere and stern, commanding more reverence than love. His own household are said to have regarded him with a distant veneration amounting almost to awe; and a domestic picture given of him by a visiter some twenty years ago reminded us of our own Jonathan Edwards, who dined in state from silver, while his household cowered around his table over pewter. But later informants, who have seen him in his bereaved and diminished family, represent him as not insensible to the amenities, or unobservant of the courtesies, that make home graceful and happy. Thus the hard, crabbed fruit, which the summer sun cannot ripen, grows mellow as the oblique rays of autumn reach it through thinned and withered foliage. Possessed of a moderate competence, sufficient for his frugal tastes and habits, he lived for many of his last years in retirement, from which he emerged only when solicited for special services, occasionally preaching *ad interim* in a vacant church, and now and then delivering courses of lectures to an evening audience composed of the cultivated and spiritual from the various denominations in Bristol. He had, it is said, of late, even used

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his pen with growing reluctance, and this, not from indolence or inactivity, but because he had identified himself with the notions and sentiments of a vanished generation, had been a *laudator temporis acti se puero*, and had grudgingly bestowed his services, as a censor and castigator, on those novelties in literature, philosophy, and theology for which he deemed silent "preterition" the most worthy treatment. He continued, however, to contribute not infrequently to the Eclectic Review till near the close of 1839, having been intimately associated with the founders of that journal, and sympathizing strongly with the theological views which have uniformly characterized it.

Foster was a Calvinist of the old school as to his theological opinions; and his opinions were all theological. He took cognizance, indeed, of a wide diversity of subjects, but viewed them only in their religious aspects and relations. His general knowledge was great, and his learning accurate and profound; but every thing, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, was tried by the unelastic standard of his own creed. His literary criticisms often remind us of the trite, yet undoubtedly fabulous, anecdote of the Caliph Omar's decision of the fate of the Alexandrian Library, — "What accords with the Koran is superfluous, what differs from it harmful." He is much more shocked by the false doctrine, than edified by the poetical genius, of Homer and Virgil, and evidently ascribes to their great works a stronger hold upon opinion and sentiment in modern times, than they could have had even in the classic ages. He cannot tolerate so much as a metaphor drawn from mythology or fable, and manifests the same horror at the cursory introduction of the name of a heathen deity by way of ornament to a Christian poem, which he might have been expected to show, had the Broadmead Chapel been converted into a Pantheon, and the statue of Jupiter Tonans erected in his own frequent place in its pulpit. Of course, the moral tone of all his writings is pure and lofty. His ethics are eminently Christian as to their positive side; but they lack the breadth and catholicity of the Christian standard. They omit all the æsthetic aspects of virtue. They give but narrow scope and reluctant tolerance to those innocent amenities of domestic and social life, of literature and art, which grow in the most luxuriant beauty under true Christian culture. His morality would be repre-

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sented by a rigid code, formed of precise precepts, stated and defined with logical accuracy, and bristling all over with stern penalties, rather than by a pervading, plastic spirit of devotion and humanity, multiform in its manifestations, and blending with all that is graceful and beautiful in nature and in life.

While all his works are characteristic of the author, the Essay on Decision of Character, which has had, we believe, wider circulation than any of his writings, bears pre-eminently the shape and pressure of his mind and heart. It is a condensed and generalized autobiography. In every form and hue, he is the man he paints, inflexible to evil, firmly just, rigidly true, but cold and statue-like, deeming every sweet voice a Siren's song, every pleasant form an incarnation of the great adversary, all tempting fruit apples of Sodom. He shows a strait and narrow path, which manifestly leads to heaven; but nowhere on the road has he planted "instead of the thorn the fir-tree, and instead of the brier the myrtle." He treats with little respect the gentler elements of character, and deems their absence hardly a defect. Severe resolve, tenacious purpose, intense, yet quiet energy, under the control of a conscience incorruptible and unslumbering, — these with him make up the perfect character; and it matters little, if, in developing the hardier sinews of the moral man, the lines of beauty be all marred, and the cords of finer feeling broken or unstrung.

The same exclusive spirit runs through the powerfully written Essay on the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion. The author here represents all ancient and modern literature as arrayed in an almost unbroken phalanx against religious faith and reverence, so that one can become conversant with the intellectual achievements of his race only at the risk of indifference or unbelief as to the most momentous of all truths. The ancient poets are condemned and their influence deprecated, because they had not anticipated the disclosures of the New Testament; while most modern works of taste and fancy are represented as hostile to religion, solely because they are not distinctively religious. Even Addison and Johnson, clear and emphatic as were their recognitions of the divinity and authority of the Christian revelation, are harshly censured for what they left unwritten. Our author, however, strangely enough, pronoun-

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ces Milton's genius angelic, and says that it "might have shamed to silence the Muses of paganism," from whom he drew at least as much inspiration as from "Siloa's brook." But the sombre character of much of Milton's machinery, and the prominence throughout his great epic of giant impersonations of sin, and death, and woe, seem to have found so congenial a lodgment in the stern and awful mood of Foster's own mind, as to have blinded him to the pagan moulds in which so much of the imagery of the Paradise Lost is run, and the pagan conceptions with Christian names to be traced on almost every page. The only other works of taste (some of them so called only by the broadest courtesy) specified as worthy a Christian's perusal are "part of the poetical works of Young" (not all, for in another connection his Busiris is castigated), and those of Cowper and Watts. Other reading is not, indeed, expressly forbidden; but the obvious implication is, that one can turn over the leaves of the Spectator or the Rambler only at the peril of his soul, and that, if one will be daring enough to encounter Pope's Essay on Man, he must flank it by double portions of the Night Thoughts or the Task, by way of antidote.

But when all due abatements are made, Foster has great and manifold merits as a moralist. No sophistry ever warps his judgment in favor of fashionable folly or vice, of wrongs that have age or high precedent on their side, of those sins that wear good names and put on virtuous pretences. He rebukes moral evil in all its forms with unyielding severity, and often in tones of solemn, fearful irony, that remind us of those old Hebrew seers who confronted alone the congregated hosts of idolaters. He is thoroughly versed in the morbid anatomy of the soul. He sends his probe, through festering flesh and shrinking sinews, deep into the gangrene; he ferrets out the latent disease in its last lurking-place, and lays it bare with the keenest of blades and the coolest of hands. His pathology is perfect; he describes the remotest, faintest symptoms of unhealthy moral action, and traces them through every subterfuge to the vicious principle whence they take their rise. He deals unsparingly with that whole prolific brood of vain thoughts and idle reveries, which give birth to all the overt forms of sin. We doubt whether there be a human being so perfect as not to feel self-convicted, and to be stung with self-reproach, by his pungent



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appeals to the heart and conscience. And, while thus thorough in the analysis of moral evil, he is no less so in the synthesis. He traces up the springs of wrong thought and action to their fountain. Sin is in his system one and indivisible. Its essence is the unsubmissive will, the disobedient heart. It is rebellion against the rightful authority of the Supreme Being. To the degree to which it exists, it indicates nonreconciliation with his will, a lack of harmony with his spirit. It is multiform, indeed, in its forthputtings, because its outward occasions and incitements are infinitely varied; but from these it derives its shape, not its nature, as the same fountain may rise and fall in jets of countless diversity, according to the form and position of the pipes through which it plays. This oneness of moral evil suggests the need of uniformity in its remedial treatment. The healing branch is to be cast, not into this or that remote stream, but into the fountain. The remedy is not to be applied to isolated bad habits; but to the general current of the thoughts and the affections. Reformation must work from within outward. It must end, not begin, in detail. The soul must be brought into harmony with God, the will must be made submissive, the affections must be fixed on worthy and enduring objects; and then, and no sooner, will the outward life assume the true "beauty of holiness."

We have hinted at Foster's two chief faults as a moralist. We desire now to state them with emphasis, and to make them the subject of a few general remarks. The first is his one-sided exhibition of the sanctions of morality. He dwells mainly on the penalties and woes of guilt, and seldom holds forth virtue's crown to view, never exhibits its separate jewels, as they sparkle in the sunlight of eternity. He relies on terror as his chief motive power. His works are barren of appeals to the affections. It is true, he sometimes makes mention of mercy, joy, and heaven; but he uses them as one uses algebraic signs in the solution of a problem, without developing or interpreting them. They seem to represent to his mind dogmas rather than facts. They are parts of the symbolic formula, not the subjects of habitual and glowing meditation. But the great spiritual facts which he expends his whole energy in exhibiting are lugubrious facts, the windings and fatal issues of depravity, the torments of a guilty conscience, the horrors of an impending eternity. In

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fine, a cold, stern, sword-bearing legality occupies the whole foreground of his ethical representations.

We maintain that such views are not adapted to make men better. It is not enough that they have a faithful mirror held before them. They may know themselves, and yet lack strength for self-improvement. They may abhor themselves, and yet from very impotency remain unchanged. The affections are the great motive power in the moral universe. Law is vain without love. It is so in the domestic circle, that miniature of the great family of man. Strict commands, severe restrictions, backed by unfailing penalties, of themselves train up only stubborn, rebellious children, whose chief ambition is to reach those years when they can throw off the yoke, and indulge passions and appetites which have grown fierce beneath restraint. But surround a family with an atmosphere of kindness, make home a paradise, connect constant enjoyment and the omnipresence of parental tenderness with obedient and submissive childhood, and you can then enforce strict law, and make children love its yoke; no commandments will seem grievous, no needed restraints burdensome. Obedience will transcend precept, and anticipate command. We have observed the same contrasts in the workings of different public ministrations of moral and religious truth. We have known teachers of Christian duty, who were thorough and powerful in their casuistry, bold and fearless in rebuke, close and anatomizing in their exhibitions of character, who have produced but little effect, because threats and denunciations were their chief instruments. We have known others, even too lax and indulgent in their own views of society, and lame and imperfect in their analysis of principles and motives, who yet have trained those under their influence to lofty and discriminating virtue by their beautiful portraitures of moral excellence, by the cheerful, hopeful tone in which they have encouraged every true aspiration and worthy effort, by the atmosphere of love and of heaven which they have thrown around the path of duty. Terror has, indeed, its essential place and ministry; but it is auxiliary and subordinate to higher principles. It can never do even its own work alone. The inspired apostle said, — "By the terrors of the Lord we *persuade* men." And its only office is at the outposts of virtue. There, and early, it resigns its subject to the gentler guidance of mercy, trust, and love.

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Our other leading objection to Foster as a moralist concerns not the degree, but the way, in which he applies Christian ideas as the universal standard of taste, literature, speech, and conduct. We are inclined to recognize no other standard. We look to Christianity as affording æsthetic maxims, literary canons, and fundamental principles in science, no less than rules of conscientious living. But Christianity, so far from being the exclusive principle which our author makes it, is in our view eminently catholic. In matters of taste, it directs our contemplations not merely to an awful potentate and judge, but to a joy-giving Father, manifesting himself in numberless forms of beauty, and ministering from the fulness of his love to every finer sensibility of our natures. The universe, as it unfolds itself to the Christian eye, presents no marks of coarse and narrow utilitarianism. Thus we have not merely the light requisite for vision; but that light is broken into rays of exquisite beauty, and beams upon us in endless delightful combinations, from the crimson sunset, the silver moon, and the stars of differing glory, from the summer rainbow and the variegated clouds of autumn, from winter fields of dazzling snow and icy stalactites hung thick on every tree. Not only does the earth bear food convenient for us, but that food springs up and ripens in the fairest and most attractive forms; in the yellow wheat-sheaf, and the purple festoonery of the vine, and the deep-blushing peach, while the forest wears its gay robe of praise, and the wayside flower, made only to be admired, invites taste to become the handmaid of devotion. Water, too, is given not merely in thirst-sufficing wells, but it flows in meandering streams, and gushes in sparkling fountains, and mirrors back from its broad, transparent surface the glorious face of heaven. On these aspects of nature the divine Founder of our religion has set his frequent sanction; they suggested many of his richest lessons of faith and trust. Nor was he insensible to artificial forms of taste. He spurned none of the lesser amenities of social and domestic life. He opened his ministry by helping out the scanty entertainment of the marriage-feast; and, at its close, he suffered not the costly offering of hospitality to be sold for eleemosynary uses. We deem ourselves, therefore, only reverently copying from him who has made, and him who has owned, "every thing beautiful in its season," when we

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cherish elegant arts and seek out forms of beauty; when we go beyond what is absolutely essential, and adorn this outward life with whatever can make home attractive, or hospitality graceful, or social intercourse genial and refined. We believe that the susceptibility to outward beauty is of the highest moral significance and worth. It multiplies points of contact between the works of God and the soul of man. It furnishes an avenue through which the noblest powers and affections may be reached and moved. It is essential, also, to the respectability and influence of moral goodness. Ascetic, tasteless piety may be sincere and fervent; but it lives and dies for itself, and cannot reproduce its own image. But where purity of heart and life appears in close affinity with all that is beautiful in nature and art, it cannot fail to be admired and imitated.

We would also maintain, with Foster, that all literature is to be judged on Christian principles and by Christian standards. But we would not therefore, with him, pronounce all literature pernicious, or, at best, useless, that is not technically religious, and crowded to the utmost of its capacity with devotional thought. He himself evidently was no mean scholar in profane literature; and we can see how his wide range of classical erudition contributed to the course of mental gymnastics which made him one of the most powerful reasoners and accomplished moralists of the age. As well might we expect a treatise of geometry to intersperse homilies with its demonstrations, or an exposition of the differential calculus to have pious maxims for its foot-notes, as that every effusion of fancy, every graceful essay, every æsthetic disquisition, should be fraught with the appropriate materials for sermons and Sabbath hymns. Good Dr. Watts sometimes wrote epigrams and lines on "Phyllis playing with a Parrot." Milton made versions from Terence, Ovid, and Catullus, and Cowper translated the Iliad; though Foster expresses much indignation at Sir William Jones for rendering into English certain hymns to Hindoo divinities, and asks, — "Should not a worshipper of God hold himself under a solemn obligation to abjure all tolerance of even poetical figures that can seriously seem, in any way whatever, to recognize the pagan divinities, or abominations, as the prophets of Jehovah would have called them? What would Elijah have said to such an employment of talents in his time?"



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To us the literature of all nations and ages seems worthy of research, even on strictly religious grounds, and we believe it may conduce to the highest results in the formation of principle and character. Literature is the soul of history, and God writes all history. The literature of a nation at any epoch represents at one view its culture and its character, its theology and its ethics, its degree of intrinsic purity and of outward prosperity, what it has done for itself, and what fortunes a pervading and retributive Providence has brought upon it. We thus trace in active operation those universal moral laws which determine with equal certainty the fate of individuals and the destiny of governments and empires.

For ourselves, we never feel more impressively the necessity, worth, and divinity of the Christian revelation, than in reading the authors of ancient Greece and Rome, whether those who, by an unwarrantable hyperbole, have been termed almost Christian, or those who give us a clear insight into the corruption and depravity of their times. We see at work in the Periclean and the Augustan age every terrestrial element of culture, the accumulated experience of ages, the most beautiful forms of art, eloquence which will echo to the end of time, profound philosophy, wise legislation. And yet there was no one sound and healthful principle that ruled in social and domestic life, no moral law whatever that was not oftener disowned in the breach than honored in the observance, no form of impurity or oppression which had not its open advocates and its unrestrained manifestations; and, as ancient civilization removed its seat westward, and its second metropolis became the capital city of the world, its empire rushed to destruction by the toppling weight of its giant vices, which gained new vastness of hideous form with every accession of wealth and refinement. Nor do we less discern the need of supernatural interposition, when we turn to the more sober pages of the truly wise and good men of their day, and see them grappling despairingly with questions which a Christian child can solve from his first catechism, — groping in hopeless doubt among the fundamental principles of ethics, — tracking their blind way from polytheism to conceptions varied only by the degrees in which the pantheistic or atheistic element preponderated, — Socrates, as impersonated in the Phædon, cautioning himself against an over-

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confident belief in immortality, — Aristotle sanctioning infanticide, — Cicero by turns owning and ridiculing "the powers of the world to come," — Seneca defacing his beautiful moral treatises by the deification of Cato and the praise of suicide. There is too much of sacred truth to be enforced, too vast a body of Christian evidence to be illustrated, from these sources, for them to be lightly estimated in the training of the Christian scholar. Let his early religious lessons be faithfully given and meekly taken, and we fear not contamination from vice which appears on the classic record in all its grossness, nor do we fear that the faint and flickering luminaries of paganism will outshine in his eye the sunlight that rose over the hills of Bethlehem.

But the use of certain portions of literature, ancient or modern, and the moral verdict to be passed upon them, are entirely different questions. In answering the latter question, however, the spirit of Christianity would suggest a broad catholicism. It cannot, indeed, admit within its canon works of ancient genius redolent with all the vileness of their times, and written by men who in their own lives violated the obvious dictates of conscience and laws of natural decency. But as in the Mosaic cosmogony light existed before the sun, — in scattered rays and hazy lustre, before it enshrined itself in one vast central urn, — so the divine Spirit had ever dwelt and spoken in the world, though in clouded glory and dark oracles, till it became incarnate in Judea. And wherever its utterances were listened to and waited for with reverence and love, wherever the soul fervently sought what light there was and yearned for more, there we have the record of pure thoughts and lofty aspirations, the foreshadowing of great truths, and instructive views of humanity in its dependence and its neediness. We regard authors of this class as having been faithful to their mission, and worthy the veneration of all succeeding times ; and we violate every law of Christian equity, when we judge them by the light which had not dawned upon them, but towards whose faint day-spring we often see them turned in the posture of waiting suppliants.

As to modern literature, we have a right to demand, that, whatever it be, it be positively Christian. But we regard this condition as fulfilled, in different classes of composition, by very different embodiments of religious ideas. It should depend on the scope and end of the work, whether these

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ideas shall remain out of distinct view, and tacitly give shape, hue, and tone to thought and style,— whether they shall gracefully blend and alternate with less elevated conceptions and images, — or whether they alone shall stand out in *alto-relievo*. The latter undoubtedly should be the case, where direct religious instruction or edification is the object. On the other hand, in works of mere fancy, in descriptive poetry, in elegant fiction, the first of these modes of treatment is, we think, most true to the sensitive nature, and productive of the highest uses. A devout man, in viewing a beautiful landscape with a friend, does not express his spontaneous admiration and delight in religious phraseology. His words are descriptive only of sensations and emotions appropriate to the scene, while these are underlaid and made keen and glowing by grateful, adoring thoughts, too deep and full for utterance. Why should written poetry follow any other law? The Jews never uttered the holiest of names; and we like sometimes to have it left unspoken or unwritten. When it is the source of inspiration, it always makes itself perceived and felt by the reader, and often the more impressively because left to be implied. What Christian criticism should require of this whole class of literature is, that it be true to the laws of nature and of mind, that it shed over the souls of its readers the spirit of reverence and of love, that it render unfailing homage to the intrinsic majesty of virtue, that it chime in with the harmony of the outward universe, that it breathe a courageous, trustful spirit for the toils and conflicts of life. Where these high ends are met and answered, if we have also the *ipsissima verba* of faith and piety without cant or Pharisaism, we will be thankful for them; yet no less thankful, where we recognize the handwriting of devotion and humanity without their formal signature.

But there is a large class of writings not nominally religious, in which we contend that religious truths and sentiments should be expressly recognized. We refer to the whole multiform class of didactic writings, from the voluminous history or grave ethical treatise, down to the periodical essay or the discourse for a political or literary anniversary. The object of every such work is the development or illustration of truth on some one of those numerous subjects which are commonly called secular, but which present widely different aspects, according as they are beheld in their

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outward relations and bearings, or are referred to religious principles and standards. On all these subjects Christianity is to be regarded as the central light, and in the treatment of them should never be suppressed or veiled. There is no topic of intellectual or practical interest, on which the concentration of religious wisdom is not the chief thing needful. But this should always be so conducted as to keep the ostensible subject still the real one, and to confine religion to that ancillary place in which she most truly manifests her sovereignty. Thus the higher lessons of truth and duty will insinuate themselves where more direct religious teachings would be spurned; while devout but narrow minds will be led to take cognizance of a wider range of subjects, and to apply heavenly wisdom to earthly themes, and eternal truth to the current affairs of life. The writer whose aims are the very highest must also consult the capacity of his public, as the divine Teacher "spoke the truth as men were able to bear."

Foster complains of the indirect and general way in which Addison and Johnson, themselves professed advocates of Christianity, saw fit to introduce religious subjects in the Spectator and the Rambler. Had they followed the course that he would have pointed out for them, they would have overshot their mark, and contributed only to the edification of the pious, not to the popular literature of their day. "One can imagine," says Foster, "with what a perfect storm of ridicule Addison would have been greeted, on entering one of his celebrated coffee-houses of wits, on the day after he should have published in the Spectator a paper, for instance, on the necessity of being devoted to the service of Jesus Christ." Now, what would bring down "a perfect storm of ridicule" was precisely what Addison ought not to have sent into those same "coffee-houses of wits," if he had taken counsel of the Master, who said, — "Cast ye not your pearls before swine." There are moral conditions, as there are certain bodily diseases, which reject counteracting remedies, but yield to an alterative treatment. And such was the regimen applied to the tastes and habits of the higher classes in England by the essayists of the eighteenth century, and especially, as it seems to us, by Addison in the Spectator. We can hardly turn to one of his papers which presents not a worthy moral aim; nor can we remember so

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much as a single concession to the reigning infidelity, irreligion, and vice of the portion of the public which he sought to reach. But he fought corruption with its own weapons. Wit had been deemed the boon companion of inebriety and blasphemy; he turned its keenest shafts against its sworn confederates. Playfulness of style, piquant turns of expression, raillery, and banter had been identified with free-thinking and licentious principles of action; with unsurpassed tact, he wheeled round this corps of light-artillery to the advocacy of pure morality and true religion. Elegant learning and affluent classical allusions had been brought to point attacks against the holiest duties and interests of humanity; he employed them in the defence of domestic purity and social virtue and ancestral piety. By the sprightliness and wit of his first five papers of each week, covering the ground of fashionable dissipation and frivolity, he obtained an entrance for his beautiful Saturday lucubrations into many a coffee-room and breakfast-room, whence they alone would have been excluded for their savour of pietism. And, in those Saturday papers, how modestly and gracefully were the great themes of religion forced upon unwilling readers, by a *naiveté* which they could not resist, and an air of sincere conviction which they could not ward off from their own consciences! There the claims of devotion, the duty of gratitude, the divine presence in nature, the rich eloquence and sublime poetry of the sacred writings are illustrated with a calm, contemplative solemnity and fervor, such as few professedly religious writers have equalled, and none surpassed; while the devotional poetry scattered through those papers has won for itself a cherished place in the sanctuary service with every sect in Great Britain and America. Nor can we fail to trace the happy agency of Addison and his fellow-essayists in putting an end to the generation of infidel and scoffing wits, and in turning the current of English literature from the corrupt streams in which it had long flowed into more healthful channels, so that the tone of sentiment which had been deemed inseparable from liberal culture and elegant writing has since been tolerated by no *clique* or faction which could give laws to taste, or prescribe standards to criticism.

But it is time that we returned to the author whose name has given the text for our perhaps too desultory discussion. We have said but little of his style. We can best describe

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it by saying that it is eminently his own, and could have belonged to no man unmarked by his special idiosyncrasies. It is strong and nervous, but unadorned and harsh. His sentences are close and compact, but heavy and inharmonious. They are crammed brimful of meaning, but the sense exceeds the form, and lies crowded around the grammatical members in shapeless masses. There is no tautology, no redundancy of phrase ; but he heaps between two periods materials enough for a paragraph, and wedges in every subject and predicate and object of a proposition with qualifying terms, exceptions, undesignated parentheses, and supplementary augments, till the plethoric sentence can hold no more. He had no imagination ; and he supposes a like destitution in his reader, leaving nothing for him to supply, trusting no inferences or corollaries to his discrimination. He has no forms of introduction, transition, or conclusion. He seizes the heart of his subject in his first sentence ; and drops it, as if weary and disgusted, the moment he has exhausted its marrow. He has not even the skill requisite for the decent division of his larger works, but often enters upon a new chapter or letter (for this last is a favorite name with him, though without the epistolary form) where there is no apparent reason for breaking a paragraph. His gold is neither refined, beaten, nor stamped ; but given out in the ore, in bars of suitable length, chopped off against the vein, with broken crystals cleaving to the fractures. And yet there is less dross in his ore than alloy in most of the current coin of the literary realm.

With all his gravity, Foster had a great deal of wit. But we doubt whether he knew it. We can conceive him as having written his most humorous paragraphs without a smile mounting to his lips, or even playing around his *præcordia*. Indeed, he is so unconscious of aught except the weighty purpose for which he writes, that irony and ridicule never make his periods less heavy, or divest them of the didactic form. He has no playfulness ; but his very wit is grim and sad, like that of Elijah when he scoffed at the priests of Baal. It grows not from a feeling of the ludicrous, but from a singularly keen sense of incongruity. His canons of taste and rules of judgment on all subjects were few, distinct, simple, and unbending, — sound and just individually, but not so combined, extended, or modified as to be fairly applicable to

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a tithe of the departments of thought on which he brought his mind to bear. Consequently he often exhibited the grotesque spectacle of ideas and standards mutually incommensurable, stretched side by side, and tortured into a juxtaposition from which they shrink. In fine, his own mind presents an outline so angular, jagged, and sharp-pronged, as to force into the most eccentric shapes whatever comes into sufficiently close contact with it to take its form ; and what he cannot mould by pressure he impales on those same sharp prongs, and deliberately tears and tosses it with angry sarcasm and bitter railing.

The first of the two volumes named at the head of this article is an American reprint of *twenty*, from an English collection of *fifty-nine*, of Foster's articles in the Eclectic Review. Not having seen the English volumes, we cannot pronounce decisively as to the judiciousness of the selection ; but the articles in the volume before us are all of them strong, characteristic, and possessed of a value independent of the occasion that called them forth ; and most of them are on persons and subjects that occupy a prominent and enduring place in the general eye. The most elaborate article in the volume is that on Coleridge's Friend. To this is appended the close of a review of Cottle's Recollections of Coleridge, from which we extract the following just criticism on Coleridge's obscurities of thought and style.

" There may be those who, from patient attention, great effort, and unusual mental strength in making that effort, have the consciousness of a satisfactory understanding of the tenor of his speculations. They could perhaps give them back, point by point, in language of their own. But assuredly a very great proportion of his readers, of at least moderate and not unexercised intellect, find themselves grievously at a loss in parts, and unsuccessful on the whole. There has, indeed, been no little affectation in the matter. Not a few, aware of the writer's great fame, unwilling to seem deficient in capacity, and perhaps really admiring particular parts of his works, have concealed their consciousness of being often baffled in the study under a dissembling show of applause, while they would have shrunk from the test of having to state the exact import of what they had read.

" For one thing, it is quite obvious that Coleridge, after setting before his readers the theme, the *one* theme apparently, undertaken to be elucidated, could not, or would not, proceed in a straightforward course of explanation, argument, and appropri-

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ate illustration from fancy; keeping in sight before him a certain ultimate object; and placing marks, as it were, of the steps and stages of the progress. He takes up a topic which we much desire to see examined, a question which we should be glad to see disposed of, and begins with good promise in preparatory observations; but, after a short advance, the train of discussion appears to lose or abandon its direction; veers off arbitrarily, or at the call of accident; complicates what should be the immediate question with secondary, relative, or even quite foreign matters; arrests itself, perhaps, in a philological dissertation on a particular term that comes in the way; resumes, nominally, at an interval, the leading purpose; but with a ready propensity to stray again into any collateral track, and thence into the next, and the next; till at last we come out as from an enchanted wood; hardly knowing whither, and certainly not knowing how to retrace the mazy course; having seen, it is true, divers remarkable objects, and glimpses to a distance on either hand; but not having obtained the one thing which we imagined we were conducted to pursue. When we have asked ourselves, Now what is the result, as to the purpose we started with in such excellent company? we could not tell.

"We have sometimes felt as if our instructer were playing the necromancer with us; causing shapes of intelligence to come before us as if ready to reveal the secrets we were inquiring about; but making them vanish when they were opening the semblance of a mouth; again bringing them or others, grave and bearded, or of more pleasant visage; and when they are getting into hopeful utterance, presto, they are gone. Or perchance, if sometimes permitted to say on, it may happen that they emit such an oracle that we are in danger of muttering, after a pause, 'There needeth no ghost to tell us that.'

. . . . . .

"Not a little of the obscurity complained of may be owing to the strange dialect which he fabricated for himself, partly of his own invention, and partly from the German terminology; which never will or can be naturalized in English literature, whatever efforts are making, or to be made, to deprave our language with it, — an impossibility at which, as plain Englishmen, we sincerely rejoice. If the *greater part* of the philosophy, for which it was constructed as the vehicle, shall keep its distance too, so much the better. That inseparable vehicle itself will debar it (and Coleridge is a proof) from all chance of extensive acceptance.

"Notwithstanding all these animadversions, it were little better than an impertinence to say that his writings (we make no



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reference to the beauties of his poetry) contain, though unfortunately in such a scattered miscellaneous disorder, very much that is admirable and valuable. There are acute and just discriminations, profound reflections, sagacious conjectures, and felicitous images, without number. In portions and passages, no professed disciple can admire him more than we do.

"It is cause for great regret, that a mind so powerful, original, and amply furnished should have been withheld, by a combination of causes, including those of which we have attempted a slight indication, from taking that primary rank in philosophy and literature, for which nature seemed to have designed it. We have not the means to know what may have been the effect and extent of his influence in the secondary mode, of his personal communications with many able men. But as regarded solely in the capacity of an author, he is (hitherto) one of the most remarkable instances in history, of the disproportion between splendid talents and success, in the ordinary sense of success, with the cultivated portion of the public." — pp. 109 – 112.

We have in this volume several biographical articles, remarkable for their comprehensiveness, keen insight, and independence of judgment. There is a sketch of the life and character of Benjamin Franklin, singularly candid and generous in its estimate of his worth, free from the national bigotry which prevents so many Englishmen from acknowledging Transatlantic greatness and merit, and displaying quite an intimate acquaintance with the condition and history of our country, in which, we are told, he always manifested a deep interest. We have also sketches of David Hume, James Beattie, and Hugh Blair. The two last fare little better in his hands than the first. Beattie, to be sure, was Hume's antagonist as a defender of the Christian miracles; but his piety had too much of the æsthetic, and too little of the ascetic, element for Foster's severe standard. He was too much of a conformist to secular fashion, and too closely identified with the elegances and luxuries of literary life, to receive more than the scantiest justice from one whose ideal of character could have found its full embodiment only by the exhumation of a Scotch Covenanter. And as for Blair, it was enough that he was an associate and friend of Hume, an exceedingly smooth preacher, and a Christian teacher without ever being known to bear the cross. We quote the following severe, yet, for the most part, just, remarks on Blair's sermons, the excessive popularity of which some of our

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older readers well remember, while they are now passing out of knowledge.

"A reflective reader will perceive his mind fixed in a wonderful sameness of feeling throughout a whole volume: it is hardly relieved a moment, by surprise, delight, or labor, and at length becomes very tiresome; perhaps a little analogous to the sensations of a Hindoo while fulfilling his vow to remain in one certain posture for a month. A sedate formality of manner is invariably kept up through a thousand pages, without the smallest danger of ever luxuriating into a beautiful irregularity. We never find ourselves in the midst of any thing that reminds us of nature, except by that orderly stiffness which she forswears; or of freedom, except by being compelled to go in the measured paces of a dull procession. If we manfully persist in reading on, we at length feel a torpor invading our faculties, we become apprehensive that some wizard is about turning us into stones, and we can break the spell only by shutting the book. Having shut the book, we feel that we have acquired no definable addition to our ideas; we have little more than the consciousness of having passed along through a very regular series of sentences and unexceptionable propositions; much in the same manner as, perhaps, at another hour of the same day, we have the consciousness or remembrance of having just passed along by a very regular painted palisade, no one bar of which particularly fixed our attention, and the whole of which we shall soon forget that we have ever seen.

"The last fault that we shall allege is some defect on the ground of religion; not a deficiency of general seriousness, nor an infrequency of reference to the most solemn subjects, nor an omission of stating sometimes, in explicit terms, the leading principles of the theory of the Christian redemption. But we repeatedly find cause to complain, that, in other parts of the sermon, he appears to forget these statements, and advances propositions which, unless the reader shall combine with them modifications which the author has not suggested, must contradict the principles. On occasions, he clearly deduces from the death and atonement of *Christ* the hopes of futurity, and consolations against the fear of death; and then, at other times, he seems most cautious to avoid this grand topic, when adverting to the approach of death, and the feelings of that season; and seems to rest all the consolations on the review of a virtuous life. We have sometimes to charge him also with a certain adulteration of the Christian moral principles, by the admixture of a portion of the worldly spirit. As a friend to Christianity, he wished her to be a little less harsh and peculiar than in her earlier days, and to show that she had

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not lived so long in the genteelest world in the creation, without learning politeness. Especially it was necessary for her to exercise due complaisance when she attended *him*, if she felt any concern about his reputation, as a companion of the fashionable, the skeptical, the learned, and the affluent, and a preacher to the most splendid congregation in the whole country. It would seem that she meekly took these delicate hints, and adopted a language which no gentleman could be ashamed to repeat, or offended to hear. The sermons abound with specimens of this improved dialect. . . . . .

"This doubtful and accommodating quality was one of the chief causes, we apprehend, of the first extraordinary popularity of these sermons. A great many people of gaiety, rank, and fashion have occasionally a feeling that a little easy quantity of religion would be a good thing; because it is too true, after all, that we cannot be staying in this world always, and when one goes out of it, why, there may be some hardish matters to settle in the other place. The prayer-book of a Sunday is a good deal, to be sure, toward making all safe, but then it is really so tiresome; for penance it is very well, but to say one likes it, one cannot for the life of one. If there were some tolerable religious thing that one could read now and then without trouble, and think it about half as pleasant as a game of cards, it would be comfortable. One should not be so frightened about what we must all come to some time. — Now nothing could have been more to the purpose than these sermons; they were welcomed as the very thing. They were unquestionably about religion, and grave enough in all conscience; yet they were elegant; they were so easy to comprehend throughout, that the mind was never detained a moment to think; they were undefiled by methodism; they but little obtruded peculiar doctrinal notions; they applied very much to high life, and the author was evidently a gentleman; the book could be discussed as a matter of taste, and its being seen in the parlour excited no surmise that any one in the house had been lately converted. Above all, it was most perfectly free from that disagreeable and mischievous property attributed to the eloquence of Pericles, that it 'left stings behind.'" — pp. 281 – 283.

The second of the books before us was, we apprehend, a mere bookseller's enterprise for coining money by a title-page with an attractive name. It is a publication which the author, when living, could not have tolerated, and to which none of his judicious friends can have given countenance. It consists of imperfect and broken sketches of a course of

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miscellaneous lectures on subjects of practical morality and religion, which he never wrote out, but delivered from very copious suggestive notes. The present text, as we infer from the editor's confused and clumsy preface, was created by fusing together the notes taken of the lectures by some admiring hearer, and the author's own manuscripts. The consequence is, that we have in almost every lecture such luminous paragraphs as the following: —

"For instance, it might be a beneficial thing to have certain specified subjects, of serious interest, to turn to, when thought is beginning to be dissipated into these vanities; certain subjects might be selected and fixed expressly for this purpose. This might be something *nearer*, as it were, to serve to the purpose, than the merely being sensible that there *are* many important subjects to which I *might* turn my attention. There is a grand assemblage to select from. What a reflection here on the folly and guilt of an indulged vanity of thought! General important truth offers many: choose any one. The memory of matters of fact. Suppose the recollection of a perilous situation and providential interposition. Or the remembrance of a dying scene. There is possibly in the room the picture of a dead friend. Conscience offers subjects of thought; for example, the record of what a man judges to have been his *greatest sin!* If turning his mind to meet *this* dark aspect will not check and suspend the vain career, should he not be alarmed at such a power as the vanity has over his mind? Should not even this very alarm be strong enough to produce the desired effect?" — p. 123.

In fact, every page of this book declares it the absolutely unfinished work of a man whose last finishing touch could make his soundest thoughts no more than readable. And the editorial details seem to have been conducted in the most slovenly manner. Many of the titles to the Lectures are too inappropriate and undescriptive to have been given them even by an author as infelicitous in titles as Foster was prone to be; nor is there even that decent heed to grammar and punctuation which might have been expected from an intelligent proof-reader. And we take this opportunity to record our emphatic protest against the posthumous publication of every distinguished man's waste-paper. It can, indeed, be had of partial friends for the asking; and a credulous and greedy public will snatch at it for the name it bears. But it does atrocious wrong to the memory of the deceased; and, what is worse, it often gives the authority of his name for



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opinions which he had outgrown, for theories which he had abandoned, and for the merest crudities which he forgot to burn. Foster probably did not deem these lectures worth preparing for the public eye; for they were delivered more than twenty years ago, in the prime of his vigor both of body and mind. Some of them were evidently thrown together on the day before they were delivered, with no definite purpose but that of meeting the appointment and filling the hour; some of them, however, we wish that he had finished, especially the three on "Noah and the Deluge," the "Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah," and "Elijah's Sacrifice." In these rough, but graphic sketches, his own stern, lofty soul towers up in sublime sympathy with the wild and terrific scenes of flood and fire, and with the unearthly majesty of the prophet on Mount Carmel. The following extract from the last of the three will furnish a specimen, not indeed of the lectures as we have them (for it shows more elaboration than any other passage which we can find), but of the author's usual style and manner on a subject peculiarly accordant with his taste and genius.

"It was proper that the idolaters should make the experiment first, and most ample time was given them. Some delay of their success might even have been of service to their cause. Contemplate this immense legion of priests calling on Baal, before the waiting, gazing multitude! — Behold a sample of that human reason which has *itself* been idolized, — solemnly, perseveringly, furiously, invoking — a nonentity — a vain creation of fancy — and fashioned by that fancy in the most hateful character! Baal and Baalim are very indefinite denominations, being given to a great diversity of pagan deities. It is supposed that the chief Baal of Palestine was nearly the same as the Jupiter of the Greeks and Romans; but with a confused participation of the attributes of divers divinities. In the instance before us he seems to have been worshipped without an image. This assemblage of priests most likely adored a variety of gods in this one comprehensive service. The priests of 'the groves' united, though named as a distinct class. 'They called, from morning till noon;' but no answer; no sign; no flash of electric fire; no demon's invisible torch permitted! For though there was no Baal there, to hear the conjuration, we can easily imagine there were hovering there, unseen, agents who would soon have lighted the flame, if not restrained by superior power. Such aid would not have been wanting as that which was per-

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mitted for a while to the magicians of Egypt. But *this* time, those agents were to look on, and forbear! The people also looked on, — with intense interest! There were Israelites waiting to see *who* was their God! Some of those beguiled sinners would wonder at Baal's delay. Some would feel doubt coming on their minds, and some would begin to feel scorn. Elijah, too, long looked on; he could give them time. He knew he should want little himself. Let all their gods be invoked, by all their names and titles! Let all their incantations be expended! Let their last tribute of idolatrous zeal be fully paid! Let the deluded miserable populace see how tenacious their spiritual tyrants were of their enslaved souls!

"It was in silence that the prophet had thus long looked on. When he *did* speak, what would you have him to have said? a gentle dissuasion? — *that* would have been no fit language to the insulters of the Almighty, and the destroyers of the people! — a loud denunciation of vengeance? — *that* was to be executed, and needed not be spoken. 'It came to pass that Elijah mocked.' We are not to imagine this as said in a light, bantering tone of pleasantry; as if the prophet would *amuse* himself with their unsuccessful impiety; but as an austere and bitter rebuke in the form of sarcasm, and it had in it a propriety and truth, without which sarcasm and ridicule have no point. Some such thing as he in mockery suggests was to be supposed by them to account for their failure. 'He is a god,' 'as you assume, — and favorable to you. There must therefore be some occasional cause of this his inattention. Is he not talking, pursuing, on a journey, or asleep?' Now this was quite pertinent, because the heathens did suppose such things might happen, to prevent the gods hearing them. Le Clerc illustrates from Homer — Jupiter had a bed, and sometimes went to sleep — Thetis could not obtain a desired boon from Jupiter, because he was gone on a journey to Ethiopia, and was not to return for twelve days. Baal's worshippers were not less gross in their notions; and therefore such things were *justly* thrown in their teeth. Will any one say this was too harsh, and almost cruel, when Elijah saw the wretched men thus laboring in vain? What! in the land of Israel? — among a people perishing under the effects of the abominations which these men had promoted among them? What! after these wicked men had doubtless abetted Jezebel in killing all the teachers of the true religion that could be found?

"After hours of vain invocation, they had recourse to their most wild and barbarous rites; leapt upon the altar — cut themselves. Now, this was no newly invented expedient of theirs,

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prompted by despair. These were customary rites in the worship of several heathen deities. It was like a judicial doom, that those who would worship false gods should do it at the cost of plaguing and torturing themselves. Miserably exhausted many of these priests must have become, but the *will* was resolute, inflexible, and invincible; they went on till near the time of the Jewish 'evening sacrifice.' Still no voice, — no auspicious sign, — no fire. The great assembly that witnessed this long process had to make their reflections. The great majority had to reflect that *these* were the personages to whom they had long surrendered their judgments, their consciences, and the religion of the God of Israel; that these had been their accepted intercessors with invisible power. They had to consider in what degree themselves might be involved in the consequences which now would seem to impend. It was too much to hope that justice would entirely dissever the retribution." — pp. 221 – 224.

John Foster was the contemporary, associate, and friend of Robert Hall. Ornaments of the same denomination, preachers in the same chapel, writers for the same public, they are naturally brought into comparison with each other. Hall was the most eloquent writer; Foster the most cogent reasoner. The one was mighty in persuading men to act as they believed, and in dressing up the merest commonplaces of truth and duty with glowing words from a fervent heart; the other loved to run athwart men's settled judgments and opinions, and never went his way so rejoicingly as when loaded down with paradoxes. The mind of the one teemed with beauty, and his heart with love; while the other's tenderest emotions were acts of ratiocination. The two were as unlike as law and gospel; and, had they occupied rival pulpits, the competition would have been between Mount Sinai and Mount Zion. Each was needed in his place and for his work; and they both wrought for truth and man with conscientious fidelity. Both have left honored names and a luminous track where they disappeared. Would to God that the championship of the most sacred interests of our race might ever fall to equally valiant hands and loyal hearts!

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ART. VII.—*The Miscellaneous Works of* THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D., late Head-Master of Rugby School, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. First American Edition, with nine additional Essays, not included in the English Collection. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 519.

IN a recent number of this Journal, we noticed at some length the Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold, by his friend and pupil, Mr. Stanley. We have now before us the fourth English and the first American edition of that work. The appearance of this interesting biography has been naturally followed by a desire to know more of the character and opinions of so vigorous a thinker and admirable a man. The demand for new editions of his works has been immense; and within only a few weeks, his biographical and historical contributions to the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, which constitute the germ of his Roman History, have been republished. In the eagerness to save every relic, his occasional and even his fragmentary productions have been deemed worthy of republication; and the volume of miscellanies which we have now under review contains a series of treatises, pamphlets, and articles collected from a great variety of sources. We are indebted to the American publishers for several additions to the contents of the English volume which bears the same title; and although the volume has thus already reached a goodly size, we should have been glad to meet with two or three more of the Introductions and Appendices to the Sermons, one only of which do we find in the present collection.

No one, who knows any thing of Dr. Arnold, will expect to find in him the qualities of a modern essayist. For mere literary criticism, and the graces or the artifices of style, he had little time or taste. The fragments of leisure gathered out of the cares of a laborious vocation were too precious to be spent upon the amusement of an idle reader. The lighter moods of authorship he willingly left to those who could afford to indulge in them. For himself, he found life too serious a pilgrimage for these wayside diversions. He could not play with the pen; he had more work for it than he could find time for. And even when he enters upon some

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weighty subject, he seldom thinks it worth while to be very nice about the expression of his thoughts. His early writings have the hard and homely manner of one who is busy only with the substance of the subject in hand, and is much more anxious to instruct, than to please or amuse. As he grew older, indeed, his style became more easy and flowing; yet he was always very indifferent about the mere art of composition and the graces of rhetoric. The great warmth of his nature, and the zeal with which he set about all his undertakings, supplied in a great measure this neglect. As he threw his whole soul into every thing he wrote, there is a freshness in his works which more than atones for their occasional want of finish. The bold honesty of his nature spared him the necessity of that second thought which is often needed by the lukewarm and insincere to perfect the disguise they have assumed.

We sometimes wonder, indeed, that the singular boyishness of his nature, breaking out at times into the most exuberant spirits, should have infused so little liveliness into his style. His letters afford ample proof of the possession of a bluff English wit, of which hardly a trace appears in his other writings. But devoid as these writings are of wit and sprightliness, there is, especially in his Lectures and the closing volume of his History, a kindly seriousness in his manner, which is highly attractive. And when, under the sting of manly indignation, he assumes the grave vehemence of his sterner tone, the reader feels that nothing but charity and truthfulness stood in the way of his becoming one of the most formidable polemics of the day. It was fortunate, perhaps, that his other occupations were too pressing to allow him many opportunities to engage in the controversies raging around him. He had such a hatred of all shams and "parrot-like phrases," that he could hardly write on any of the agitating questions of the day, without giving serious umbrage to some of those to whom an old sham is a reality, and parrot-like phrases have all the charm of current coin. It was not his way to mince words; and his distance from the busy world may sometimes have blinded him to the startling vehemence of his own expressions. Had he been more in the habit of trying his phrases on other men before he published them, perhaps he would have seen, that, though his own charity could distinguish between the opinion and the

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man, the vanity or ignorance of an opponent might not. His attack on the Tractarians, for instance, notwithstanding the careful reservation at the close, might naturally disturb men who were not the most unlikely to identify themselves with their doctrines. The keen contempt with which he stigmatizes "the Oxford Malignants" (an appellation, by the way, for which, it should be remembered, he is not responsible) as men of the Hophni and Phinehas school, formalists, fanatics, Judaizers, and nonjurors, was not likely to be easily forgotten by those who were the subject of the picture. That they were thus noted only in their character as members of a party would help the matter but little with such violent partisans. The severe, but not harsh, manner, in which, at the close of his pamphlet on the Catholic question, he exposes the shallowness of the current plan of theological education, might sting more deeply than he supposed. He felt keenly all the odium which he incurred; yet so persuaded was he of the need of bold words to arouse sleeping men, that we question whether he would have retracted a line, even if he could have foreseen the treatment which it brought upon him. There are times when prudence finds her occupation gone, and the unvarnished truth is the best wisdom. And, indeed, he may have found it so; for the world came round to him at last. Nothing in his whole life is more striking than the change from great unpopularity to the other extreme, and that without compromise or concession on his part.

As an author, Dr. Arnold is best known by his historical labors; and the more we read of his other works, the better are we satisfied that his peculiar talents fitted him best for that department. There is hardly one of his occasional essays, in which more or less of the historian's faculty does not appear. His power of analyzing states of society and dissecting the complex relations of parties is quite remarkable. Those who have read his Lectures on History well remember the great skill with which he has sketched the condition of the parties in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The essay on the Social Progress of States is distinguished by the same facility. He had studied history with the eye of a classical scholar and that of a churchman at the same time. Hence the happy manner in which he brings civil to bear on ecclesiastical history; and hence also his profound acquaintance with English history,

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that almost equal mixture of both. In one of his letters, he says, "I should like to write a book on 'The Theory of Tides,' the flood and ebb of parties." No man could have done it better, as he has sufficiently shown by his occasional attempts at this sort of writing in illustration of the controverted questions of the day. The best instances of his best manner are to be found in his historical works. It is in these that we trace the growth of that softer and calmer style which characterized the close of his life. The judicial, yet genial, tone in which the men and manners of other times are treated inspires the reader both with confidence and sympathy. Hannibal and Scipio are evidently present with the historian. His deep religious faith, too, throws over those distant times, which he regards as seasons in the great year of Providence, a present interest, and binds together periods the most remote. His ever-growing personal sympathies, his exquisite relish for the beauties of nature, his quick perception of the historical points, so to speak, of a scene, and the experience gained in his short summer tours on the continent, together with a continued habit of writing, had brought his narrative and descriptive style to a high degree of excellence. The growth of Rome's civil as well as military grandeur, the infusion of Grecian civilization and literature, the tragedy of the Gracchi, the aristocratic proscriptions of Sylla and the democratic butcheries of Marius, the bloody social war and the glorious death of the heroic gladiator, the career of the vain and bashful, but able, Pompey, and the almost Satanic majesty of Cæsar's consistent march to empire, were themes worthy of the best powers of any man. To treat them well required all his statesmanlike sagacity, his high sense of justice, and the broad range of his historical reading. It was neither more nor less than the history of the world for centuries. It is a history which has never yet been adequately written; nor is it, probably, too much to say, that no man living could have executed the task more successfully than Dr. Arnold.

Though the duties of Dr. Arnold's station, at the head of one of the great public schools of England, were so engrossing as to leave him only short and broken intervals of leisure, such was his interest in the leading questions of his time, that it was sometimes impossible for him to be silent. How he found time to write at all, or even think, is extraordinary.

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For never was devotion more earnest and absorbing than his to his profession. But the intensity of his zeal seems to have made up for the want of leisure. He composed with great rapidity, and seldom submitted to the labor of correction. Thus it was, that, when the stir of distant debate reached his ear in his seclusion at Rugby, it found him eager enough to put on the harness and do battle in the good cause. A good hater, never of men, but of what he deemed the detestable doctrines of some men, he could not sleep till he had uttered his anathema against them. A son and friend of the church, he could not away with the parricidal obstinacy which would hurry her to her fall, or the hierarchical arrogance that would make her privileges inaccessible to any of the true heirs of the promises of the gospel. A hearty and steady friend of the poor, he felt to the quick the miseries of their unhappy lot, and was constrained to speak out in their behalf. A deeply committed foe to every shape and shade of oppression, he could hardly contain himself when oppressive measures were even broached. When to these traits we add his rare boldness of thought and utter hatred of all party trammels, we cannot wonder that he felt himself at times imperatively summoned to undertake the championship of the highest doctrines in church and state. Indeed, he appears to have been haunted by a spirit of restless sympathy, which made his interest in great public questions like that which most men take only in their private concerns, and which inspired him with an impatient eagerness to make himself heard before it should be too late. Full as his life was of busy deeds, it was fuller of uncompleted projects. He planned out future works, with all the hopeful enthusiasm and buoyant energy of a boy just let loose from college. He reminds us of the anecdote related of his namesake, the Port-Royalist Arnauld, who, hearing Nicole, weary of so many strifes, speak of repose, replied, — "Repose! will you not have an eternity to repose in?" He seems, indeed, to have looked forward to his retreat at Fox How as a scene of rest. But those who remember what the *rest* of his vacations there amounted to, and the summary of his plans drawn up by Mr. Stanley, will not interpret the expression precisely as other men would understand it. He felt that he had no time to lose on earth; nor could even old age have tamed that public spirit which was in him almost a passion, and that holy in-



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dignation at every form of wrong which burned like a fire within him. There is a curious passage in the last page of his private diary, which shows a sense of this peculiar restlessness: — "Let me mind my own personal work, laboring to do God's will; yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it."

The lives of some men are read for the sake of their writings; the writings of others for the sake of their lives. It is no injustice to Dr. Arnold to place his writings in the second class. For to us, unquestionable as is the value of his works, his life was worth more than them all. The chief charm of the writings is, that they are his. We explore them for indications of the traits of his noble character. We love to detect in them those singular contrasts which were so conspicuous in the man; — the mixture of boldness and humility; the almost childlike reverence for men, and the distrust of bodies of men; the eagerness to propose remedies for existing disorders, alternating with the deepest despondency as to their success; the grave sternness and the overflowing benevolence; the quick sentiment and the sturdy good sense; the love of old things and the confidence in new; a composition, in fact, so peculiar, that it would be difficult to devise any curve to represent the devious, yet not wayward, course of his opinions. We take pleasure in watching the influence of his affections on his opinions; for they went always in company. Nor does this impair our respect for the opinions; for so true were his feelings, that they were the salt of his convictions. We see that he was a man of strong impulses, not always prudent, perhaps, but generally right. We admire, almost envy, his well established faith, and the tenacity with which, *etiam mordicus*, he clings to the great leading ideas of his life.

Cut off, too, in the midst of an active career, just when his powers had reached their full development, he had never done himself full justice in his works. His admirable Historical Lectures are only introductory, and only lectures. Of the three volumes of Roman History, the first two were written under the weight of his reverence for Niebuhr; and the last, in which he amply proves himself equal to his subject, leaves us at the threshold of Rome's glory. As in the unfinished painting of our great artist, we admire the work

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less for itself than as the evidence of its author's power. Dr. Arnold's opinions, like those of almost every strong thinker, revolved about a few leading thoughts, which are perpetually breaking through the surface of every subject of which he treats. This of course impairs the interest with which a miscellaneous collection of his writings is read. Essays are here thrown together, which were independently written, and we grow weary of the repetition of the same ideas and forms. This is especially the case with those fragmentary attempts which we find in this volume; each being the beginning of a complete work which was to unite the whole. Thus, to a casual reader, the volume may appear dull; but when read in the light of its author's life and character, it is full of interest and instruction.

The great idea of Dr. Arnold's life was the restoration of the church. For this he sighed as did the captive in Babylon when he remembered Zion. In weal and woe, through good report and evil report, he clave to this hope as to his life. He wept over the unchristian state of Christendom, the unconverted spirit of the laws and customs of the most enlightened nations, and looked anxiously around for some means of salvation. The church seemed to him to have strayed away from her true mission, to have narrowed her borders, and shorn her crown of some of its jewels. Hence the zeal with which he pressed his theory of the relation of church and state, as an important instrument towards the renovation of the Christian world. The readers of his biography are well aware, that he had sketched the plan of a work on Christian politics, the idea of which was borrowed from the Politics of Aristotle. This work he never finished. Indeed, he was never able to present with any completeness his views on this great subject. Less tangible and immediately practical in its character than the other topics with which he had to deal, and less involved in the stirring controversies of the day, it was again and again opened, but never exhausted. Dr. Arnold seemed to be waiting for that retired leisure which he hoped to gain by his withdrawal from Rugby, to work out more fully the ideas with which he was possessed. He felt that he had a word to utter, and was straitened till it should be uttered. No one can forget the earnestness of desire which breathes in his last written words, that "he might be spared to do that great work, if he might be permitted to take

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part in it." On this, his dearest theme, he was ever ready to meet both friend and foe. With his usual bold candor, he pushed his opinions to their consequences, and met the objections of his opponents by arguments and statements, which to him were none the less powerful because to them they were not a little startling.

The volume before us is full of his views on these great points. And yet we find some difficulty in attempting an exposition of them, particularly of his theory of church and state; partly from an inability to trace the gradual modifications which time may have produced in his opinions, and more, as it seems to us, from a want of definiteness either in the theory itself or in its development. Dr. Arnold had a most exalted idea of the office of the Christian church. Without confounding the religion with the church, a confusion which he takes especial care to avoid, calling the one "the divine philosophy," the other "the divine polity," of Christianity, he insists most positively on the necessity of the cooperation of Christians for moral and religious ends. This coöperative principle should extend to every part of life, embracing not only moral good as such, but physical well-being, because this involves moral considerations. The object, then, of Christian society being the putting down of moral evil, and so coextensive with life itself, "the natural and fit state of the church is, that it should be a sovereign society or commonwealth; as long as it is subordinate and municipal, it cannot fully carry its purposes into effect." But the church, since the cessation of miraculous gifts, has been deficient in power; and to become sovereign must arm itself with the necessarily sovereign power of the state. The state, too, on its part, is deficient in heavenly wisdom. By an exercise of its power it may reward vice and punish virtue, as well as the reverse; it may allure or drive its subjects by fear or favor into unchristian, as well as Christian, ways. By uniting, then, the wise church with the strong state, we perfect the union of knowledge and power. "The one has, as it were, the soul, and the other the organized body, each of which requires to be united with the other." This union, it will be perceived, is not in any form an alliance, conjunction, or coöperation of church and state, but a pure and thorough identification of them. The church, in its formal character, is lost in the state; but the spirit of the whole is that of the

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church. What was a kingdom of the world has become a kingdom of Christ; and the church is no longer an outward local organization, but a Christian kingdom.

Such, it is believed, though a meagre, is no unfair, outline of Dr. Arnold's theory. Indeed, it is little more than a *cento* of his own phrases, culled from different parts of his works. The scheme is equally opposed to papal or hierarchical supremacy or independence in almost every known instance on the one hand, and to the theory which would limit the objects of the state to the providing for the security of men's bodies and goods, making the support of religion subservient simply to these ends, on the other. In fact, it is difficult to say to which of these two extremes he was more hostile. To adopt the one was in his view to abase the church in pretending to exalt it; and to adopt the other was to degrade the state. He finds in his master, Aristotle, the true conception of the object of the state; not the mere security of life and property, but human happiness in its largest sense, — the happiness conferred by wisdom and virtue, no less than the comfort derived from the senses. Dr. Arnold did not pretend to be the author or discoverer of this theory. He rather strove to adduce in its support the opinions of leading minds in church and state. He quotes a very remarkable passage favoring his views from one of Burke's speeches, and appeals also to Coleridge, an authority for whom he had no slight respect. But we may find, as far back as Hooker, a full and open statement of the theory. He held it, perhaps, as broadly as Arnold, but in a somewhat different order. Hooker urges the identity of church and state in defence of the supremacy of the king; Arnold defends the supremacy, as the proof and bond of the identification. Hooker scarcely, if at all, insists on the theory till he comes to his last book; Arnold makes it the substratum and total of the system. He loved to quote Hooker's magnificent eulogy of law; but it was the law of that Christian state for the establishment of which he so earnestly longed. To show how far Dr. Arnold's theory is indebted to Hooker, we need only quote a passage or two from the eighth book of the Ecclesiastical Polity.

"Of every politick society that being true which Aristotle saith, namely, 'that the scope thereof is not simply to live, nor the duty so much to provide for the life, as for the means of living well':



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and that even as the soul is the worthier part of man, so human societies are much more to care for that which tendeth properly to the soul's estate, than for such temporal things which the life hath need of. . . . . When whole Rome became Christian when they all embraced the gospel and made laws in defence thereof, if it be held that the church and commonweal of Rome did then remain as before, there is no way how this could be possible, save only one, and that is, they must restrain the name of a church in a Christian commonweal to the clergy, excluding all the rest of believers, both prince and people. For, if all that believe be contained in the name of the church, how should the church remain by personal subsistence divided from the commonweal, when the whole commonweal doth believe? The church and the commonweal are in this case therefore personally one society, which society being termed commonweal as it liveth under whatsoever form of secular law and government, a church as it liveth under the spiritual law of Christ; forsomuch as these two laws contain so many and different offices, there must of necessity be appointed in it some to one charge and some to another, yet without dividing the whole, and making it two several impaled societies. . . . . When we oppose the church and commonwealth in Christian society, we mean by the commonwealth that society with relation to all the public affairs thereof, only the matter of true religion excepted; by the church, the same society with only reference unto the matter of true religion, without any affairs."

Dr. Arnold was well aware that his theory, to be fully realized, would require a very different state of society from any now existing. He was forced to admit that such an interfusion of church and state could only be the work of ages. In the preface to the first volume of his History, he speaks of the distinction between the church and the state, as "now so deeply seated in our laws, our language, and our institutions, that nothing less than a miraculous interposition of God's providence seems capable, within any definite time, of eradicating it." Yet to him it wore less of a utopian aspect than it would have done to a mind less ardent in its anticipations, or less alive to the gross corruptions of church and state. His desire of this perfect union and assimilation of the two great powers of society begat the hope, at least, of its final achievement. He did not always allude to it in the desponding tone of the passage above quoted; for in spite of the clouds which enveloped it, he could not help

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turning his eye to the east, where he hoped for the breaking of the dawn. He insists upon it as the perfect idea or model, to which, however unattainable in any definite or assignable period, the church and state should ever tend, and by aiming to copy which, they may be ever realizing a positive and palpable progress. He had applied a similar theory in his school at Rugby, and might naturally augur well from his success there for an experiment conducted on a larger scale.

As it is our object in the present article less to criticize Dr. Arnold's opinions than to exhibit them, we shall not attempt a discussion of the merits of this system. It is, perhaps, presented by its author in too dogmatical a form. His apology for this is, that a long work on the subject would find but few readers; and he adds, — "When error dogmatizes, truth may do the same"; a position not likely to satisfy those who are anxious to discover where the truth actually lies. Had his life been spared, he would probably have given a more detailed exposition of his system. In its present state, we hardly find a satisfactory answer to the abstract objection, that the ideas of the church and the state are essentially distinct and independent. Nor do we perceive that Warburton's argument, that the identity of the members of two societies does not necessarily destroy the independent character and existence of the societies, as such, is set aside by alleging the necessity of an inherent sovereignty residing in the state. It is not shown, that an alliance of church and state is less adequate to Christianize the legislation of the state than the proposed fusion of them into one. There is something, to our minds, indistinct in the proposal of a mutual transfer of wisdom and power between the two societies. The church is wise; make the state a church, and the state must be wise; — such is the argument. We confess our inability, without fuller illustration than we have yet found, to understand either the nature of the wisdom intended, or the force of the reasoning. Whether the wisdom of the church is the collective wisdom of its members, as the power of the state is made up of the power of its parts, we do not learn; and if it be not, why may not each Christian bring his religious principles to the discharge of his civil duties as well as if citizen and churchman were really one. We do not presume to deny the truth of the theory; we

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only wish for a more thorough development of it. It seems in its present form, as if the bold gospel figure of the "kingdom of Christ" had dazzled Dr. Arnold's eyes with a bright, but unsubstantial, vision of a heaven upon earth.

The practical difficulties which beset this theory, if indeed it can be said to have any practical bearing, are a host. Unless we assume at once the perfection of the men who are to sway this celestial empire, — that is, unless we postpone the consummation of this union till the final consummation of all things, church and state among the number, which would be a sort of death-bed nuptials, we find it difficult to conceive of any appreciable approach to the fulfilment of this millennial plan. In such an order of things, supposed to be possible, one is tempted to ask if there is no danger that every civil dissension would be made a church quarrel. Inasmuch, too, as worldly men are prone to use worldly means for worldly ends, and as mere community of belief, the proposed test and bond of citizenship, will not insure singleness of purpose, one may doubt if the robes of the church would not be occasionally soiled by the touch of unsanctified garments. It is questionable, whether bigotry would be converted to liberalism by the possession of political power; and no other antidote against bigotry is offered by the theory. How, too, stopping short of infallibility, can you avoid that possible oppression of the conscience, so much insisted on in proof of the necessity of this amalgamation; since, of all wrongs to an honest conscience, those inflicted at the beck of other consciences are not the least? Is there no danger of adding spiritual to temporal despotism, instead of extinguishing both? They are both acids of too sharp a nature to neutralize each other.

We know not but that we have treated this system ignorantly and unjustly; but it is exceedingly difficult to seize it by the horns. It has the air of belonging to another state of society, and almost to another stage of being. We should not have dwelt so long upon it, if it were possible to give any intelligible statement of Dr. Arnold's opinions without some outline of his peculiar views on this subject. But the dreams of some men are worth more than the waking thoughts of others. So we can trace in many of Dr. Arnold's opinions on more practical points the influence of this theory. If he dreamed, he interpreted his dream awake. He could not

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hold weakly even a weak doctrine. This favorite idea, which he had caught as in a trance, he made the central point of a system of doctrines, some of which he must have held without it, but others of which either grew out of it, or were materially modified by it. The fervor of his sympathy with or aversion to certain opinions was sensibly affected by the relation which they sustained to this his great idea. He loved to group around it, and bring into neighbourly connection with it, the truths which he deemed of vital importance.

His horror, for example, of a priesthood in the church was extreme, and was expressed in the strongest terms. He could see no hope of a perfect church, till the aristocratic claim of the clergy to be in a peculiar sense the church was trampled under foot. He loved to repeat the assertion, and to enforce it from Scripture and history, that we have but one Mediator and Priest, even Christ. For the ἱερεύς, as distinguished from the *presbyter*, he had no reverence. He would break down the artificial barriers between the clergy and laity. He treated the Warburtonian theory of an alliance of church and state for temporal ends as a mere reaction from the other extreme of spiritual assumption. He would allow the clergy no claim to any divine gift, any peculiar sanctity, any especial nearness to Christ. "We each are members of the church; it is our highest country." His unmitigated detestation of the dogma of the apostolical succession, as tending to perpetuate the division between the clergy and the laity, he never disguised; and in the introduction to the fourth volume of his Sermons it is the *gist* of his assault upon Newmanism. More than one of the suggestions in his pamphlet on Church Reform are referable to his desire to enlarge the pale of the church till it should become coextensive with the state. His wish to revive church discipline, too, comports well with the desire to invest the church with sovereignty. But the doctrine to which he recurs with peculiar fondness is that of the king's supremacy, which he regarded not only as an assertion of the true theory, but as a foothold for its establishment. He alludes to it in such terms as these: — "I believe that our fathers at the Reformation stumbled accidentally, or rather were unconsciously led by God's providence, to the declaration of the great principle of this system, the doctrine of

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the king's supremacy." He calls it "the charter of the church of England."

In a similar spirit, Dr. Arnold was strenuously opposed to the exclusion of the clergy from either house of Parliament. So far, indeed, did he carry his idea of a perfect state, that, when he was pressed by the objection, that his theory, by making Christian belief the condition of citizenship, would lay Jews and infidels under a perpetual civil disability, he boldly accepted the conclusion, though, in order to uphold a principle so abhorrent to his usual liberal and statesmanlike views, he had to resort to antiquity for the idea of citizenship. The best statement of his views on this subject is to be found in the preface to the third volume of his Thucydides.

"To those, who think that political society was ordained for higher purposes than those of mere police or traffic, the principle of the ancient commonwealths in making agreement in religion and morals the test of citizenship cannot but appear wise and good. . . . . The bond and test of citizenship, which the ancient legislators were compelled to seek in sameness of race, is now furnished to us in the profession of Christianity. He who is a Christian, let his race be what it will, let his national customs be ever so different from ours, is fitted to become our fellow-citizen; for his being a Christian implies that he retains such of his national customs only as are morally indifferent; and for all such we ought to feel the most perfect toleration. He who is not a Christian, though his family may have lived for generations on the same soil with us, though they may have been protected by our laws, and paid taxes in return for that protection, is yet essentially not a citizen, but a sojourner."

In a letter to Mr. Hull he writes: —

"I want to petition against the Jew Bill, but I believe I must petition alone. I want to take my stand on my favorite principle, that the world is made up of Christians and non-Christians. Then I think that the Jews have no claim whatever of political right. They are strangers in England, and have no more claim to legislate for it than a lodger has to share with the landlord in the management of his house. England is the land of Englishmen, not of Jews."

"We hear a great deal too much in the present day of the political rights of *individuals.* Individuals, in a political sense, are necessarily members; as distinct from the body, they are nothing. Against society they have no political rights whatever; and their belonging to society or not is a matter not of their own choice, but determined for them by their being born and bred members of it."

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This is a theory of citizenship clearly much behind, or much in advance of, the age. Whether Dr. Arnold expected, by driving deists, atheists, and Jews each into a separate society, to promote the conversion of unbelievers, we know not. The precise method of hastening the advent of the universal kingdom of Christ by multiplying the number of infidel establishments, and barring out of these every Christian influence, is not detailed. How, too, he was to get over the difficulty of dealing with these unchristian but civilized communities, who must have an equal right with Christians to enjoy the privileges of the law of nations, and an equal voice in its decisions, we are not informed. Though the last man to vindicate any form of persecution, Arnold was no friend to toleration acts. He regarded them as engines of dissent; as acknowledging, and so perpetuating, division in the church. He desired a liberal system of comprehension which should make toleration unnecessary. He describes the Toleration Act as "a strange measure, by which the nation sanctioned the non-observance of its own institutions, and relaxed by one half the bond of national communion." It will not appear strange that his historical judgments should sometimes be warped by his theory of church and state. This was apt to be the case, especially in regard to English affairs; and we may perhaps detect the same effect in the following passage.

"We dare not analyze too closely the motives of our best actions; but if ever grand conceptions of establishing the dominion of good over evil may be allowed to have concealed from the heart the ignobler feelings which may have been mixed with them, this excuse may justly be pleaded for Gregory the Seventh and Innocent the Third. The infallibility of the church was the fond effort of the human mind to believe in the reality of the support which its weakness so needed; its unity was a splendid dream, beautiful, but impracticable."

Dr. Arnold occupied so isolated a position, and took so little pains to trim his opinions to the measure of any party creed, that we are sometimes unable to reconcile his doctrines with each other, without having recourse to his favorite theory. Viewed in the light of his passionate desire to restore the Christian religion to its supremacy over all temporal concerns, or rather to make temporal concerns spiritual, many apparent inconsistencies vanish; and we are able to

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understand how he could seem at one time to verge upon obsolete conservatism, and at another to touch the confines of radicalism. His opinions on the subject of oaths are quite curious. One would have expected from him a hearty approval of civil oaths, regarded as a public confession of the existence and authority of a supreme being. But on another side of his system they presented a different aspect. As the doctrine of a priesthood in the church seemed to him to lower the standard of religion among the laity without elevating the faith of the clergy, so the practice of taking oaths was odious in his sight, as seeming to do injustice to the simple truth. By the requisition of an oath, truth lost in the eyes of men its credibility and value, and ordinary unperjured falsehood its hatefulness. He would not consent to take an oath, on assuming the professorial chair at Oxford. Yet, such was his detestation of aristocratic arrogance, that, in one of his letters, he calls the custom of allowing the peers in cases of impeachment to vote upon their honor, instead of their oath, "an insolent practice."

We have already alluded to his opinions on the so-called apostolical succession, a doctrine with which he could keep no terms, not only as it was in itself the extreme of priestly assumption, but as it lay directly across the path of his own cherished theory. His chief protest against the Tractarians, in the introduction to the fourth volume of Sermons, published in 1841, treats almost exclusively of this topic. In connection, however, with this tract should be read the appendix to the eleventh sermon of the third volume, published in 1834. The introduction is composed in a more polemical spirit than was usual with him in the later years of his life. Yet it bears many marks of the milder and calmer tone of that period. We see, too, many signs of his ever-growing love of nature; and quote two or three passages in illustration of it.

"So far as we can trace back the manifold streams, flowing some from the eastern mountains, and some from the western, to the highest springs from which they rise, we find on the one side the ideas of truth and justice, on the other those of beauty and love: — things so exalted, and so inseparably united in the divine perfections, that to set either two above the other were presumptuous and profane. Yet these most divine things separated from each other, and defiled in their passage through this lower world,

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do each assume a form in human nature of very great evil: the exclusive and corrupted love of truth and justice becomes in man selfish atheism; the exclusive and corrupted worship of beauty and love becomes in man a bloody and a lying idolatry." — p. 237.

"As the vessels in a harbour, and in the open sea without it, may be seen swinging with the tide at the same moment in opposite directions; the ebb has begun in the roadstead, while it is not yet high water in the harbour; so one or more nations may be in advance of or behind the general tendency of their age, and from either cause may be moving in the opposite direction. Again, the tendency or movement in itself is liable to frequent interruptions, and short counter-movements: even when the tide is coming in upon the shore, every wave retires after its advance; and he who follows incautiously the retreating waters may be caught by some stronger billow, overwhelming again for an instant the spot which had just been left dry. A child standing by the seashore for a few minutes and watching this, as it seems, irregular advance and retreat of the water, could not tell whether it was ebb or flood: and we, standing for a few years on the shore of time, can scarcely tell whether the particular movement which we witness is according to or against the general tendency of the whole period." — pp. 237, 238.

"There are states of falsehood and wickedness so monstrous, that, to use the language of Eastern mythology, the Destroyer God is greater than the Creator or the Preserver, and no good can be conceived so great as the destruction of the existing evil. But ordinarily in human affairs destruction and creation should go hand in hand; as the evergreen shrubs of our gardens do not cast their old leaves till the young ones are ready to supply their place." — p. 262.

Dr. Arnold thought that he, as well as the Newmanites, could see the indications of a movement towards "something deeper and truer than satisfied the last century." Yet no man was less ready to join in the insane cry of those who reviled that century with a bitterness equally unphilosophical and unjust, and in the excess of their hatred of it would throw themselves into the arms of a system against whose errors the alleged secularism of the last age was, as he contended, only the reaction. Of the attempt of these men to put themselves at the head of a movement which ought to be guided towards the restoration of the suffering church, he could speak only in terms of the sharpest censure. That



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men should have the impudence to propose as the remedy for the evils of the church the maintenance of the phantom of an apostolical succession shocked him equally as a churchman, a Christian, and a historian. Hence the plainness of such passages as these.

"There are states of nervous excitement, when the noise of a light footstep is distracting. In such a condition were the authors of the Tracts in 1833, and all their subsequent proceedings have shown that the disorder was still upon them. Beset by their horror of the nineteenth century, they sought for something most opposite to it, and therefore they turned to what they called Christian antiquity. Had they judged of their own times fairly, had they appreciated the good of the nineteenth century, as well as its evil, they would have looked for their remedy not to the second, or third, or fourth centuries, but the first; they would have tried to restore not the Church of Cyprian, or Athanasius, or Augustine, but the Church of St. Paul and of St. John. Now, this it is most certain that they have not done. . . . . The Tracts for the Times do not appear to me to represent faithfully the language of Christian antiquity; they are rather its caricature." — p. 244.

In a word, he charges the Puseyites with confounding the church with the religion, and so attributing an exorbitant value to church ordinances and rules; with aiming to invest the clergy with priestly powers, and thus usurping the exclusive office of Christ; with setting the clergy above the laity, and thereby marring the unity of the church. This tract and the appendix above named furnish us with some curious illustrations of his tendency to associate opinions which have seldom been found in company. When we observe his indignant rejection of all priestly mediation, and his claim for the laity of a right to administer the sacraments of the supper and of baptism, we might fancy ourselves in the presence of a stout old Independent of the reign of Charles the First. But in the next breath we find ourselves taken aback by such expressions as these.

"No wise man doubts that the Reformation was imperfect, or that in the Romish system there were many good institutions, and practices, and feelings, which it would be most desirable to restore amongst ourselves. Daily church services, frequent communions, memorials of our Christian calling continually presented to our notice in crosses and way-side oratories; commemorations of holy men, of all times and countries; the doctrine of

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the communion of saints practically taught; religious orders, especially of women, of different kinds, and under different rules, delivered only from the snare and sin of perpetual vows; — all these, most of which are of some efficacy for good, even in a corrupt church, belong no less to the true church, and would there be purely beneficial." — p. 260.

We cannot close our very cursory notice of this characteristic tract, without quoting a passage which seems to us to be expressed in a strain of true eloquence.

"What does the true and perfect church want, that she should borrow from the broken cisterns of idolatry? Holding all those truths in which the clear voice of God's word is joined by the accordant confession of God's people in all ages; holding all the means of grace of which she was designed to be the steward — her common prayers, her pure preaching, her uncorrupted sacraments, her free and living society, her wise and searching discipline, her commemorations and memorials of God's mercy and grace, whether shown in her Lord himself, or in his and her members; — looking lovingly upon her elder sisters, the ancient churches, and delighting to be in communion with them, as she hopes that her younger sisters, the churches of later days, will delight to be in communion with her; — what has she not that Christ's bride should have? what has she not that Mr. Newman's system can give her? But, because she loves her Lord, and stands fast in his faith, and has been enlightened by his truth, she will endure no other mediator than Christ, she will repose her trust only on his word, she will worship in the light, and will abhor the words, no less than the works, of darkness. Her sisters, the elder churches, she loves and respects as she would be herself loved and respected; but she will not, and may not, worship them, nor even, for their sakes, believe error to be truth, or foolishness to be wisdom. She dare not hope that she can be in all things a perfect guide and example to the churches that shall come after her; as neither have the churches before her been in all things a perfect guide and example to herself. She would not impose her yoke upon future generations, nor will she submit her own neck to the yoke of antiquity. She honors all men, but makes none her idol; and she would have her own individual members regard her with honor, but neither would she be an idol to them. She dreads especially that sin of which her Lord has so emphatically warned her — the sin against the Holy Ghost. She will neither lie against him, by declaring that he is where his fruits are not manifested; nor blaspheme him, by saying that he is not where his fruits are. Rites and ordinances

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may be vain, prophets may be false, miracles may be miracles of Satan: but the signs of the Holy Spirit, truth and holiness, can never be ineffectual, can never deceive, can never be evil; where they are, and only where they are, there is God."—pp. 261, 262.

The subject of church reform naturally attracted Dr. Arnold's most earnest attention. As early as the year 1826, he had contributed to the Edinburgh Review an article on the Letters to an Episcopalian, in which he gives his views on the present condition of the church. His pamphlet on Church Reform appeared in 1833, at a time when the dangers threatening the church appeared to him to be enormous. It bears every mark of having been written under the pressure of great alarm. There is an eagerness apparent in it to throw over the deck-load, so to speak, in order to save the ship. The character of the reforms proposed is, as might have been expected, bold and sweeping, and they subjected him to the charge of indiscretion. Yet more than one of his projects have since found favor in the eyes of men who are deemed neither indiscreet nor unfriendly to the church. He felt keenly the evils of the times. But the philosophy of folding the arms and leaving the event to Providence he could not understand. In the spirit of his favorite quotation from Herodotus, where the Persian fatalist deplores the misery of brooding over many things, but having power over none, he was for taking positive steps towards effecting a change. Hence, the present pamphlet contains a very broad scheme of reform in the establishment. His great desire was to reduce the evils of sectarianism; to enlarge the basis of the church by a system of comprehension, broad enough to unite under one establishment the different opinions, and different rites and ceremonies, of the various Christian sects. As to opinions, he did not regard existing differences as vital enough to prevent the inclosing even of Roman Catholics and Quakers within the same pale as the Presbyterian and Episcopalian. He could even find a loophole for the admission of such Unitarians as were willing to address Christ in the language of prayer and praise, whatever might be their peculiar views of Christ's nature. He hoped by a change in the terms of communion, prompted by a sincere desire of conciliation, to draw Christians of every name to a more fraternal spirit and a closer union. But in order to bring about this happy consummation, some large concessions must be

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made as to church government. And here, with his usual boldness, he at once sketches out a plan that might well appall those who fight for vestments and postures as others fight for wives and children. We give his own summary of it.

"The Church government then would be made more efficient, and at the same time more popular, than it is at present; 1, By reducing the size of the dioceses: 2, By giving the bishop a council consisting of lay members and of clerical, and partly elected by the officers of the respective parishes; which officers should themselves also be lay and clerical, and for the most part elected directly by the inhabitants: 3, By the institution of diocesan general assemblies: 4, By admitting into the Establishment persons of a class much too poor to support the expense of an university education; but who may be exceedingly useful as ministers, and who do preach at present, but under circumstances which make them necessarily hostile to the National Church, and leave them utterly at liberty to follow their own caprices: 5, By allowing in many cases the election of ministers, and by giving to the inhabitants of the parish, in every case, a greater check over their appointment than they at present enjoy: and 6, By constituting church officers in every parish, lay as well as clerical, who should share with the principal minister in its superintendence; and thus effect generally that good, which in London and elsewhere is now being attempted by individual zeal, in the establishment of district visiting societies. Whilst by rendering the Articles far more comprehensive than at present, according to what was said in the earlier part of this sketch, those who are now Dissenting ministers might at once become ministers of the Establishment, and as such would of course have their share in its government." — p. 101.

He proceeds to consider the practicability of uniting in one church great varieties of ritual. And here at once he would abolish the exclusive use of the liturgy. He says, that, "even allowing it to be the best conceivable religious service in itself, still it ought not to be the only one." In his enthusiastic impatience to effect his great plan of "comprehension without compromise," he lays little stress on the ordinary objects of attack, patronage, pluralities, nonresidence, and the inequality of rank and emoluments. The monstrous evil of sectarianism seemed to him, like Aaron's rod, to swallow up the rest. "He who knows the history of the Christian church has too good cause to remember how fatally the pursuit of *the foolish phantom, uniformity,*



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has lured men from the attainment of the *real and substantial blessing*, *union*."

The readers of the Biography will remember the storm of obloquy and the long-lingering suspicion which this publication drew on its author's head. They will remember, also, that towards the close of his life he was disposed to lay less emphasis on mere partial and administrative reforms. That the bare proposal of a scheme like the one here set forth, which struck at the choicest flowers of church prerogative, and disturbed the sleek indolence of spiritual exclusiveness, should have exposed him to the charge of hostility to the church on the part of those who loved the church dearly for the sake of the establishment, and whose sensibilities had hardly yet recovered from the shock of the Catholic Bill, was not amazing. It was not strange, even, that men of quite another stamp should have been startled at so radical a remedy; and we can readily believe that nobody approved the whole project, and many hated, suspected, or pitied its author. And yet the established church of England could hardly have a firmer friend. While he could understand the preference of many among the poor for dissenting ministers over conforming clergymen, and was even willing to borrow from Methodism some of its plebeian usages, he declared his allegiance to the church of England in terms which might have satisfied the most zealous of her adherents. Yet he never lost sight of the citizen in the churchman. "The church of Christ is, indeed, far beyond all human ties; but of all human ties, that to our country is the highest and most sacred; and *England*, to a true Englishman, ought to be dearer than the peculiar forms of the *church of England*."

We have already occupied so much space, that we can only allude to the other writings of Dr. Arnold contained in the volume before us. The pamphlet on the Christian Duty of conceding the Roman Catholic Claims appeared in 1829. Its title indicates its character. The question is treated as a religious one. In the first place, it is urged, that concession is the part of justice; in the second, that it is the part of Christian wisdom, as being the most likely way to mitigate the bitterness of Irish Catholicism, and thereby subserve the cause of true religion. The writer regards the Protestant establishments in Ireland as military colonies, and the English as the true strangers there, who ought to leave the country,

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if unable to live there according to justice. At the close of the pamphlet he is led into some severe, but not harsh, strictures on the very imperfect clerical education of that day, to which he attributes much of the bigoted opposition to concession.

He recurs to this subject in the introduction to the third volume of Sermons, published in 1834. We wish we had room for the excellent plan of study he has drawn up for a young clergyman. He could not tolerate a narrow professional training. He would readily abandon many favorite works on controverted points, that the student might devote himself to his Bible and the masterpieces of ancient and modern genius. "He may be well content to be ignorant even of Bull and Pearson, if he is thus enabled to become more intimately familiar with Bacon and Aristotle." He would require such a practical knowledge of the ways and wants of the poor, and the great economical and social questions of the day, as should make him a preacher to the men of his own time. His remarks are particularly interesting, because they afford us a good representation of his own course of study and style of preaching.

The Letters on the Social Condition of the Operative Classes were published in 1831–2. They are characterized by the same sense of impending danger, which was so prominent in the pamphlet on Church Reform. On this subject his feelings were interested to a degree hardly conceivable, except by those who knew his intense patriotism and his lively sympathy with the poor. It was with anguish of spirit that he used to speak and write of the social evils of his country. The phantom of the misery of the lower classes broke into his peaceful retirement and haunted his dreams. His correspondence is full of the subject. Not many original suggestions are made by him, nor does he appear to place much confidence in specific remedies. He felt the want of a total renovation of society, and particularly of a change in the relation between the poor and the rich. He deplores the tendency towards the division of society into employers and employed, particularly in the great manufacturing towns. "A man," he says, "sets up a factory, and *wants hands*. Observe the very expressions that are used, for they are all significant. What he wants of his fellow-creatures is the loan of *their hands*, — of their heads and hearts he thinks nothing." He hopes something from an increased sense of responsibili-

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ty on the part of the aristocracy and the church; but how faint that hope became is apparent enough in his later correspondence, where he treats the great social problem in England as one of frightful and even desperate difficulty. One passage is so characteristic of his manner, that we quote it at length.

"When I have been travelling in your beautiful neighbourhood, Sheffield, and looking over the magnificent domain of Lord Fitzwilliam, I have often heard my companions exclaim against the steam-engine chimneys which, in various parts of the view, were sending up into the air their columns of smoke; but I have always said in answer: 'Those unsightly chimneys, and that disfiguring smoke, are a most wholesome balance to the palace, and the gardens, and the woods of Wentworth. Were it not for them, England would be no better than Russia or Poland, — we should be the mere serfs of a territorial aristocracy.' And what if a companion of another sort were to exclaim against the aristocratical pride of Wentworth House, and against the useless costliness of keeping up the churches of Ecclesfield and Rotherham? I should say to him as heartily and truly, — 'That park and mansion, and those churches, are a most wholesome balance to the chimneys of the iron furnaces. Were it not for them, we should be without two of the greatest means of elevating and purifying mankind, nobility and religion; — we should be in danger of becoming what the French sometimes falsely call us, a nation of buyers and sellers. But as it is, let all work together, and all do their duty, and we have the means of arriving at the happiest and highest state of society that the world has ever yet witnessed." — pp. 432, 433.

From Dr. Arnold's edition of Thucydides, the Essay on the Social Progress of States, published originally as an appendix to the first volume, and the preface to the third volume, have been extracted for this miscellany. The first of these is distinguished by the author's peculiar tact, which we have already noticed, in analyzing social states and relations, and tracing the rise and fall, the perturbations and transpositions of public parties. One of his favorite ideas, that the separation of history into ancient and modern ought to be rather a philosophical than a chronological division, and that every state may have its ancient and modern period, he has beautifully illustrated in this essay, by supplying the gaps in the history of the progress of the states of antiquity from the modern annals of the city of Augsburg.

A part of the volume is devoted to a sketch of the plan of

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study pursued at Rugby, and a defence of classical education. We have also the noted paper in vindication of the English practice of *fagging*. On a previous occasion, however, we have dwelt at such length upon his character as a schoolmaster, that we can now only refer our readers to that article. Here we will but quote the following passage in illustration of his views of corporal punishment.

"'Corporal punishment,' it is said, 'is degrading.' I well know of what feeling this is the expression; it originates in that proud notion of personal independence, which is neither reasonable nor Christian, but essentially barbarian. It visited Europe in former times with all the curses of the age of chivalry, and is threatening us now with those of Jacobinism. For so it is, that the evils of ultra-aristocracy and ultra-popular principles spring precisely from the same source — namely, from selfish pride — from an idolatry of personal honor and dignity in the aristocratical form of the disease — of personal independence in its modern and popular form. It is simply impatience of inferiority and submission — a feeling which must be more frequently wrong or right, in proportion to the relative situation and worthiness of him who entertains it, but which cannot be always or generally right except in beings infinitely more perfect than man. Impatience of inferiority felt by a child towards his parents, or by a pupil towards his instructers, is merely wrong, because it is at variance with the truth: there exists a real inferiority in the relation, and it is an error, a fault, a corruption of nature, not to acknowledge it." — p. 356.

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ART. VIII. — 1. *A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Rev. Henry Ware, D. D., A. A. S., late Hollis Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge*; pronounced in the First Church in Cambridge, September 28, 1845. By JOHN G. PALFREY, D. D., LL. D., formerly Professor of Biblical Literature in the University. Cambridge: John Owen. 1845. 8vo. pp. 37.

2. *The Life of Henry Ware, jr.* By his Brother, JOHN WARE, M. D. Boston: James Munroe and Co. 1845. 12mo.

IT is well that these two publications appear nearly at the same time. The father and the son were closely united dur-

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ing their lives, not only by the natural ties of mutual dependence and affection, but by the great similarity of their characters, opinions, and pursuits; and in their deaths they were not long divided. Educated alike almost from the cradle for the same profession, working at their appointed tasks with equal constancy and devotedness, enjoying the same love, confidence, and respect, not only of the religious denomination to which they both belonged, but of the whole community who were witnesses of their gentle and unassuming virtues and remarkable abilities, and laboring side by side during the whole later portions of their lives as professors in the same institution, it seemed not unmeet that the two should be called away in quick succession from their earthly toils. Yet if we regard age only, the divine summons came prematurely to the one, while it found the other in the fulness of years. The son died first, when he had hardly reached the age which is usually marked by the most vigorous expansion of the mental powers, and is with most persons no more than the middle period of their usefulness. His death, therefore, seemed a heavier privation to the multitudes who had profited by his counsels and example; but the feeling of privation was mercifully made lighter for his aged father, who had already passed the term of life assigned by the Psalmist, and whose mind was now partially obscured by the shadows of approaching dissolution. He lingered less than two years more, and then rejoined his eldest son.

Dr. Palfrey, for many years the colleague of the two in the management and instruction of the Divinity School in Harvard University, has paid a just and appropriate tribute to the character and services of the elder Dr. Ware. The story of his life, a life not of many incidents or vicissitudes, but of unremitting study and patient devotion to onerous and important duties, is very plainly and briefly told, and the chief traits of his character are developed with great simplicity and fidelity. The portrait is a pleasing one and a striking likeness, not overcharged with eulogy, nor burdened with minute details or any excessive display of analytical skill. Those who were well acquainted with the subject of the discourse will be grateful to the writer for the increased distinctness which he has given to their recollections of him, and for the graceful and feeling language in which he has embodied their sentiments of respect and affection for his memo-

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ry. We have room here only for a meagre outline of the facts and reflections contained in the discourse.

Henry Ware was born in Sherburne, in this State, on the 1st of April, 1764. His father was a farmer, whose moderate means did not enable him to do much for the education of a large family; and the boys could only attend a common school for a few weeks during the winter, while they were engaged for the rest of the year at work upon the farm. The gentle and rather timid manner of Henry Ware, united with his quickness of apprehension and love of books, made him a favorite with his teachers; and his elder brothers, "with a generosity so nobly common, then and now, in our New England farm-houses," resolved to unite their efforts to obtain for him a liberal education. The minister of the parish assisted him in his preparatory studies, and he was admitted to the Freshman class at Cambridge, in 1781. Faithful in the performance of all his duties, and invariably correct in his deportment, he became distinguished as a scholar, and graduated with the highest honors of his class. But with the humility which was a striking trait in his character, he avowed that he had little pleasure in the retrospect of his undergraduate course, as he thought he had made but imperfect use even of the small advantages which the College, in those troubled days, was able to afford. Few will think, however, that much of his time was misemployed during those years in which he held the first rank among his classmates, and formed the mental habits which were the foundation of his success in after life. Dr. Ware was always equal to his work; he had no strong passions to contend with, nor any fruits of early carelessness or indolence to eradicate.

On leaving college, he took charge of the town school in Cambridge, in order to support himself while he was pursuing his studies for the Christian ministry under the direction of one of the clergymen of the place. His time of preparation was short, amounting only to a year and a half; during which period, moreover, seven hours a day were occupied in his school. But the native vigor of his mind, his strict application and orderly habits, even with such imperfect opportunities of regular culture, were enough to insure success in his profession, and his preaching from the first proved highly acceptable to his audiences. Dr. Palfrey sums up very briefly, but with nice discrimination, the qualities on which his popularity as a preacher depended.

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" He had the great Christian preparation for his studies, which is assured in the promise, 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.' The clearness, Scriptural simplicity, and practical character of his expositions of truth; the rich personal experience disclosed in his discourses; their modest, and at the same time winning and fervent, tone; the gentle and sincere solemnity, which impressed and subdued all the more for assuming nothing, and inspired confidence in the same degree as it tacitly disclaimed authority; the native and cultivated refinement of mind, which not only made any offence against good taste, any coarseness of address, impossible, but which knew how to find for gospel truth the kindest access to the waiting spirit; the ruling good sense, which conceived no extravagances; the contemplative and tender feeling, which had fathomed the depths of every remonstrance and rebuke that was uttered; these qualities in the young preacher, set off with the advantages of an engaging presence, a musical voice, and a natural action, fixed attention and won golden opinions in the congregations to which he ministered, and were a rich earnest of the excellent usefulness of his years of riper service." — pp. 12, 13.

He soon received an invitation to take charge of the First Church in Hingham, and was ordained there on the 24th of October, 1787. Two years afterwards, he married Mary, daughter of the Rev. Jonas Clarke, of Lexington. Ten children were born of this marriage, of whom four died in infancy, and three sons and three daughters arrived at years of maturity. Mr. Ware continued to be the minister of Hingham for eighteen years, his labors being cheered by the respect and confidence of a numerous and intelligent congregation, and darkened only by the anxieties which arise from a narrow income and a large family. He was settled upon a salary of four hundred and fifty dollars a year, which was afterwards increased to seven hundred. This sum being quite insufficient for the wants of his household, he was obliged to eke out its deficiencies by keeping boarders, and taking boys under his charge to fit for college. The duties thus entailed upon him were laborious and irksome, and they interfered seriously with the progress of his studies and the growth of his professional reputation. But in these respects, most other clergymen had to contend with difficulties equally great, and his relative standing therefore was high in proportion to his fine abilities, the extent of his attainments, and the strength of his character.

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Accordingly, in 1805, the decease of Dr. Tappan having created a vacancy, Dr. Ware was appointed to the Hollis Professorship of Divinity in Harvard College. This appointment proved the signal for an open rupture between the two parties into which the Congregational Church in New England had long been divided, though circumstances had hitherto prevented any outward manifestation of the schism. In the theological warfare which ensued Dr. Ware took little or no part; he had but little personal concern in the matter, as his appointment was contested on doctrinal grounds, and not from any alleged disqualifications in point of character or ability. The action of the Corporation in his case was confirmed by a considerable majority in the Overseers, and the question being thus virtually settled for him, he quietly occupied himself with the duties of his office within the College, leaving it for others to ride the storm of religious controversy that was raging without. Averse to angry discussion both by temperament and principle, the gentle and diffident cast of his mind and his industrious habits inclined him to keep within the still air of delightful studies, and the cares of his office and his family offered scope enough for his ambition and his efforts. Not till fifteen years after his appointment did he take any part in the religious controversies of the day; and the discussion in which he then engaged with the Rev. Dr. Woods, of Andover, protracted for about two years, was at once his first and last appearance as a polemic. The Letters and Replies issued on this occasion, together with two small volumes, which appeared at a much later period, on the Foundation, Evidences, and Truths of Religion, and some occasional sermons, were his only publications.

We cannot dwell here upon the nature and value of the services rendered by Dr. Ware as an officer in the academical and theological departments of the University. "His official connection with the College," says Dr. Palfrey, "has covered the whole of three presidencies, embracing far the most prosperous period the institution has ever known." About two-fifths of the whole number of graduates at Harvard, and nearly all the Unitarian clergymen in the country, have been his pupils. He instructed the undergraduates by lectures and sermons from the pulpit, by recitations on the evidences of natural and revealed religion, and by a course of academical lectures on the history and criticism of the



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books of the New Testament. For several years he had the exclusive direction of the studies of the candidates for the ministry, and after the Divinity School was established, in 1815, he shared with others its instruction and management. His theological teachings were strongly marked with the candor and fairness of his disposition, the clear and logical arrangement of his ideas, and by his deeply seated religious belief and devotional spirit. It was a valuable lesson for the conduct alike of the heart and the intellect to attend an exercise by Dr. Ware. His character and deportment never failed to command the respect and affection of the whole body of the students; and when, on two occasions, he was charged temporarily with the duties of president of the College, the institution flourished under his management.

We quote a portion of Dr. Palfrey's remarkably just and happy delineation of his character.

"I never heard of his having an enemy, and he had cordial friends and well-wishers without number. I never heard of any body's being injured by his unkind word or deed. A meek and gentle charity was the spirit of his life. Mild and encouraging in his intercourse with intimates and strangers, tolerant in his judgments, reasonable in his expectations, easy to be pleased, patient to wait God's time for his successes, grateful for what was given, content to forego what was denied, a rare serenity of mind endowed him richly with that truest independence that can belong to man. No one could be much with him, and continue to cherish the tumults of a selfishly ambitious or a dissatisfied temper. Occupying a conspicuous and responsible station, in which an agitator would have found abundance of temptation and scope for turbulent activity, and which unavoidably, from the circumstances of the times, invited some ungentle assault, he knew how to be inflexibly true to its obligations, without ever a departure from the meekness of wisdom. The candor of his mind was remarkable. He trusted truth enough to give error every fair chance. Who ever knew him unjust to an adverse statement, or heard him sharpen an argument with a taunt?

"The scrupulous, rather the essential and spontaneous, fairness and uprightness of his understanding was an eminent qualification for a liberal discipline of youth. Its influence gently laid their minds open to a willing and reverential reception of all truth, and by a sort of insensible but irresistible contagion inspired them with the love of it, and of the goodness with which it is congenial. A great firmness in counsel and action belonged to this steady tranquillity of spirit; a truer man, to stand courageously by what

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his cautious judgment had once approved as fit and right, does not live. A hopeful perseverance belonged to it no less. His official success was not without its interruptions. At one time, twenty-five years ago, some of the most eminent of his pupils adopted a theory of Christianity the most adverse to his views of a sober interpretation of the Scriptures. At a more recent period, the School was partially infected by what he and his colleagues regarded as a sad tendency to no religion. But he had lived long enough to see many unexpected occurrences, and therefore to see some others without surprise; and observation and experience, as well as meditation, had given him a reliance on the power of truth, and of the well directed labors of its friends, which forbade a moment's discouragement or distrust, even though some floating vapor should, within the little range of its transient shadow, obscure that ever-burning sun. And always, before long, a better state of things rewarded his constant hope." — pp. 31–33.

The character of the father, with the slight modifications incident to some original difference of temperament, was happily reflected in that of his eldest son. The history of the childhood of Henry Ware, jr., says his brother, "constitutes, perhaps, the most important part of his biography. Then impressions were made, a tendency was given, and habits of thought, feeling, study, and action were formed, which appear to have decided his whole future course." The influences of his early home were of priceless value to him, and left but little in his character to be corrected by the harsher lessons of personal experience in maturer years. He lost his mother, indeed, while he was yet a boy; but not till he had largely profited by the peculiar tenderness and watchfulness of a mother's love, so that he could be trusted for the future with more safety to the firmer hand and more uniformly judicious, but less incessant, guardianship of his remaining parent. The mutual confidence and sympathy of the father and the son gave to their intercourse, so far as one can judge from the letters published in this volume, more the appearance of two friends consulting with each other on important topics, with equal liberty of judgment, than of paternal authority and filial submission. So much care was taken with early habits and first impressions, that little or nothing remained to be corrected by subsequent teachings, and there was no room for reproof. The lessons related to progress and higher attainments, and not to the correction of mistakes already committed, or the repression of impulses once indulged.

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For the further illustration of this point, we quote the following beautiful account of the early religious education of Mr. Ware.

"It is impossible to designate the period at which religious impressions were first made upon his mind. It would be difficult, indeed, to look back upon any moment at which he was destitute of them. He had the happiness to be brought up under the guidance of parents, with whom religion was not so much a thing of times and seasons, as it was an element of their daily life and conversation. It was, therefore, presented to his mind in its most attractive form, constantly kept in view, held up as the most important concern in life, but divested of that air of formality and sadness, which so often makes it repulsive to children. Instruction on this topic was constant, but not burdensome. Family worship and the reading of the Scriptures were made an indispensable part of the duty of the day, but not protracted so as to be tedious to the young; whilst private devotion was so inculcated, as to make its omission felt as an act of ingratitude to the Creator. Every occasion of trial, sickness, or death afforded an opportunity for gentle, but distinct admonitions, intended to impress on the young mind the uncertainty and dangers of life, the certainty of death, and the reality of eternity and judgment. The Sabbath was to be regarded as holy time, a day by itself, essentially different from the other days of the week in its object and employments; not as a day on which man was to be more religious than on other days, but on which religion was to become more peculiarly the subject of meditation and study. Still it was not made gloomy by tasks or restraints so severe, as to associate it with the idea of privation and austerity. It was suffered to be a day of cheerfulness, but yet of moderate restraint upon the buoyancy and playfulness of childhood." — *Life*, p. 8.

This passage explains the whole secret of Mr. Ware's peculiar religious character. His faith was an inflexible and ever-working principle, constantly applied to all the concerns of life, yet never thrust obtrusively forward, nor paraded when out of season. It was eminently a practical and personal thing, which formed an atmosphere, as it were, that colored all his motives and conduct. It had all the warmth, but none of the blindness, of enthusiasm; it was founded on strong convictions and deep feeling, but guided by sober judgment and excellent common sense. He united in as great a degree as any individual whom we have ever known the qualities of a cool head and a warm heart. His religious

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belief had grown up with him as a part of himself; and he held it, therefore, easily and gracefully, as something taken in the natural way, and not as a quality superinduced upon old habits by inoculation or some great revolution in the inner man. He troubled himself but little with dogmas, and was very unwilling to enter upon any polemical discussions, while he delighted to talk and write upon religious subjects. In the light of an earnest and deeply seated faith, working from the heart outwards, he held that most theological doubts and difficulties were sure to be dispelled.

He was dedicated to the ministry almost from the cradle, both by his own predilections and the wishes of his friends, and his earlier and later culture was all directed with a view to this end. "I doubt, indeed," says his brother, "whether the idea of a different destination ever presented itself seriously or for any length of time, from the days when he preached a juvenile sermon of his own composition from a cradle turned on end as a pulpit, to that in which he actually assumed the office of a minister of the gospel, and made his appearance in the sacred desk." The plan thus early conceived was followed out with remarkable unity of purpose and a resolute will, through his whole career. The great business of his life was to be a religious teacher, and it seemed never to enter into his head that he could have any other. Various purposes and engagements, seemingly divergent from this object, were still in his view brought to bear upon it, and made subservient to its accomplishment. As an author, either in prose or poetry, as a teacher in the University, when the failure of his health made him an invalid or a traveller, his chief care, and in fact his only one, was the care of souls. The pulpit was his home, and the duties pertaining to the sacred office occupied the whole measure of his time and his ambition. Literary fame or reputation as a preacher he never coveted, and no one was so much astonished as himself when they came unsought. The success of his sermons or his publications was never gauged in his mind by any other standard than that of their direct, practical effect on the conduct and consciences of men. His literary and social talents, his oratorical powers, his ability to interest, move, or convince the minds of others, were prized by him not for their own sake, or for the place which they acquired for him in the public estimation, but as means for



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the furtherance of this one purpose. They did not increase, they rather diminished, his self-satisfaction, because they enlarged his responsibility.

The traits of character which enabled him to accomplish so much in the world were his extreme conscientiousness and his strength of will. His life was not a long one, and it was broken by frequent and long-continued illness. He had to struggle also with great natural diffidence, and something of bodily inactivity and indolence of disposition. He speaks with great feeling of his sufferings on the former account, and in the same sentence he shows by what means he was able to overcome the difficulty.

"All my power of doing any thing, which has led to the reputation I have got, (God knows how little I deserve it, and there are moments when I think of it with unspeakable wonder and shame, for I cannot take to myself any credit,) has been owing to a stern resolution and vow to throw off my diffidence, and substitute for it a certain nonchalance and affected indifference. This was hard to do, and I suffered enough; but gradually I did it, and now, after ten years' practice, I am pretty bold. I had my fears, my mortifications, my horrors of all kinds; but I determined to overcome them, or they would have overcome me." — *Life*, p. 191.

This explains a peculiarity in his appearance, a certain bluntness of manner and speech, which often surprised those who were well acquainted with his real amenity of disposition. This roughness of address was only a rigid mask resolutely put on to hide and correct the nervous and shrinking spirit that was torturing him within. In another place, speaking of this sensitiveness and of his constitutional indolence, he says: — "Tongue cannot tell what I suffered. I shrank from duties important and not really difficult, in the same state of mind in which Cowper shrunk from his post in parliament. But this only made the matter worse; it increased my sensitiveness, and added to it the pangs of a guilty conscience." The advice which he gave on this occasion, for he was writing to one who had complained to him of similar difficulties, is so good, and throws so much light on his character, that we extract it entire.

"1. Resolve resolutely that *nothing whatever*, either in your feelings or circumstances, shall deter you from doing what you think you ought. This determination of mind is a great point,

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I can tell you. Never stand and think about it, and dread it, but go at once and do it, and have it over. You remember the coward dies a thousand deaths in fearing one. I have died ten thousand in the agony of these fears; — but there was no need of it.

"2. Persuade yourself that you are *somebody*, at least in the eyes of other people, and have a right, from your education and situation, to assume something; — which will be readily allowed you, if you do not act the upstart tyrant. O, how long it was before I found this out; or could believe that others looked on me as any thing more than little Henry Ware, or were ready to receive kindly and with deference whatever I should say!" — *Ib.*, pp. 247–248.

How many suffer from these causes, and how few have the strength of purpose necessary to trample them under foot, as did Mr. Ware! The pain was increased in his case by his conscientiousness, which was so acute as to be almost morbid, and which never failed to be awakened when these feelings had led him to shrink from the fulfilment of any duty, however slight. Having profited so much in his own case from cultivating a determined will, he was fond of inculcating this duty upon others, and was never more eloquent than in describing the marvels which it might accomplish. It never did more for mortal man than for himself. In that short life, through all the obstacles and hindrances which we have enumerated, what an amount of labor of the highest and most difficult character did he perform, and how wide and lasting was the impression he left on the minds and hearts of all who came within the sphere of his writings or his voice! The purity of his motives gave him strength; the simplicity of his manner added to its force; the singleness of purpose with which he labored always made his work effectual. If he had written or preached from ambitious or personal motives, to gain the applause or confidence of men, and thus extend his influence among them, his words would have fallen comparatively lifeless. But they were winged with his earnestness of spirit, and with what was not so much self-devotion as entire forgetfulness of self. No wonder, then, that they reached their mark, and left indelible traces where they fell.

His manner as a preacher was very characteristic, and showed in some measure the secret of his power. The peculiarity of his physical temperament already alluded to affected

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his delivery, and a degree of sluggishness and monotony of manner at first impeded the effect of his sermons. This outer crust kept the intensity of his feelings imprisoned within for a while, but only made the contrast more startling, when the pent up spirit at length broke forth, like the lightning from a cloud. We never heard any thing in the way of eloquence which surpassed the electric and thrilling effect of two or three sentences from Mr. Ware. Then, indeed, the cloud would settle down again over his utterance, his intellect would recover the mastery over his feelings that had been suspended for a moment, and the attention of his hearers would be recalled to his firm and logical evolution of the subject of discourse. The effect of his sermons was aided also by the hearer's vivid perception of his sincerity, and by the spirit of reverence and deep devotion with which he engaged in his work. In his manner, no less than in what he uttered, he seemed to say, "I have a message from God unto you"; and his earnestness and solemnity were such as befitted the awful mission.

The attractiveness of the name and character of Mr. Ware has betrayed us into this imperfect and rambling sketch of his moral qualities, while the very minute and interesting biography of him by his brother, Dr. John Ware, lies before us as yet unnoticed. Some idea of his intellectual endowments, and of the extent and value of the works which he has left behind him, may be gleaned from a brief review of the incidents of his life. This volume, in which are embodied copious extracts from his private journals and correspondence, contains all the materials requisite for a complete delineation of the man. The extracts, which are selected with good taste and judgment, give the history of Mr. Ware's mind and the nature of his opinions in his own words, and the impression which they leave coincides perfectly with the idea formed of his character by those who were intimate with him during his life. They show the warmth of his affections, his conscientiousness, and his devotion to truth and to the highest interests of mankind. Those which relate to his residence in Europe are very lively and entertaining, evincing excellent powers of observation, a highly cultivated taste, and correct judgment of men and things. The writer of the memoir has executed his task with discretion and marked ability, and though his pen was evi-

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dently guided by strong affection for his deceased brother, he shows no tendency to exalt his merits in an undue degree, or to claim for him a higher place than will readily be conceded in the judgment and affections of men. It is a modest, succinct, and faithful biography, excellently well written, and full of interest and instruction for all classes of readers.

Henry Ware, jr., the fifth child and eldest son of Dr. Ware, was born at Hingham, on the 21st of April, 1794. As a child, he appeared docile, thoughtful, and studious, but exhibited no precocity of talent. He was fond of writing, and by his early and frequent attempts at composition, both in prose and verse, he acquired that facility in the expression of his ideas for which he was always remarkable. Dr. Allyn of Duxbury, a classmate and friend of his father, was his teacher for a year or two, and after the removal of the family to Cambridge his studies were pursued under the direction of a recent graduate of the College. One year, also, he spent at Phillips Academy, in Andover, and having completed his preparation there, he was admitted to the Freshman class in Harvard College at the commencement in 1808. While an undergraduate, he lived at his father's house, and did not form many intimacies within the college walls. He was faithful to his studies, but did not take a distinguished stand as a scholar, and seemed in no wise ambitious of excelling his classmates. Indeed, a lack of ambition was characteristic of him through life; the desire of reputation among men seemed never to be among his motives of action. He graduated in 1812, and delivered a poem at the commencement, on the Pursuit of Fame, which was favorably received.

The two years after leaving college were spent at Exeter, New Hampshire, as assistant instructer in the Academy there, under the charge of Dr. Benjamin Abbot. He was young for such a post, having but just passed his eighteenth year; and the trial was a more serious one for him on account of his extreme diffidence and shyness. But by great efforts he so far conquered these difficulties, that strict attention to his duties and his good attainments soon made him acceptable as a teacher, while his frank and gentle manners won the friendship and esteem of all who knew him. On these two years he always looked back with as much pleasure as on any period of his life; his work in the Academy was not irksome

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or arduous, he was in the midst of agreeable society, his mind became fixed as to the choice of a profession, and the hours not occupied in instructing others were pleasantly and profitably devoted to his preparatory studies for the ministry. Twenty-five years afterwards, on occasion of the Abbot Festival, when so many of the old friends and pupils of the aged principal gathered around him to congratulate him on the completion of the half-century of his services as the head of the Academy, Mr. Ware revisited Exeter, and showed by the almost boyish exhilaration of his spirits how pleasant were the recollections of his former residence in the place. He wrote a song which was sung at the public dinner then given, and which was received with great delight from its mixture of quiet humor and deep feeling.

In August, 1814, he returned to Cambridge, and pursued his theological studies a year longer under the direction of his father. The University did not then provide any stated means of instruction for candidates for the ministry, and it is probable, therefore, that his reading was somewhat desultory; but his zeal and conscientiousness made up for the lack of regular training, and he afterwards appeared well informed on the subjects of his profession, though not a distinguished theological scholar. During this year he delivered two poems in public, one of which, on the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, was afterwards printed; the other was the annual poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Mr. Ware wrote verses with astonishing facility, and frequently cultivated this talent for his own amusement, but very seldom published what he wrote. Among those which he printed, the lines to the Ursa Major, and those entitled the Hour of Prayer, are very striking and beautiful poems, showing an extraordinary command of imagery and versification.

Mr. Ware began to preach in the autumn of 1815, and a paper written a few months before, which he marked, "To be opened and read for improvement, once a month," though it was probably seen by no one during his lifetime, shows with what humility and devout earnestness he entered on the solemn duties of his calling. There was nothing brilliant in his first appearance as a preacher, and neither he nor his friends were disappointed when it was found that his sermons attracted no particular notice. He was only surprised

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when he attained popularity and eminence some years afterwards. A few discerning persons, however, were favorably impressed by the spirit and unction with which, as a beginner, he conducted the services; and as he acquired confidence and steadily improved in manner, he made a stronger impression, so that, about a year after he began to preach, he received an invitation to settle over the Second Church in Boston. He accepted the call, and was ordained on the 1st of January, 1817.

It was more as a pastor than a preacher that Mr. Ware first acquired a strong hold upon the affections of the people under his charge. Struggling with timidity and self-distrust, he went about among the members of his parish, who belonged chiefly to the middle classes of society, and, by the affectionate earnestness and truly Christian spirit of his ministrations, soon won their confidence, and at last their cordial esteem and love. He was indefatigable in his labors, and, indeed, by multiplying the duties connected with his office, and engaging in them with a generous but indiscreet ardor and perseverance, he exhausted the powers of a constitution naturally slender, and laid the foundation of the serious complaints with which he had to contend for the last fifteen years of his life. His hopes were answered in the magnitude of the effect he was permitted to produce on the hearts and consciences of those to whom he ministered, but success was purchased by the prostration of his bodily powers and a premature death. He instituted informal meetings of young persons for religious improvement, first at his own house, and afterwards at the church. Conversation was the allotted mode of spending the time, but of course he took far the largest share in it, and soon, in fact, occupied nearly the whole evening with the communication of his own ideas. These private exercises were a source of greater enjoyment to him than the more stated meetings, and probably he was not aware how serious a draft they made upon his capacity for labor. He wrote largely also for religious periodicals, and gave much time and effort to the prosecution of occasional schemes of philanthropy and the inculcation of Christian sentiments among all classes of people. Unfortunately, also, his indolent temperament made him irregular in the disposition of his time, and for the neglect of some assigned duty at the proper period his conscience compelled him to

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make atonement by performing it at unseasonable hours, and thereby omitting intended bodily exercise or repose. He labored, moreover, in the establishment of extraordinary religious meetings for the poor, who had no fixed places of worship, and had the happiness a few years afterwards of seeing the excellent institution called the Ministry at Large grow out of this humble beginning.

Meantime, his reputation as a preacher had much increased, and he had found by his own experience — if his humility had permitted such a reflection — the truth of the maxim which he was wont afterwards to impress upon his pupils, that "the great requisite" for excellence in this department "is a devoted heart." Acting on such a generous mind as his, the discovery that his sermons were more eagerly listened to only made him bestow more effort on the preparation of them, because preaching was now a more efficient means of usefulness. In 1824, he published his Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching, a subject on which his own facility of speech, acquired by earnest and untiring effort, empowered him to be a teacher. It is an excellent essay, written in very simple and chaste language, and abounding in sensible and practical suggestions. About this time, also, his Recollections of Jotham Anderson, first published piecemeal in a religious periodical, were collected and printed in a separate volume. It is a religious fiction in form, but in reality a work on practical piety, in which is embodied much of his own spiritual experience, and some personal recollections which his modesty led him to ascribe to an imaginary personage. Artless, persuasive, and pious in tone, this little book affords a charming portrait of Mr. Ware's own mind, and its popularity and usefulness have been very great. Shortly afterwards, he published a small volume of sermons on the Offices and Character of Jesus Christ, and began the preparation of a Commentary and Family Bible; this task, however, he never completed.

In August, 1824, General Lafayette being present at the annual celebration of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, Mr. Everett appeared as the orator on the occasion, and Mr. Ware was the poet. The person first assigned for this latter office had failed to appear, and Mr. Ware consented to supply his place at three days' notice. Two remarkable dreams had been told to him on the preceding

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Sunday evening, and "under the strong excitement of the week," as he says, he versified them; and this *impromptu* poem, a bold and beautiful lyric, called the Vision of Liberty, was afterwards published. It is one of the most remarkable specimens of rapid poetical composition to be found in print.

We have given but an imperfect sketch of Mr. Ware's multifarious labors at this period; but enough has been shown to make it a matter of no surprise, that his health broke down entirely under his incessant toil and mental excitement, and after one or two journeys in this country, which produced but partial benefit, he was obliged, in 1829, to give up his active duties for a while, and go to Europe with his wife, in the hope of repairing a shattered constitution by a change of scene and climate. He remained abroad nearly a year and a half, profiting but very little in point of health, but gaining the acquaintance and friendship of many distinguished and estimable persons, and laying up a store of pleasant memories from the many remarkable scenes and objects which he visited. The portion of this volume relating to his foreign tour is so rich and entertaining, that we are tempted to extract largely from it; but the want of space will permit us to give our readers only a taste of its quality. The following is from a letter describing a visit to Miss Edgeworth.

"I think you will be pleased to hear from me, that your kind letter to Miss Edgeworth has procured for us a ready welcome and a delightful visit. We inclosed it to her, and sent it from Belfast, with a request to be informed whether she would be at home; as we thought it not worth while to drive sixty miles into the heart of Ireland with the risk of 'finding her absent,' — an old College bull, which very properly presents itself at this moment. Her reply was a very gracious one, and we passed nearly two days at Edgeworthstown this week, she seeming pleased with the attention, but the other members of the family still more so, as they seem to be more proud of her than she is of herself; and we were exceedingly gratified by every thing we saw and heard.

"Her manners are easy and animated, without being striking; her conversation very lively and rich, with a great variety of fine sentiments carelessly thrown out, and perpetual illustrations and images, sometimes highly poetical, sometimes humorous, sometimes, perhaps, a little far-fetched, but always apparently accidental, and always rendering her talk delightful. She is too



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rapid and earnest to talk in set phrases, or to have any affectation; and, as to a masculine way, which some have ascribed to her, it seems to me there is nothing anti-feminine about her, unless it be to talk a great deal, and occasionally to laugh heartily. But she does not talk loud and boisterously; and her laugh so 'rings from the soul,' that even I, who laugh seldom, and am apt to be put out of countenance by a violent ebullition of that human peculiarity in others, could yet entirely sympathize with Miss Edgeworth, and wholly enjoy it; — for she has the discretion withal never to laugh long, (a discretion, by the way, to be recommended to all who would make their mirth acceptable,) and does not laugh from habit, but only when rightfully excited by sufficient cause. And I am sure it would be hard to find fault with *her* for laughing, who has occasioned so much exercise of that sort to others.

"I was pleased to notice perpetual proofs of great strength of feeling, and that of the most amiable kind. She drew us to her by this trait, and fairly compelled our love. It was not infrequently, that we observed her eyes fill at the expression of a generous sentiment, or the relation of a touching anecdote. When I told her, that, on my saying at my father's that I intended to see her, little Charlotte immediately clapped her hands and said, 'O, give my love to her!' the water came to her eyes at once; — and it is plain, that she has practically all the love for children, and solicitude for their good, which are expressed in her works. She evinced it constantly in her treatment of her younger brother. Then we were very much struck and pleased with the manner in which she spoke of other authors, — so kindly and generously, so free from all petty feelings of jealousy, or whatever other evil emotion there may be; saying only what was kind, and taking pains to tell Lady Morgan's story in such a way as to apologize for her affectations, and give us a better opinion of her character. Of Scott she had much to say, and read to us several of his very interesting letters. On the whole, not to prolong, we were highly gratified and satisfied, and not the less so, because we found we were the first Americans, if we rightly understood her, who had paid her a visit at her own house." — *Life*, pp. 277–279.

We find accounts of visits made by Mr. Ware to several other eminent persons in Great Britain; but we have room to quote only the following, relating to Mr. Southey.

"Southey is fifty-five years old (he showed me a portrait of himself taken at two years of age, — fifty-three years ago, — a round-faced, bright-eyed child, with a tremendous bush of hair, —

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he seems to have been always an Absalom in this respect); he looks ten years younger; was dressed in white pantaloons; has a most aquiline nose, bright eyes, thick, bushy hair; is of middling size, blushes easily, and has a very sensitive face; his eyes filled with tears several times during our conversation. He does not *dissertate*, nor at all attempt to show off, but talks on easily and naturally, in an affable and gentlemanlike way.

"He did not, any more than Wordsworth, disguise his partialities in politics or religion, and, as regards the Catholic question, declared that he would sooner have laid his head on the block, than have voted for the late measures of government. Wordsworth had put it on this ground, that the discontents of Ireland did not originate in the religious disabilities, and therefore could not be removed by removing them. From Ireland he (Southey) came to America. He spoke in terms of friendly interest; rejoiced that the more frequent intercourse was removing ill-will and jealousies; and said that he had more friends in Boston, than in any city of the world, excepting London, and that, if he were a younger man, he should visit America, and see for himself the condition and prospects of society.

"In speaking of his situation, I remarked that he seemed to be both in retirement and in the midst of the world. To which he replied, that, for the three summer months, he was full of company and saw all his friends, and for the other nine was wholly secluded; and that he could not desire a happier arrangement; that the summer days were too long for study; he could work only by candle-light, and if he could have three hours, from half past six to half past nine, he would not care what became of the rest of the day. Something led him to speak of writing by dictation, and he said he never had done it, neither was ever able to employ another person in any way about his works, except some trifling copying. I asked if he was in the habit of copying for the press, or if he sent his first draught. He said he generally copied, always what was important, and that it was only in making the copy that he paid the slightest regard to style. He then showed me his 'History of Brazil,' in the progress of its manufacture; bound up in six manuscript volumes, containing, first, the notes and materials put down while reading for the preparation, and, secondly, the history as first written. The copy which the printer used was destroyed. Then he showed me 'Thalaba,' the second draught; the first was written on scraps; these were copied into a book, on every other page, corrections made on the page opposite, and a copy from this sent to the printer, and destroyed. 'Madoc' and 'The Curse of Kehama' are in the same state; the latter has three different beginnings in three different sorts of verse.

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"Then he showed me his unfinished American poem, called 'Oliver Newman,' which is promised to Mr. Ticknor; and he bade me report progress to him. He read me a passage, which I liked much, but we were interrupted in the midst. He reads with a very peculiar intonation, which is, however, favorable to the metre, and not a bad specimen of poetical recitative; and occasionally he gesticulates with his arm. I afterwards read the opening canto, and thought it very beautiful, — as beautiful as the first in 'Thalaba.' I asked him by what process he built his stories; whether he laid out the whole plan first, or invented as he went on. He said, that he made the story complete at first, and altered as he went on, just as they build cathedrals." — pp. 273, 274.

The letters from Rome, where our invalid spent the winter, and from other parts of Italy, are very interesting, as our readers may judge from the following admirable account of some of Thorwaldsen's works.

"Canova was exquisite in a certain line of beauty, but he could not go out of it; he had no variety, he repeated himself for ever, and has done nothing more than make a great family of brothers and sisters, with a striking family likeness, who had all been brought up by dancing-masters and posture-masters, and could not sit, stand, or look, except by rule. In one word, he was artificial. Thorwaldsen is natural. He copies, not from certain conventional rules of beauty and taste, which he has in his mind, but from the various models of nature. Consequently he does not repeat himself, and presents a variety of forms, and expressions, and attitudes, that astonish you almost as much as those of Raffaelle. Like his figures, too, they are easy and free, without constraint or artifice. It is one of Raffaelle's distinctions, that you never see any thing like stage effect; no attitudinizing, no strutting, no showing off of hands and limbs. A stranger may go into his Chambers and decide at once which of them he did not draw, by this criticism; the other pictures are not representations of the real persons and scene, but of the persons and scene as represented on the stage, — not Constantine, &c., but certain pompous actors playing the part of Constantine. Now Thorwaldsen has fully this eminent excellence of Raffaelle; and it is one no small proof of his greatness.

"To illustrate all this, and more, I ought to be able to describe to you his two great groups, but I cannot do it. Both were done for a church in Copenhagen, by order of the king of Denmark; the one in marble, colossal statues of Christ and the Apostles; the other in bronze, John the Baptist and fifteen or seventeen fig-

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ures listening. The figure of our Saviour is one of the very few attempts to represent that holy person at which you can look with pleasure. It is noble and sublime, sweet, simple, sad, in attitude and look. The Apostles are a glorious company of venerable men, so variously arranged, in attitude and drapery, that you detect no similarity, and yet with a severity of simplicity that cannot be surpassed. I think that out of all the Apostles, of all the masters of painting which I have seen, it would not be easy to select twelve which should be altogether superior.

"But the other group is my favorite; indeed, that I have spoken of is not a *group*, as each figure is to stand in a separate niche. John the Baptist is truly a group, to be placed in the pediment of the church. The only thing in antiquity to be compared to it is the celebrated and admired group of Niobe and her children. Now I do not admire that; it doubtless displays great skill, but it wants simplicity and nature. It is not a copy from nature, but from the stage, — a group of ballet-dancers; Niobe herself is careful to hold her garment gracefully in all her woe, and the children are thinking of displaying their postures, and holding up the folds of their drapery tastefully, instead of being absorbed by the terrors of the moment. Nothing like this in the group of John; all is easy, unembarrassed, unaffected, unconscious nature. The Baptist is a thin, haggard man, filled with his subject, and uttering himself vehemently; his hand raised powerfully, not gracefully, and his eye fixed, as if his mind was working with all its might. The people around him are just those whom you might suppose to be present at his preaching. They describe various classes and ages of hearers, and each may be said to be a model of its class. I cannot remember the order of the whole, but it was something like this: On his left hand stands a huntsman, leaning on his pole, with his dog at his side, which takes up the attention of two little boys just behind him, one of whom is pointing to him, and the other, a little older, seems divided in attention between the dog and the preacher. Then stands a fine, noble soldier in his armor; then a figure whose description I forget; it was standing apart in another room, and I never saw it but once; then a mother sitting with eye intent on the speaker, with her arm embracing a little child, who is leaning his head sweetly on her lap; then a young man, reclining at his length, and looking over his shoulder at the preacher. On his right hand you see, first, a young man with his arms folded; then an elderly man with a young man behind, leaning on his shoulder; then a mother, kneeling, and a child, of eight or ten, looking over her shoulder; then an aged man, sitting, his knees rather raised, and both his hands resting on his cane, and his



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head on his hands. Here, you see, is almost every age, each in its characteristic attitude, and each with its peculiar expression of attention. Perhaps the finest things are, the old man, on one side, and the mother, with the child's head in her lap, on the other, though one hardly ventures to say. I am sorry that I did not study it with a view to describe it to you, as I could then have been particular. I was sorry to find that it is impossible to procure casts of it, or of any of its figures. It was only the day before leaving Rome that I discovered it had been engraved, and I made two vain attempts to procure it. I hope still to procure the engraving. If I had not said so much, I could tell you of some of his single figures, but enough for the present." — pp. 303 – 305.

Mr. Ware returned to this country in August, 1830, apparently little better than when he left it, and naturally depressed in spirits at the prospect of continuing to be an invalid, and, what he dreaded more, a useless man. Immediately on his arrival, however, a favorable turn took place in his health, and he recovered so far as to assume the duties of his new station in the University. He had been chosen Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and the Pastoral Care at Cambridge, — in fact, this professorship was founded for him, — and the members of his old parish, who had continued to hope almost against hope that he might again appear in their pulpit, reluctantly consented to his final separation from them. Except in the grief of this parting, his new situation accorded entirely with his wishes ; he was now to instruct others in those duties which for fifteen years he had so admirably performed himself.

Soon after his establishment at Cambridge, he published what proved to be the most popular and useful of all his works, his little book on the Formation of the Christian Character, addressed to those who are seeking a Religious Life. Through that severe illness and weary convalescence, during his long journeys and protracted residence abroad, he had not forgotten the grand object of his life, the fulfilment of his duties as a Christian teacher among men. " The book was written at distant and uncertain intervals, upon journeys and in public houses " ; it was begun at an inn in Princeton, Massachusetts, a little was composed at Florence, at Rome, at Naples, and the conclusion was added at Cambridge. Chaste and unassuming in style, avoiding all declamation or flights of eloquence, yet showing that pecu-

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liar earnestness of feeling and purpose which was so characteristic of the man, manifesting alike the most practical good sense and the most heartfelt piety, steering clear of all controverted topics, giving that advice only which was applicable to all Christians, and meeting wants which long and close observation had shown to be common to all, it was not surprising that the book rose at once into great popularity with all classes and denominations. It was reprinted and circulated extensively in Great Britain, and at least fifteen thousand copies of it have been sold in this country. The writer entreats that it may be read, as it was written, "not for entertainment, but for moral edification"; his object was "to aid in the formation of Christian character, and about every other result he was indifferent." He was rewarded for his effort in the manner most accordant with his hopes, by being permitted to witness the good effected by its publication.

During the twelve years of his residence at Cambridge, Mr. Ware's occasional publications, consisting of reviews, memoirs, sermons, and works for which he performed the duty only of an editor, were quite numerous, but we cannot stop to enumerate them. The most considerable work that we have not yet noticed was a Life of the Saviour, a small volume of two or three hundred pages, published as the first of a series which was called The Sunday Library. It has all the characteristics of his other writings, was received with much favor, and has passed through several editions both in England and this country. The series to which it belonged was continued for three numbers more, and then stopped, not from the want of patronage on the part of the public, but from the difficulty of finding contributors. He edited also another series of works, more popular in their character, entitled Scenes and Characters illustrating Christian Truth, which was continued with good success for six numbers, and then stopped from the same cause.

Our limits will not permit us to dwell on the history of this latter portion of Mr. Ware's life, which was richly productive of good not only to the institution with which he was connected, and to the religious denomination to which he belonged, but to the community at large, among whom the purity and excellence of his character, and the practical wisdom of his philanthropic efforts, were now generally recognized. Few persons have enjoyed so wide an influence, and

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none have directed their powers to the attainment of nobler and purer ends. His health was interrupted by several attacks of severe illness, and at one time by a serious affection of the eyes; but for some long intervals it was quite good, — much better, in fact, than could have been anticipated after the apparently entire prostration of his physical powers at the period when he quitted the work of the ministry in Boston. On the members of the Divinity School and on the undergraduates in the College, in whose instruction for several years he took an active part, the effect of his teachings and his example was eminently happy; and the memory of the intercourse they then had with him will long survive among their most precious recollections. The nature of his literary efforts is so well illustrated by an anecdote told in this volume, that we cannot forbear repeating it. His wife once said to him, when he had been giving a good deal of time to the revision of sermons, and articles for periodicals, newspapers, &c., that she wished, "instead of frittering away his time and thoughts in this way, upon ephemeral productions, he would concentrate the same amount upon some single work, which would be of substantial value." He looked up with a smile and replied, "Now that is your ambition for me; for my part, I am glad to do the little good I can in any way that presents itself; no matter if all is forgotten to-morrow, provided a seed is sown to-day; it will germinate some time or other."

Mr. Ware's pulmonary complaints had entirely disappeared; but in 1842, a new disease, which ultimately proved fatal, first manifested itself, and he was compelled to resign his professorship, and retire into the country. The kindness of his friends made this transition easy for him, and it was hoped, that, after a year of retirement and the entire cessation of labor and anxiety, his health might be so far reëstablished as to enable him either to take charge of a small country parish, or to edit a religious periodical. Amid the fluctuations of disease, for a period of six or eight months, this hope was still cherished; but in the spring of the following year, another and more serious attack apprized him and his friends that the end was at hand. With perfect resignation and composure he prepared himself for the great change which his religious convictions and the fluctuating state of his health had kept near in view for a large portion

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of his life. For a time, the strings of his fine intellect were jarred, and gave forth only confused and uncertain sounds. But it could hardly be said that his mind wandered; for when his thoughts were but little under his own control, invincible habit still turned them to the great purpose around which they had long been centred.

"On one occasion, he seemed to fancy himself to be about to administer the communion. He called all his family about him, and spoke to them in words like those with which he was accustomed to address his own flock on such an occasion; and to those around, he seemed as earnest, as collected, as devout, as when, in the days of health, he had actually stood at the altar of his church. Warm and elevated expressions of gratitude to the Saviour, intermingled with affectionate addresses and counsels to his family, fell from his lips. His thoughts turned to the closing hours and acts of the Master whom he loved; and speaking of the design of Jesus in instituting the Last Supper, as if inspired by the very spirit of his own boundless benevolence, he stretched out his feeble arms, saying, 'He intended it for all; he would gather all to his embrace.'" — pp. 450, 451.

Periods of imperfect consciousness alternated with those in which he took considerable notice of what was passing, and the cloud was mercifully kept from darkening entirely over his spirit. On the 21st of September, the last day of his life, he recognized the members of his family, and spoke kindly and rationally to them; but towards nightfall a severe attack suspended all consciousness, and early the next morning, without convulsion or struggle, "he passed on."

"His remains were followed to Mount Auburn, and deposited in the sepulchre which had been presented to him by his friend Professor Farrar, of which he was the first tenant. Here, just at the edge of evening, in the midst of a gentle shower, whilst the falling of a few of the leaves of the early autumn were in solemn keeping with the melancholy ceremony, was left his weary and wasted form. He had grown old and died before his prime, worn down by those exertions, both of body and mind, which had been directed for thirty years to a single great object, — an object to which he had devoted his whole spirit with a constancy which knew no repose, till he was thus laid, like his Master, in this new tomb, where man was never laid before. But of the grief, the sense of loss, which must always attend such a separation, there could in no case be more sufficient and satisfactory consolations. His life had been a pure, an

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active, a useful, and a happy one. There was as little in it for his friends to look back upon with regret, as is compatible with the necessary imperfections of the human character and condition; whilst there was much, very much, that could be contemplated only with, — we will not say pride, — but with a sentiment of a higher and nobler sort. All the success which he wished, or was capable of enjoying, he had attained. He had striven constantly, and not in vain, in the only paths in which he desired to walk. He had enjoyed and he had suffered much. He had received multiplied favors from his fellow-men and choicest blessings from Heaven. Gratitude to God and men was among the most cherished of his feelings. He had been tried by repeated afflictions, and by wasting, protracted, and painful disease. But he had submitted in patience, and without repining. They had not dimmed the brightness of his hope, nor ever made him waver in his faith. He had always lived in the near expectation of death, and, when at last it came, he met it with unfaltering trust." — pp. 453, 454.

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ART. IX. — 1. *The History of Oregon and California, and the other Territories on the Northwest Coast of North America; accompanied by a Geographical View and Map of those Countries, and a Number of Documents as Proofs and Illustrations of the History.* By ROBERT GREENHOW, Translator and Librarian to the Department of State. Second Edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged. Boston: Little and Brown. 1845. 8vo. pp. 492.

2. *The Oregon Question; or, a Statement of the British Claims to the Oregon Territory, in Opposition to the Pretensions of the Government of the United States of America.* By THOMAS FALCONER, Esq., Barrister at Law of Lincoln's Inn. Second Edition. London: Samuel Clarke. 1845. 8vo. pp. 50.

THE readers of Guy Mannering probably remember Dandie Dinmont's famous lawsuit with his neighbour Jock o' Dawston Cleugh about the "marches," or boundaries, of the good farm of Charlies-hope. But for the benefit of those who have not read the passage, or who may have for-

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gotten it, we subjoin Dandie's own account of the dispute, together with Counsellor Pleydell's excellent advice on the occasion.

"'We 're at the auld wark of the marches again, Jock o' Dawston Cleugh and me. Ye see we march on the tap o' Touthop-rigg after we pass the Pomoragrains; for the Pomoragrains, and Slackenspool, and Bloodylaws, they come in there, and they belang to the Peel! but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer-headed cutlugged stane, that they ca' Charlies Chuckie, there Dawston Cleugh and Charlies-hope they march. — Now, I say, the march rins on the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears, but Jock o' Dawston Cleugh again, he contravenes that, and says that it hauds down by the aul drove road that gaes awa' by the Knot of the Gate ower to Keeldarward, — and that makes an unco difference.'

"'And what difference does it make, friend? How many sheep will it feed?'

"'Ou, no mony, — it 's lying high and exposed, — it may feed a hog, or aiblins twa in a good year.'

"'And for this grazing, which may be worth about five shillings a year, you are willing to throw away a hundred pound or two?'

"'Na, sir, it 's no for the value of the grass, — it 's for justice.'

"'My good friend, justice, like charity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your wife and family, and think no more about the matter.'

"Dinmont still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand; — 'It 's no for that, sir, — but I would like ill to be bragged wi' him, — he threeps he 'll bring a score o' witnesses and mair, — and I 'm sure there 's as mony will swear for me as for him, folk that lived a' their days upon the Charlies-hope, and wad na like to see the land lose its right.'

"'Zounds, man, if it be a point of honor, why don't your landlords take it up?'

"'I dinna ken, sir, (scratching his head) there 's been nae election-dusts lately, and the lairds are unco neighbourly, and Jock and I canna get them to yoke thegither about it a' that we can say, — but if ye thought we might keep up the rent' ——

"'No! no! that will never do, — confound you, why don't you take good cudgels and settle it?'

"'Odd, sir, we tried that three times already, — that 's twice on the land and ance at Locherbye fair. — But I dinna ken, — we 're baith gay good at singlestick, and it could na weel be judged.'

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"'Then take broad-swords, and be damned to you, as your fathers did before you.'

"'Aweel, sir, if ye think it wad na be again the law, it 's a' ane to Dandie.'

"'Hold! hold! we shall have another Lord Soulis' mistake. — Pr'y thee, man, comprehend me; I wish you to consider how very trifling and foolish a lawsuit you wish to engage in.'

"'Ay, sir? So you winna take on wi' me, I 'm doubting?'

"'Me! not I, — go home, go home, take a pint and agree.'"

Two of the richest and most powerful nations in the world, England and the United States, are now just in the position of Dandie Dinmont and his neighbour Jock, though the land in dispute between them is by no means of as great relative importance when compared with their other possessions. The territory of Oregon is not worth much; "it 's lying high and exposed — it may feed a hog, or aiblins twa in a good year." It is separated from the one power by a broad ocean and the intervention of a vast continent, and from the other by a desert two thousand miles broad and a range of lofty and precipitous mountains. It has remained for half a century open to any wanderers who might see fit to establish themselves there, and run the risk of starvation. Yet, till within four or five years, it has been tenanted only by Indians, wolves, and bears, or by small companies of hunters and trappers, who go there to obtain furs, but not to found a home. England has found it worth her while to establish colonies at the antipodes; she is fast peopling Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand, but sends no emigrants to Oregon, though she had wrested from Spain, in 1790, by a threat of war and by an armament of enormous cost, a right to make settlements there if she found it expedient. The same treaty stipulated that the whole coast should remain open for settlement by Spain also; but not one Spaniard thought fit to build a hut on the inhospitable shore. The United States succeeded by treaty to the rights of Spain, but were almost equally dilatory in profiting by them. "The citizens of the United States in Oregon, previous to 1843," says Mr. Greenhow, "did not probably exceed four hundred in number." Within the last two years, indeed, a much larger number of our people, probably some three thousand, acting on the very extraordinary presumption, that a country, which two great nations were threatening to go to war about,

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must be at least fit to live in, have actually traversed the vast and barren *steppes* and mountain ranges which separate Missouri from the Pacific Ocean, and have established themselves in that distant and unpromising region; though every one of them might have purchased an Illinois farm of the finest land in the world probably for less than what his journey has cost him. This attempt at colonization will hardly go much further; we shall see hereafter, that vastly the greater part of Oregon is absolutely uninhabitable by civilized men.

But "it 's no for the value of the land,—it 's for justice." Ay, that is it; a regard to justice, or national honor, as the more current phrase goes, has been the sole cause of this angry and protracted dispute. Politicians and diplomatists are "all honorable men," remarkable for their high respect for all the requisitions of the moral code, and they are determined that the great nations for whom they act shall be equally punctilious with themselves. They would "give thrice so much land to any well deserving friend"; but when national honor, or their own political advancement, is at stake, mark you, they will "cavil on the ninth part of a hair." As for negotiation, "Odd, sir, we tried that three times already"; but the two parties are "baith gay good" at the singlestick of diplomacy, "and it could na weel be judged." So but one course seems to remain, that the two nations should once more take broadswords, and settle the matter as their fathers did before them. As we are of Counsellor Pleydell's mind, that they had much better "take a pint and agree," we will try to present a few considerations in favor of compromising the dispute, though at the risk of finding our advice as little heeded as was that of the honest Scotch lawyer.

As this is a grave national question, which has occupied the serious attention of the greatest statesmen of England and the United States for more than a quarter of a century, some may think that we treat it too lightly. But in all soberness we ask our readers to judge, whether the parallel here instituted, though seemingly ludicrous, be not a perfectly fair one,—whether two civilized and Christian nations ought to be upheld in a mode of managing a dispute with each other, which if two neighbouring farmers were to adopt, it is hard to say whether they would subject themselves to more ridi-



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cule or reprobation from the bystanders. In the name of common sense, can persons when banded together in a community adopt a code of morality and prudence totally unlike that to which they submit as individuals? We are not now endeavouring to judge the case by those nice and strict principles which some persons think will be fully applicable to the affairs of men only when the millennium has arrived. We throw overboard, for the nonce, even all considerations about the sinfulness of war, and all appeal to the literal application of the precepts of the gospel. We ask attention only to a fair and sober comparison — made in the very spirit with which every prudent merchant, farmer, and manufacturer in the country manages his pecuniary concerns — of the value of the article in controversy with the probable cost of settling that controversy by an appeal to arms. Proceeding a little further, an examination of the arguments offered on both sides of the dispute may afford grounds for believing, that this is a question above all others to be determined by compromise, that it is impossible in the nature of things for the one party to be absolutely in the right and the other absolutely in the wrong, but that all the principles of international law which are applicable to the case will make out at the best a title for either party to a territory the *limits* of which are absolutely indeterminate; in other words, a claim to the *whole* of Oregon cannot be supported, even in appearance, otherwise than by an appeal to the right of the strongest.

Our readers need not be alarmed; we are not going to inflict upon them a view of the entire matter in dispute, or a summary of the facts and arguments alleged on both sides. The matter has already been pretty fully discussed in our pages, and the public have more lately had quite enough of it in state papers, political harangues, magazine articles, and the newspapers. Fortunately for us, then, we may take for granted a general acquaintance with the grounds of the controversy, and only brief and incidental allusion need be made to arguments now worn entirely threadbare. The only point which the disputants have nearly forgotten to discuss is the value and extent of the territory in dispute; and as the most ludicrous misstatements and exaggerations prevail on this subject, it may be well to investigate it a little more closely. We will give but one instance to show the falsity

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and silliness of the reports to which the newspapers give currency upon this topic. Within a few weeks, a series of lithographic maps has been published by Mr. Hulawa, a person employed in the United States land office in Missouri. The first in the series presents a "Plan of the Town of ASTORIA, *Oregon Territory*," in which thirty-five or forty great streets and avenues are laid down, sixty feet in width, except one, the Broadway of the place, which is one hundred and twenty feet broad. References by letters to the margin show the spots occupied by the "religious institutions," the fish-market, the custom-house, which is on the site of old Fort Astoria, the public burying-ground, and two "academies of learning," — probably colleges, as common schools, we suppose, would be beneath the dignity of such a flourishing place. Captain Wilkes, the commander of the Exploring Expedition, being attracted, doubtless, by the great fame of this city in the wilderness, paid a visit to it four or five years ago, and describes it as follows : —

"In the morning we had a view of the somewhat famous Astoria, which is any thing but what I should wish to describe. Half a dozen log-houses, with as many sheds, and a pig-sty or two, are all that it can boast of, and even these appear to be rapidly going to decay. The Company pay little regard to it, and the idea of holding or improving it as a post has long since been given up." — *Exploring Expedition*, Vol. IV., p. 320.

Mr. Farnham also visited the place in 1839, and gives the following account of it.

"Astoria has passed away; nothing is left of its buildings but an old batten cedar door; nothing remaining of its bastions and pickets but a half dozen of the latter, tottering among the underbrush. The Hudson's Bay Company are in possession, and call the post Fort George. They have erected three log buildings, and occupy them with a clerk, who acts as a telegraph-keeper of events at the mouth of the river."

As it is still in possession of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the recent emigrants from the United States, instead of directing their steps thither, have all established themselves in the valley of the Willamette, far to the south, it is quite certain that the place has made progress only in decay since Wilkes's departure. After this, who will say that Martin Chuzzlewit's account of the city of Eden is a caricature ?

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The country of Oregon, lying between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific Ocean, is bounded on the south by the parallel of 42° of latitude, and on the north by the parallel of 54° 40′. On a rough estimate, therefore, it occupies a space of about thirteen degrees of latitude, and fifteen of longitude, reckoning from the meridian of 110° to that of 125° west from Greenwich. Besides the great range of the Rocky mountains, forming its eastern boundary, there are two other chains of mountains, one called the Far-West, or the Cascade range, and the other the Blue mountains, which run through the country from north to south, and separate it into three great divisions, differing from each other by marked peculiarities of soil and climate; these may be denominated for convenience as Western, Middle, and Eastern Oregon. The Far-West mountains, being, as the name implies, the westernmost chain, run northward at a distance of one hundred or one hundred and twenty miles from the Pacific coast. "About one hundred and fifty miles east of the Far-West mountains," says Mr. Greenhow, "is another chain called the Blue mountains, stretching from the Snowy mountains northward to the forty-seventh degree of latitude, and forming the western wall of the valley of the Lewis, the great southern branch of the Columbia."

To show what are the capacities of the country for agriculture and commerce, and what encouragements generally it offers for emigrants, we will begin with Eastern Oregon, which lies between the Blue and the Rocky mountains. A short quotation from Mr. Greenhow, whose work is a very convenient and faithful summary of all the accessible information upon this subject, will place in a very clear light the true character of this region. His testimony, it may be observed, is unimpeachable, when used for this purpose, as the sole object of his book is to defend the American claim, and to advocate the retention of the country by the United States.

"The country between the Blue mountains and the Rocky mountains appears to be, except in a very few, small, detached spots, absolutely uninhabitable by those who depend on agriculture for subsistence. It is, in fact, a collection of bare, rocky mountain chains, separated by deep gorges, through which flow the streams produced by the melting of the snows on the summits; for in the lower grounds rain seldom falls at any time. On

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the borders of the Lewis, and of some of the streams falling into it, are valleys and prairies, producing grass for cattle; but all the attempts to cultivate the esculent vegetables have failed, chiefly, as it is believed, from the great difference in the temperature between the day and the succeeding night, especially in the summer, which is commonly not less than thirty, and often exceeds fifty, degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer.* North of the 48th parallel, the climate is less dry, and the bases of the mountains are covered with wood; but the temperature in most places is too cold for the production of any of the useful grains or garden vegetables." — pp. 27, 28.

This is bad enough, and Middle Oregon, according to the same authority, is but little better. Here, the rain never falls from April to November, and even during the remainder of the year, which is called the wet season, the rains are neither abundant nor frequent. It is impossible to form settlements, then, except upon the borders of the streams, which are not numerous, and the banks of which offer but few attractions in other respects to the emigrant. There are but few trees, chiefly sumach, cotton-wood, and other soft and useless woods. Fuel and building materials can be obtained only from a great distance up the north branch of the Columbia, or from the Pacific region, by few and difficult passes through the mountains. The soil is very unpromising, consisting, in the northern part, generally, of a yellow, sandy clay, covered only with grass and small shrubs. In the valleys farther south it is a little better, as there is more vegetable mould, and a few trees are found of the species above mentioned. Mr. Greenhow's conclusion is, "that little encouragement is offered for the cultivation of this part of Oregon," though cattle may be pastured to advantage, as grass is abundant.

We cannot wonder, then, that emigrants from the United States invariably pass through both the regions which we have described, and seek a home only in Western Oregon. West of the Cascade range is the only portion of this assumed El Dorado on the Pacific which can ever be inhabited except by hunters and their game. The extent of this

* "The thermometer was seen by Wyeth, at Fort Hall, on the Lewis, near the forty-third parallel of latitude, at the freezing point in the morning, and at ninety-two degrees of Fahrenheit in the middle of a day in August. Frosts occur at this place in nearly every month in the year."



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more favored region is shown by a very simple calculation by our author.

"The Strait of Fuca, which bounds this region on the north, is in latitude of 48½ degrees; and, assuming the 42d parallel as the southern limit of the territory, its extreme length is 6½ degrees, or less than four hundred and fifty miles English. Its breadth — that is, the distance between the Pacific shore and the great chain of mountains which forms the eastern boundary of this region — does not average a hundred miles; and, by multiplying these two numbers, forty-five thousand square English miles appears as the superficial extent of the westernmost region of Oregon. It has, however, been gravely asserted and repeated on the floor of the Congress of the United States, that the valley of the Willamet, which is but an inconsiderable portion of this region, contains not less than *sixty thousand square miles of the finest land;* and many other assertions, equally extravagant, have been made, and are believed, respecting the vast extent of land in the country of the Columbia, *superior in quality to any in the United States.*"— p. 26.

Western Oregon, then, is rather larger than the State of Pennsylvania, but it is much less fertile. Mr. Greenhow says, that only a small portion of it, "not exceeding an eighth, is fit for cultivation." We learn, further, that the country cannot be made very productive without artificial irrigation, which is practicable only in a few places. Very little rain falls from April to November, but it is violent and almost constant during the remaining months. Dr. White, who has recently returned to the United States from the valley of the Willamette, after a residence there of two or three years, states that it rains there constantly for three months out of the year. Indian corn, it is admitted, does not succeed in any part of Oregon, from the want of rain during the summer. The valley of the Willamette, a river which runs a little west of north, and empties into the Columbia, is far the most valuable part of this region for agricultural purposes; and here nearly all the emigrants from the United States have established themselves. According to Mr. Farnham, the habitable portion of this valley is about 150 miles long, and 60 broad. Wheat may be raised here to the extent of 20 or 30 bushels to the acre, and other grains and vegetables, though with some difficulty, owing to the constant droughts of summer. The winters, of course, are wet, stormy, and uncomfortable; though this valley be the Eden of Oregon, it is certainly a most cheerless place for a residence.

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But whatever may be the climate and fertility of this part of Western Oregon, lying south of the Columbia, there is luckily but little dispute about the ownership of it. In all the negotiations upon the subject, Great Britain has constantly offered to cede to the United States the whole region south of the Columbia. North of this river, and south of the 49th parallel of latitude, which on four occasions, and by three several administrations, has been offered by this country as the northern limit of its possessions, lies the only territory really in dispute between the two powers. It comprises the northern and least valuable moiety both of Western and Middle Oregon. It is bounded on the south and east by the Columbia river, the mouth of which is in latitude 46° 19′, and on the west by the Straits of Juan de Fuca and the Pacific Ocean. By a rough estimate, it appears a little larger than the State of New York. To give an idea of its value for agricultural purposes, we shall merely string together a few extracts from the work of Mr. Farnham,* a most earnest advocate of the instant assertion of our claim to the whole of Oregon, and from the report of Captain Wilkes, made after the examination of the country by the Exploring Expedition. Of the eastern half of this "disputed territory," which belongs to what we have designated as Middle Oregon, Mr. Farnham says: —

"It is a broken plain, partially covered with the short and bunch grasses, but so destitute of water that only a small portion of it can ever be depastured. The eastern and middle portions of it are destitute of timber, — a mere sunburnt waste. The northern part has a few wooded hills and streams, and prairie valleys. Among the lower hills of the President's Range [the Far-West mountains], too, there are considerable pine and fir forests, and rather extensive prairies, watered by small mountain streams. *But nine-tenths of the whole surface of this part of Oregon is a worthless desert.*" — *Travels*, p. 99.

Of the other half of this territory, belonging to Western Oregon, the same writer observes: —

"It is thickly covered with pines, cedars, and firs of extraordinary size; and beneath these, with a growth of brush and brambles that defy the most vigorous foot to penetrate them. There are, indeed, along the banks of the Columbia strips of prairie va-

* *Travels in the Great Western Prairies and the Oregon Territory.* By Thomas J. Farnham. New York. 1843.

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rying from a few rods to 3 miles in width, and often several miles in length; and even amidst the forests are found a few open spaces. The banks of the Cowelitz, too, are denuded of timber for 40 miles; and around the Straits de Fuca and Puget's Sound are large tracts of open country. But the whole tract lying within the boundaries just defined is of little value except for its timber. The forests are so heavy and so matted with brambles, as to require the arm of a Hercules to clear a farm of 100 acres in an ordinary lifetime; and the mass of timber is so great that an attempt to subdue it by girdling would result in the production of another forest before the ground could be disencumbered of what was thus killed. The small prairies among the woods are covered with wild grasses, and are useful as pastures. The soil of these, like that of the timbered portions, is a vegetable mould, 8 or 10 inches in thickness, resting on a stratum of hard blue clay and gravel. The valley of the Cowelitz is poor — the soil, thin, loose, and much washed, can be used as pasture grounds for 30 miles up the stream. At about that distance some tracts of fine land occur. The prairies on the banks of the Columbia would be valuable land for agricultural purposes, if they were not generally overflown by the freshets in June — the month of all the year when crops are most injured by such an occurrence. And it is impossible to dyke out the water; for the soil rests upon an immense bed of gravel and quicksand, through which it will leach in spite of such obstructions." — p. 99.

We have room to copy only a few detached sentences from Capt. Wilkes's report: —

"There is no part on this coast where a settlement could be formed between Frazer's river, or 49° north, and the northern boundary of 54° 40′ north, that would be able to supply its own wants. The interior of this portion of the territory is traversed by the three ranges of mountains, with the several rivers which take their rise in them, and is probably unequalled for its ruggedness, and, from all accounts, incapable of any thing like cultivation."

"The first section [Western Oregon], for the most part, is a well timbered country; it is intersected with the spurs or offsets from the Cascade mountains, which render its surface much broken; these are covered with a dense forest. It is well watered, and communication between the northern, southern, and middle parts is difficult, on account of the various rivers, spurs of mountains," &c.

Of Middle Oregon, he says, "From the great and frequent changes in its temperature, it is totally unfit for agriculture, but

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is well supplied with game of all the kinds that are found in the country. The southern part of this section is destitute of timber or wood, unless the worm wood (artimesia) may be so called. To the northward of 49° it is covered with forests."

"The rivers of this territory afford no fertilizing properties to the soil, but on the contrary are destitute of all substances. The character of the great rivers is peculiar,—rapid and sunken much below the level of the country, with perpendicular banks. Indeed, they are, as it were, in trenches, it being extremely difficult to get at the water in many places, owing to the steep basaltic walls; and during the rise, they are in many places confined by *dalles*, which back the water some distance, submerging islands and tracts of low prairie, giving the appearance of extensive lakes."

"The country bordering the Columbia, above the Dalles, to the north and south of the river, is the poorest in the territory, and has no doubt led many to look upon the middle section as perfectly useless to man."

That the American settlers in the most promising part of Oregon can raise enough from the soil for the supply of their own wants is very certain; but it is impossible that they should ever become rich, owing to the want of a market. Of what use is it to raise more grain than they need for themselves, when they are separated from the United States by a desert two thousand miles broad, and from any other customers by thousands of leagues of ocean passage, to say nothing of the difficulty of reaching the seacoast, caused by the numerous falls and sandbanks which obstruct the navigation of the rivers? The mouth of the Columbia is closed by a bar which makes ingress and egress impossible for three fourths of the year, and very dangerous at any other period. When inside of the bar, vessels may ascend, though by an intricate and shifting channel, nearly to the foot of the Cascades, a distance of 120 miles from the Pacific; above this place, the river can be navigated only by batteaux, which must be frequently unloaded, and the lading carried over long and difficult portages. "Of the two great branches of the Columbia," says Mr. Greenhow, "and the streams which fall into them, scarcely any portion is navigable by the smallest vessels for more than thirty or forty miles continuously." The immediate neighbours of the settlers are too few or too poor to buy of them. During a season or two, they sold some wheat to the agents and factors of the Hudson's Bay Com-

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pany; but these persons, not more than seven hundred in number, are now supported by the produce of their own farms. The Californians are too poor to buy of them, even if they needed farther supplies; and the Russians are too far to the north, and too moderate in their demands, to be profitable customers to a colony of any magnitude. Their isolated position not only makes it difficult for the colonists to sell their own products, but much enhances the cost of those necessaries which must be imported. Cloths, groceries, and iron ware must be bought at extravagant prices.

A few extracts from Capt. Wilkes's Narrative will confirm these statements, and throw farther light upon the condition of the settlers in Oregon.

"For some years previous to our arrival, the Hudson's Bay Company had not been able to meet their own wants, and at the same time fulfil their contracts with the Russians. They were therefore obliged to purchase from the settlers in the territory, as well as send to California, to procure the requisite quantity of agricultural products. A demand was consequently created for wheat, and all that could be raised in the Willamette settlements was bought for six shillings (75 cents) a bushel, and paid for in drafts on their stores in goods, at fifty per cent. advance on the first London cost. This gave an encouragement to the small farmers, that was fated to meet with grievous disappointment the next season; for the Company was able not only to meet their engagements and their own wants, but had, besides, a surplus. The prices consequently would be merely nominal, unless raised by the influx of new settlers. Whether the latter cause had any effect in creating a market, I know not; but I understand that in 1842 *some of the settlers fed their horses upon their finest wheat.*" — *Narrative*, Vol. IV., p. 308.

During Wilkes's stay at Vancouver, he met three out of a party of eight young Americans, who wished to leave the country, but could do so only by building a vessel for themselves; and they were actually engaged at this task on an island in the Willamette. One of their causes of dissatisfaction was, that there were no young women in the colony to marry, except squaws or half-breeds. Wilkes afterwards visited them at their ship-yard on the island.

"On landing, we were introduced to them all. They had reached the Oregon country by crossing the Rocky mountains a year before, and worked on the Willamette, where they first proposed to settle themselves; but they found that that was out of

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the question, as there was little or no prospect of their being contented, and they were now bent upon leaving the country at all hazards. Every one with whom I spoke gave them a good character, except one, and I found that, shortly after my visit, he had been turned out of the partnership. The vessel they were building was a small schooner. One of their number having served a short time in a ship-yard in the United States, the rest were employed as his assistants, cutting timber and preparing the plank, which they procured from the cedar on the banks of the river.

"I tried to dissuade these young men from making their voyage; for I found, on conversing with them, that not one of them knew any thing about the sailing of a vessel or navigation. I therefore knew how great dangers they would experience on the voyage even to California, whither they intended to go, with the intention of taking sea-otter by the way on the coast of Oregon. After their arrival at San Francisco, it was their plan to sell their vessel and cargo, if they were fortunate enough to obtain any, or if not, to go down the coast further, when they would cross over the country, and return by the way of Mexico or Texas." — *Ib.* p. 342.

Speaking of the Willamette valley, Wilkes observes, — "There is one objection to its ever becoming a large settlement, in consequence of the interruption of the navigation of its rivers in the dry season, which renders it difficult to get to a market, as well as to receive supplies." We add one other extract from his observations while in this region.

"The next farm I stopped at was that of Mr. Walker, who came from Missouri, with all his family, last year; he did not like the country, and wished to go to California by the first opportunity. His principal objection, he told me, was to the climate, which was too wet for business. He said that the land was good, but only for crops of small grain, which there is no market for, nor is there a probability of one for some time. Indian corn cannot be raised; it was, however, a first-rate grazing country. He was a good specimen of a borderman, and appeared to think nothing of a change of domicile, although he is much past the middle age, with grown up sons and daughters around him. He intended to go to California, and if the country did not please him, he would travel home by way of Mexico. His family consisted of eight or ten persons." — *Ib.* p. 362.

The information which we have here attempted to bring together may be very briefly summed up. Of the whole territory of Oregon, there is but one district, and that not much

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larger than Pennsylvania, which is habitable except by hunters and Indians, and not more than an eighth part even of this district is arable land. The region actually in dispute contains at the utmost but one half of this improvable ground, and in addition to it an arid and rugged waste on which any considerable colonization is impossible. Parched with drought for nearly three fourths of the year, and drenched with rains for the remainder of the time, the soil and climate alike must baffle what experience the farmer may have gained in more favored regions, and prove a sore trial to any constitutions not inured to such peculiar seasons. Isolated in position, with almost insurmountable obstacles to internal communication, the merchant can expect as little from the country as the agriculturist. In fine, it is hardly too much to say, that what Siberia is to Russia, Oregon is to the United States. The road thither is equally long and wearisome, and even less cheered by the sight of human habitations, though in the one case it is trodden only by the free backwoodsman and the sturdy emigrant, and in the other by the condemned exile who "drags at each remove a lengthening chain." The winter on the Columbia, indeed, is not of such iron severity as in the north of Asia, but the accounts would lead us to suppose that it is almost equally cheerless. Magnificent improvements in Oregon are vaguely talked of; but the projects are such as befit the excited imaginations of men who leave comfortable homes for such distant and dreary wilds. The India and China trade, it is thought, may be made to take this direction; and so it may, when one crackbrained projector's favorite scheme shall be accomplished, and a railroad completed, two thousand miles long, over sterile plains and rugged mountains. As yet, the wayfarer on that dreary path can hardly convey enough with him for his own sustenance. Out of the last caravan of whose arrival in Oregon we have notice, seven persons died of hardships on the way. The rest were permitted to enter that promised land, from which, as we have seen, some of the disappointed emigrants were flitting three years ago to such refuge as a Mexican governmment was likely to afford them.

We would not exaggerate the unfavorable aspect of the Oregon territory, nor deny the possibility of its becoming, at some future day, the seat of a flourishing colony, if not of a populous and independent state. But the founders of it

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will deserve in no ordinary measure the gratitude of their posterity; the days of ease and plenty will assuredly find them in their graves. Anglo-Saxon enterprise can accomplish any thing, and its especial vocation seems to lie in subduing the wilderness. Our fathers were not appalled by the grim aspect of the rock and ice-bound shores of New England, nor by its meagre soil and rugged surface. But they were sustained by other and higher motives than a mere love of roaming, or a backwoodsman's pining for the wilderness. Impelled by conscience and a sense of religious obligation, they sought a region which they would otherwise gladly have left to its original possessors. Had their motives been less pure and elevated, their success might have been less signal. As it was, their grain of mustard-seed shot up into a lofty tree, while the gold-hunting colonists of the more favored South perished of starvation. Above all, they counted the cost like prudent men, and braved only those hardships and dangers which they had foreseen and were prepared for. In what respects the modern settlers of Oregon have followed their example, we leave others to determine, and to draw thence, if they can, an augury of good, wherewith to cheer an enterprise certainly surrounded with no unequal measure of suffering and privation. The marvellous rapidity and ease with which the colonization of the great Mississippi valley has been effected, though held by many to foreshadow the history of future states upon the Pacific, certainly afford no true ground of encouragement, as the parallel between the two cases entirely fails. Nature has been as lavish of her bounties to our great western valley as she is niggardly to the region drained by the Columbia and its branches.

The truth is, the extravagant notions entertained of Oregon have been nourished by the very cause which should have made men suspicious of all stories respecting it, and have entirely checked the tide of emigration that is now flowing thither. We mean the dispute respecting the ownership of the territory. Politicians and diplomatists, to make their services appear more meritorious, have striven to put a higher value upon the title they were defending. But for this reason, we should have heard little about the fertility of Oregon, the beauty of its climate, the ease of communicating with it, or its importance for commercial purposes. The statesman's shortest and surest road to popularity nowadays consists in



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an affected zeal and watchfulness for the interests of our country in its foreign relations. There is no risk here of offending one portion of the sovereign people while seeking to please another. There is no divergence, no contrariety, of interests here to care for; if but few are directly interested in the prosecution of a claim against France or England, none are injured by it. The good-will that is thus conciliated is all clear gain. Not one in ten thousand of our vast population would be immediately affected by the successful assertion of our claim to the whole of Oregon. To the vast majority of our people the matter is one of perfect indifference, except so far as it is linked with the interests of a party. But to this party it is of vital importance. Hence the warmth and jealousy of each other which politicians manifest in combating the pretensions of a foreign power. One party makes a merit of having secured so much territory by a successful negotiation, as in the case of the Ashburton treaty; and the other party imputes to it as a fault that it did not obtain more. Lord Palmerston attacks Sir Robert Peel because Great Britain surrendered so much by that treaty; Mr. Benton attacks Mr. Webster because the United States surrendered so much. Both charges cannot be true; but that is of no importance. If similar attacks were not foreseen, the question about Oregon might be settled to-morrow. If the two countries are finally plunged into a war respecting it, it will not be because the bulk of the English or the American people care a straw about the land; but because the dominant party on both sides of the Atlantic wishes to preserve its ascendency over its opponents. In its inception and fundamental character, it will be, as usual, a war not between two nations, but between two political parties.

We have shown one reason why the value of Oregon has been so ludicrously overestimated. Others may be mentioned, in which the interests of a few individuals are more directly concerned. The Hudson's Bay Company wish to preserve their lucrative traffic on the Pacific; by defending their country's title to the territory, they defend their own, and of course they will not permit Great Britain to suffer from ignorance of the value of the land, its importance to her commercial interests, or the excellence of her title to it. On the other hand, the American fur-traders, acting as individuals, and finding that they cannot compete with the

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great capital and prudent and concerted action of this English company, would very willingly see it driven entirely off the ground. Of course, they maintain that the American title is indisputable, and that compromise or concession must not be thought of. To allow the English a footing anywhere upon the territory would be still to allow a competition against which they have no chance; they might as well allow them the whole. A right to navigate the whole of the Columbia has repeatedly been offered to the Americans; but this is not enough; they must exclude the English from this navigation, so that the company cannot get its furs to market, and may thus be driven entirely from the field. Here is the real bone of contention, and not the value of the land lying between the Columbia and the 49th parallel. The right to navigate this river and the preservation of a few posts on its right bank are essential to the very existence of this company on the Pacific. To surrender these would be to give up all, for they would be immediately compelled to abandon the whole. They occupy the ground now only for the sake of the fur trade; not one English emigrant has gone there, or is likely to go there, to make a permanent home. If they could not get their furs to market by the river, they would not care if the whole of Oregon were immediately ceded to the United States. Any offer of compromise, then, which goes to exclude them from the river and from a few necessary stations on its bank, is sure to be instantly rejected.

The American settlers in Oregon, as well as the fur-traders, have their peculiar reasons for claiming the whole territory. If the English are entirely driven out, some well selected stations must be abandoned, and the improved fields, of course, must fall to the first claimant. The English residents do not profess to be land-owners, but mere occupants, or tenants for a time; if dispossessed, on the ground of their sovereign's defect of title, these lands, the most valuable in the territory, must revert to the United States, and come under the operation of our bounty acts and preëmption laws. Some good locations may be chosen among them. Such motives and conduct may appear but indifferently honest; but it is the law of the backwoods, and both English and American emigrants invariably act upon it. In colonizing a wilderness, — at the antipodes of the civilized world, it may be, — there is no difficulty about land-titles; the first occupant is the

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owner, unless the government at home fails to maintain his right to come there at all; in which case, his farm must go to the first claimant from the rival nation, and he must look to his own sovereign for an indemnity. Besides, the American settlers would fain have a monopoly in the sale of agricultural products; the market being necessarily very small, they think there is the more reason that they should have the whole of it. Here, as in the case of the fur-trade, it is found that English competition is too powerful for them. Their object, of course, is to get rid of it entirely, which can be done only by claiming the *whole* of Oregon.

A memorial from the American inhabitants of this territory, presented to Congress a few weeks since, places in a clear light the disadvantages of their position, and the impossibility of maintaining themselves there except by aid from our government against both the hostilities of the Indians and the powerful rivalry of the Company. Considering the numerous causes of dispute and collision between the subjects of the two nations in this remote region, it is very honorable to them both that they hold the following language: — "We, the citizens of the United States, have had no cause to complain either of exactions or oppression at the hands of the subjects of Great Britain; on the contrary, it is but just to say that their conduct towards us has been most friendly, liberal, and philanthropic." A short extract from this memorial will confirm many of our previous statements.

"Your memorialists would further call the attention of your honorable body to the fact, that, as citizens of the United States, we labor under the greatest commercial disadvantages; we have neither ships of war, nor of commerce, nor any navigation of the rivers of the interior, and for want of adequate protection, no private capitalist among us can establish a successful competition with a wealthy and powerful monopoly, possessing all the appliances of commerce, and all the influence over the natives by an early establishment among them. We are therefore dependent for a market for a large and increasing surplus, and for nearly all our supplies, upon a single company, which holds the market under its control."

Since 1818, Oregon has been held under a convention, avowedly temporary in its nature, which provides that the whole country, with its rivers, bays, and harbours, shall remain free and open to the vessels and subjects of both powers,

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without prejudice to the claims of either to the entire and exclusive sovereignty of the territory. Had it not been for the absurdly exaggerated statements of its value, to which the circumstances that we have mentioned have given currency in this country, the land might have remained under this treaty of joint occupancy for a century to come. Offering some facilities for trade in fur and fish, but hardly any for permanent settlement, both nations might have made free use of it for traffic, in open and manly competition with each other, and have left the land to its only proper owners, a few thousand miserably degraded Indians, who derive a wretched subsistence from it. But the evil is now done; these false reports, disseminated for political purposes, or to answer the private ends of a few persons, have caused an American colony to be established there, and the dominant party in the United States is so deeply pledged to support it by claiming the whole territory for its use, that a compromise seems hardly practicable. On the other hand, Great Britain is bound in honor not to recede so far as to sacrifice the interests of her subjects in that region. *The faith of the government is pledged to support the Hudson's Bay Company in its present location.* That company is established in Oregon, relying on its charter from the crown, and on the Nootka convention which England wrested from Spain in 1790 by an expensive armament and a threat of instant war. We have seen that the navigation of the Columbia and a position on its right bank are essential to the very existence of the company on the Pacific; thus much, therefore, the government cannot grant away. In the able and temperate letter of the British negotiator, Mr. Pakenham, to our Secretary of State, dated September 12, 1844, it is very distinctly intimated that England cares not for the ownership of the territory in dispute, — she is too wise for that, — but is compelled to regard her public faith as pledged to the maintenance of the company in its present position.

"It must be obvious to every impartial investigator of the subject, that, *in adhering to the line of the Columbia, Great Britain is not influenced by motives of ambition with reference to extent of territory, but by considerations of utility, not to say necessity, which cannot be lost sight of, and for which allowance ought to be made*, in an arrangement professing to be based on considerations of mutual convenience and advantage."



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In conformity with this view of the case, the leaders of the two great parties in England, Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel, have formally declared in Parliament, that Great Britain has rights in Oregon which must be maintained at all hazards ; and this declaration has been supported with the greatest unanimity by the voice of parliament and the public press. If the United States, then, insist upon the whole of their claim, war is inevitable. Nor is the danger very remote ; it is at hand, even at our doors. Congress will probably pass a law at the present session for establishing a territorial government in Oregon, and giving the stipulated year's notice of the expiration of the convention for joint occupancy. At the end of this year, even if neither power should be mad enough to anticipate the issue, collision between their respective tribunals in the territory, if not directly between the people, is inevitable ; and this, multiplying the causes of dispute and exasperating the parties, must be followed by war. By a regard for the peace of the world, then, and for the vital interests of the millions of people whose welfare is solemnly committed by God to their charge, the two governments are earnestly invited to instant action and the exercise of magnanimity in settling the dispute.

It may seem idle to discuss the merits of their respective titles, when it is evident that the parties *cannot* recede. It is useless to stand fencing with arguments, when every body can see that the affair must ultimately be decided by considerations of a totally different character. We have been arguing the question for thirty years, and stand precisely where we did when the discussion commenced. The resources of logic, then, are exhausted, even if it were possible that logic should ever settle a national dispute. We confess, that all the recent negotiations about Oregon seem to us very much like a solemn mummery. A series of well known facts, musty inferences, and venerable arguments are gravely adduced on both sides ; each party repeats its conviction that it is entirely in the right, and its opponent is entirely wrong ; reciprocal propositions for compromise, which had been made and rejected several times before, are again made and rejected ; and the plenipotentiaries — so called because nothing is left to their power or discretion — then separate, repeating to each other "the assurances of their distinguished consideration," and leaving the matter precisely

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where it was before. Such conduct may be very proper for diplomatists, but it would be called very silly for children. We shall try not to retread this beaten ground, but merely to show that both titles are necessarily imperfect, owing to the entire indefiniteness of all the principles of international law which are applicable to the subject, and to the contradictory character of the historical precedents which are adduced; and that this position would hold, even if all the assumed facts, many of which are disputed, were indubitable.

To prevent misapprehension, we may as well repeat here the opinion that has often been expressed, and, as we think, proved, in our pages, that the United States title, though imperfect, is the better of the two. In fact, Great Britain has admitted by implication as much as this; for, while this country asserts its exclusive ownership of Oregon, she has expressly, in several official communications, limited her claim to a right of *joint occupancy* of the territory with the United States, leaving the question of *absolute dominion* in abeyance. Thus, in the statement made by Messrs. Huskisson and Addington, the British plenipotentiaries, to Mr. Gallatin, in 1827, it is said: — "Great Britain claims no exclusive sovereignty over any portion of the territory on the Pacific between the forty-second and the forty-ninth parallels of latitude; her present claim, not in respect to any part, but to the whole, is limited to a right of joint occupancy in common with other states, leaving the right of exclusive dominion in abeyance, and her pretensions tend to the mere maintenance of her own rights in resistance to the exclusive character of the pretensions of the United States." Similar language was held in Mr. Pakenham's letter to Mr. Calhoun in September, 1844. This right of joint occupancy of the whole she is willing to exchange for an absolute title to a part. Her position, therefore, is a defensive one with regard to the United States; she claims no more than what she now possesses, and has enjoyed ever since 1818, though by express agreement this possession is not to be construed in derogation of our claim. The only definition or restriction of this right of "joint occupancy" (except by the convention of 1818, which may be terminated at a year's notice) is to be sought for in the treaty on which the right itself is founded, namely, the convention with Spain in 1790, according to which, so far as we can see, the United States

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may go on forming settlements, and colonizing the whole of Oregon, except "the places already occupied" by the British. At present, this occupation cannot be construed to extend beyond a few forts and stations, and the cultivated fields in their immediate vicinity. If the whole of her claim were admitted, then, she would retain these, together with a right of navigating the rivers, frequenting the harbours, and having free access to all our settlements. On the other hand, our position is an offensive one. Supposing the convention of 1818 terminated after due notice, the only question would be, not whether we could retain the land now held by our emigrants, or whether we could continue forming settlements in any part of the territory that we liked; for to do both these things would be our undisputed privilege; but whether we should go to war for the sake of driving the English out of the very slight hold which they now have upon Oregon. The United States might even organize a territorial government, and protect its colony by the presence of troops against the Indians, without trenching upon the assumed rights of the English. Whether it would be prudent to leave these isolated British posts in the midst of the American colony with its increased numbers is another question.

The positive side of the British title may be very quickly discussed; it rests entirely on the Nootka convention of 1790. Up to that period, England and Spain were the only powers that had any claims to the possession of the North Pacific coast. The conflict of their respective claims was put at rest by the convention which Spain was bullied into making in this year, by the threat of a war which she was not prepared for. While England by this instrument limited the rights of her opponent in the territory, she also restricted her own. It was stipulated, that "the respective subjects of the contracting parties should not be molested in navigating or carrying on their fisheries in the Pacific Ocean or in the South Seas, or in landing on the coasts of those seas, *in places not already occupied*, for the purpose of carrying on their commerce with the natives of the country, *or of making settlements there.*" It was further stipulated, that, whatever settlements might be made there by either nation, the subjects of the other power should have "free access" to them. By this treaty, both Spain and England consented to forego all their previous claims and rights, — founded on alleged

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prior discoveries, contiguity of territory, or any other basis, — for the sake of this mutual guaranty of joint occupation. All antecedent pretensions were merged in this treaty, and it is mere impertinence or irrelevancy in either party to go behind it for the purpose of inquiring what previous acts or circumstances empowered them to make it, or whether its provisions ought to have been more liberal or more stringent on their side. The bargain may have been a hard one, — it certainly was, in one sense, for Spain, as we have said, was bullied into making it ; but it was still a bargain, concluded under hand and seal, and neither party had a right to retract. England in future could assert a right only of joint occupancy, not of exclusive dominion or ownership. Spain in future, *or any country claiming under Spain*, could assert only an equal right. As no other power then laid any claim to the territory, or protested against this mode of dividing it, their respective rights, thus limited and defined, were good against the world.

This is the whole positive side of Great Britain's pretensions to Oregon ; the negative side consists in a refutation of the counter pretensions of the United States. By the Florida treaty of 1818, Spain made over all her right to the Pacific coast north of latitude 42°, whatever it might be, to the United States. Of course, she could not cede more than she possessed ; she ceded it loaded with all the treaty stipulations and restrictions which she had made respecting it while it was in her possession. She did not *warrant* the goods sold ; the purchaser took them for better or worse. Was Oregon, in 1818, still subject to the Nootka Convention of 1790 ? England maintains that it was, that the treaty was perpetual, that, as no limitation of time is mentioned in it, or even hinted at, it was to last for ever. The United States say that it was not, that Spain and England went to war with each other in 1796, and as war annuls all treaties, that the Nootka convention then ceased. Of course, it ceased during the actual conflict, *flagrante bello ;* but did it not revive again of itself when peace was made, whether mentioned in the treaty of peace or not ? Here is the real point ; here issue is joined, and the question can be decided only by an appeal to international law and historical precedents. We believe that these leave the question still indeterminate, agreements of a certain character necessarily

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lapsing after a war, while others are revived by a peace, though there be no express mention of them. In the treaty of Ghent in 1814, it was not thought necessary to revive and enact over again all the provisions of the treaty of 1783. Many of these, of their own force, returned to the *status ante bellum*. On the other hand, the specific enumeration, in many treaties of peace, of certain articles and stipulations contained in former treaties which are to be revived by the action of the later convention, is a strong implication that the articles not enumerated are to be considered as dropped, or destroyed by the war. Certain fishing rights were secured to us by the treaty of 1783, which the English held to be annulled by the war of 1812, while the American negotiators maintained that they revived on the conclusion of the treaty of Ghent. In this case the two parties are found in a reversed position with respect to each other, each asserting doctrines directly opposed to what they now hold respecting the Nootka convention. Here, then, on a capital point in the title of either party, we find a doubt resting which cannot be removed. This is fatal to the assertion of a perfect title on either side.

It is also held, that the United States derive a claim from France, founded on the purchase of Louisiana from that power in 1803. The unquestioned possession of a territory extending to the eastern base of the Rocky mountains affords some title, it is thought, by contiguity at least, to the ownership of Oregon on the western side. To this it is replied, first, that France never pretended that Louisiana reached beyond the Rocky mountains; and secondly, that the same remark applies to this title which has just been made upon the title obtained from Spain; it is covered by the Nootka convention. France ceded Louisiana to Spain in 1762; and it was as the owner not only of California, but of Louisiana, that Spain signed a convention in 1790, which admitted the British to a right of joint occupancy of Oregon. Spain ceded Louisiana back to France in 1802, but not in such a perfect condition as it was when she received it. She returned it burdened with the treaty stipulations which she had made while it was in her hands. And it was with this incumbrance upon it that the United States purchased Louisiana in the following year.

Having considered two branches of the argument in favor

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of our pretensions to the whole of Oregon, — namely, the rights obtained by purchase from Spain and France, — we now come to the third and only remaining one, which is founded on the proceedings and discoveries of our own citizens. And here one remark is necessary respecting the effect of thus accumulating several distinct titles in the hands of one claimant. Some maintain, that these independent claims, being inconsistent one with another, when united, destroy each other, and leave the claimant who has brought them together without any firm title. Others say, that they mutually confirm and strengthen each other, and in case of a division of the land, entitle the party owning them to as many distinct shares as it possesses claims ; that is, that the United States in their own right, and in that of France and of Spain, ought to have three fourths of the territory, while Great Britain, resting only on its own pretensions, can demand but one fourth. Neither position is correct. The United States, by purchasing the French and Spanish titles, gain an advantage, though it is one only of a negative character, by lessening the number of competitors ; the agency of Frenchmen or Spaniards in discovering or settling Oregon, or acquiring possessions bordering upon it, cannot be adduced to weaken our claim, though it may be urged against the pretensions of the English. On the other hand, this union of claims does not directly strengthen our title, for, if either of them be assumed to be well founded, our own proper claim disappears entirely ; and conversely, if the claim in our own right be good, the French and Spanish titles are of no worth. We cannot pile these pretensions one upon another ; their force is not cumulative, but disjunctive. If Spain actually surveyed the coast of Oregon and discovered the mouth of the Columbia in 1775, then Captain Gray in 1792, and Lewis and Clarke in 1805, were only intruders ; and on the other hand, if the discoveries of Gray, Lewis, and Clarke make out a perfect right, if their explorations, in fact, can be called *discoveries*, then Oregon was vacant and unappropriated, — a mere *terra incognita*, open to the first comer, — down to 1792, and the antecedent claims of France and Spain are mere nonentities. We may, it is true, elect the strongest out of the three claims, and rest the whole of our title upon that, reserving the other two to be urged against the English, and thereby may weaken or break down their claim, though without demonstrating our own.

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And this has been the course pursued by the most sagacious of the American statesmen, — not by all of them, — in the several negotiations upon the subject. They have put in the front the discovery by Gray in 1792, the exploration by Lewis and Clarke in 1805, and the establishment at Astoria in 1811 ; and by so doing they have admitted, that the French and Spanish titles were invalid or doubtful. This admission, coupled with the force of the Nootka convention, on which we have already commented, leaves no doubt that the American claim, so far as it rests on the purchase of Louisiana from France, or on the Florida treaty with Spain, is imperfect. And this, the reader should observe, is the only point we are now seeking to establish. We do not attempt to discuss the English claim, nor even to *prove* the opinion already expressed, that the American title is the better of the two. We would show only that this title at the best is imperfect, that it does not empower us peremptorily to demand the whole of Oregon, and the assertion that it is "clear and unquestionable" is an empty vaunt, a mere rhetorical flourish. In order to make out our point, it only remains to examine the rights created by the American discoverers and explorers.

Captain Cook explored the coast of Oregon, though imperfectly, in 1778 ; Meares, a lieutenant in the English navy, formed a trading establishment at Nootka Sound, in latitude 49°, in 1788, and examined the coast for a considerable distance quite narrowly in a vain attempt to find the great river ; Vancouver surveyed the whole coast very accurately in the years 1792–4, a considerable portion of the survey being completed before Gray entered the Columbia. It is now admitted on all hands, that Captain Gray, in May, 1792, was the first to *enter* the mouth of the river, — Heceta *saw* the mouth in 1775, and entered it as the opening of a river on a map, — that Gray sailed twelve miles up the stream, and gave to it the name of his ship which it has ever since retained. On information received from him, Vancouver immediately sent his lieutenant up the river, who explored it for nearly a hundred miles further. Now the whole question is, whether this discovery of the mouth of the Columbia gives a good title to the whole region drained by it, in spite of the antecedent explorations of the whole coast of that region. We must confess a strong doubt whether it does. The mouth of

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a river is but one point on a coast, though a pretty important point, especially if the river be large; but the previous accurate determination of a dozen other points on the coast may be of at least equal importance. Before Gray entered the Columbia, the whole Pacific shore, from the Spanish settlements to a point far beyond the present northern limit of Oregon, was, so to speak, *familiarly known* both to Spanish and English navigators. There was even a current report, probably derived from Heceta's voyage, that a great river opened to the sea in that vicinity, and Meares had gone in search of it; but the breakers on the dangerous bar at its mouth made him think that the coast was continuous, and he could not find it. Gray was more lucky; he found the opening, and got in over the bar, though he had hard work to get out again. Under these circumstances, we can hardly say that he made a perfectly independent and peculiar discovery, which was worth more than all that his predecessors had accomplished.

Nor is the principle itself by any means established in international law, that the discovery of a river takes rank over all previous discoveries on the seacoast. Historical precedents are rather against it. Hudson, in the service of the Dutch, discovered the river which bears his name, in 1609, and sailed far up the stream; but the claim of his employers was not allowed to hold against the title created for the English by Cabot, who explored the whole seacoast nearly a century before. The Dutch dominion was forcibly put down, and New Amsterdam was changed into New York. Again, France discovered the mouth of the Mississippi, and her subjects were the first to sail down the whole length of that mighty stream. But she made good her title only to a small tract on the east side of the river; while the English, by the right of contiguity alone, carried back their settlements upon the whole remaining portion of the left bank. The people of the United States, surely, are the last persons who ought to complain that the matter was thus adjusted. Park explored the Niger, and Lander discovered its mouth; but England has not yet laid claim to Timbuctoo. In fine, we cannot recollect a single instance in which the discovery of a river was held to be a more solid basis of a title to a territory than the discovery of its coast. The precedents are all the other way.



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The expedition of Lewis and Clarke is of no substantive importance in creating a title to Oregon. It may assist or confirm antecedent pretensions founded on discovery or settlement, because it indicated a purpose of taking possession of the land; but in itself it was no act of discovery or settlement. Captain Fremont is now absent on a journey to the hitherto unexplored wastes in the interior of California; his party travel by the authority and at the expense of the United States, as did Lewis and Clarke, and we anticipate that science will profit as much by this expedition as by the former one; but surely this exploration was not planned by our government in order to create a title to California. Besides, if the expedition in 1805 gave us a right to the region drained by the upper branches of the Columbia, then we must admit the pretensions of the British, founded on Vancouver and Broughton's exploration in 1792, to both banks of the river from the point where Gray's ship stopped to another point near the foot of the Cascades; for Broughton's boat was certainly the first that carried white men over this portion of the stream. A division made on this principle would give England what is unquestionably the most fertile and valuable portion of Oregon.

Again, in 1793, Mackenzie, a British subject, coming from the north, passed down a considerable portion of Fraser's river, which opens into the straits of Juan de Fuca, in latitude 49°, and then, striking off to the west, reached the seacoast near the mouth of a river in latitude 52°. He was the first white man who explored this region, or passed down this river; how, then, can the United States consistently deny the British claim to the region drained by Fraser's river, or, at any rate, to that portion of it lying north of 52°? The northernmost branch of the Columbia does not extend above 52°; it is doubtful even whether it reaches so far. It is evident, then, that the discovery of Gray, and the expedition of Lewis and Clarke, give us no claim to the region between 52° and 54° 40′. In the negotiation of 1824, our minister, Mr. Rush, *expressly admitted* even more than this to the British negotiators. In his official report of the negotiation, addressed to our Secretary of State, on the 12th of August, 1824, giving the language which he used in the conference, Mr. Rush says: — "I added that *the United States did not desire to interfere with the actual settlements of other*

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*nations* on the northwest coast of America, and that, *in regard to those which Great Britain might have formed above the 51st degree of latitude, they would remain*, with all such rights of trade with the natives, and rights of fishery, as those settlements had enjoyed hitherto." The claim of our present administration, then, to the whole of Oregon, extending up to 54° 40′, is contradicted by the direct admission of our own government.

The settlement of Astoria will not detain us long. It was a mere trading establishment, formed for purposes of commerce, and not as a permanent abode for men, or as the commencement of a colony. Mr. Forsyth, in a report to Congress, in 1838, calls it "a trading establishment," and it has always been thus denominated. Now Mr. Gallatin, in the Oregon negotiation in 1827, not only admitted, but labored with great earnestness to prove, that mere factories established for the purpose of traffic, and not followed by actual cultivation, give no title. The whole basis of his argument is, that only actual colonies imply exclusive sovereignty. The British formed a trading establishment at Nootka Sound in 1788; Lieutenant Meares erected a house there, cleared out a shipyard, and built a vessel, — quite as much as was done at Astoria. The Spaniards captured the place the next year; but its restoration was stipulated in the Nootka convention, and it was restored to Vancouver in 1792, though it was immediately abandoned. Thus its history affords a curious parallel in every respect to that of Mr. Astor's establishment. To dwell upon the settlement of Astoria, then, would be fatal to our claim, for it would be an admission that England had a good title to the whole region around Nootka Sound, in latitude 49°, four years before Gray entered Columbia river.

We have but one other remark to make upon this subject, but it is applicable to all the grounds upon which the American claim to Oregon is supported. A disputed title, whether it rests on discovery, settlement, or contiguity, is entirely indefinite in respect to the limits of the country claimed. If the subject of dispute be an island, indeed, of moderate magnitude, then discovery or settlement of any portion of it constitutes a good title to the whole. But when the land in question is only a small part of a vast continent, it is impossible to tell where the title ends. Discoveries and settlements are

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usually made on the seacoast; how far do they extend inland? Not, surely, over the whole breadth of the continent. England, indeed, tried to establish this doctrine for the benefit of her colonies on the eastern coast of North America; but she was obliged to abandon it, and to limit them on the west by the Mississippi river; and the principle has been generally abandoned. If we now attempt to enforce it, we must in consistency demand a belt of country, between 49° and 54° 40′, extending east of the Rocky mountains, through the heart of the British possessions, to the Atlantic Ocean. This may seem extravagant; but it is on this principle that our whole claim to Oregon rests, so far as it is derived from the possession of Louisiana. And the principle may be turned against us; if Louisiana gives us a title to the Pacific coast south of 49°, the Hudson's Bay possessions give England a title to the same coast north of that parallel.

Does our claim, then, cover the whole region drained by the Columbia and its tributaries? But this is not the whole of Oregon; a considerable portion of the territory discharges its waters directly into the ocean through the Klamet, the Umpqua, the Chickeeles, and the Salmon, or into the straits of Juan de Fuca by Fraser's river. And to the region thus drained, which includes much of the most valuable land in Oregon, the discovery of Gray, the expedition of Lewis and Clarke, and the settlement of Astoria afford us not the shadow of a title.

But enough of this dry discussion of claims, which has been drawn out much longer than we had intended. We have not sought to disprove the American title to Oregon, but only to show that it is necessarily qualified, indeterminate, and imperfect; and this has been proved so conclusively, that any statesman who shall hereafter declare that this title is perfect and unquestionable will afford good reason to doubt either his soundness of mind or his honesty. That the United States have rights in Oregon, equal in every respect to the British rights, is known by the full and explicit admission of England herself; and thus we have all the needed ground for a compromise, and an equitable division of the territory. Messrs. Huskisson and Addington, in their official statement, made in 1827, which we have already quoted, hold the following language: —

"The rights of Great Britain are recorded and defined in the convention of 1790; they embrace the right to navigate the wa-

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ters of those countries, to settle in and over any part of them, and to trade with the inhabitants and occupiers of the same. These rights have been peaceably exercised ever since the date of that convention; that is, for a period of nearly forty years. Under that convention, valuable British interests have grown up in those countries. *It is admitted that the United States possess the same rights*, although they have been exercised by them only in a single instance, and have not, since the year 1813, been exercised at all; but beyond these rights they possess none."

Great Britain, as we have said, now offers to exchange her partial title to the whole for an exclusive title to a part, and only the terms of the division remain to be adjusted. The olive-branch is held out; it remains to be seen whether we will reject it, and prefer war. To one who has not studied with some attention the records of our race, so as to be aware into what acts of folly and wickedness a country may be plunged by the ambitious and self-seeking spirit of its politicians, acting on the inflammable passions of a mob, it may seem utterly unworthy of belief, that two great nations should go to war with each other about such worthless possessions. He will say, with England's great moralist, that "to charge any men with such madness approaches to an accusation defeated by its own incredibility." But let him open the pages of history, and learn to do more justice to the extent of human foolishness. Twice in the latter half of the last century was England on the very brink of a war with Spain, once about this very Oregon, and once about a cluster of frightfully bleak and barren islands, that still remain unoccupied, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the south pole. Each time, Spain, learning wisdom from its weakness, shrank from the contest; and England, having expended millions on an armament, and thus vindicated the national honor, quitted her threatening attitude, and rested on her laurels, in both instances leaving the disputed title just as much in doubt as ever. If the United States do not cheat her out of the opportunity, she is capable of acting quite as foolishly once again, and even of adding to the absurdity by actually commencing a war as destructive of her own interests as of those of her antagonist. She is pledged to do so, by the public faith granted to the Hudson's Bay Company, and by the solemn declarations of her ministers in parliament. We have no heart to estimate the nature and probable consequences of a



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war begun with such motives, and prosecuted with all the bitterness and pertinacity which have characterized our former contests with England.

On the affair of the Falkland islands, to which we have here alluded, Dr. Johnson wrote a pamphlet in 1771, when the public excitement on the subject was at its height; and as many of his ponderous and majestic sentences are literally applicable to the present emergency, we will place a few of them before our readers, leaving it for them to judge whether they more aptly describe the conduct of Great Britain or of the United States. And, first, we will give his computation of the profit which England derived from thus pushing the affair to extremities.

"We have, by obtaining a disavowal of Buccarelli's expedition, and a restitution of our settlement, maintained the honor of the crown, and the superiority of our influence. Beyond this what have we acquired? What, but a bleak and gloomy solitude, an island thrown aside from human use, stormy in winter, and barren in summer; an island which not the southern savages have dignified with habitation; where a garrison must be kept in a state that contemplates with envy the exiles of Siberia; of which the expense will be perpetual, and the use only occasional; and which, if fortune smile upon our labors, may become a nest of smugglers in peace, and in war the refuge of future Bucaniers. To all this the government has now given ample attestation, for the island has been since abandoned, and perhaps was kept only to quiet clamors, with an intention, not then wholly concealed, of quitting it in a short time. This is the country of which we have now possession, and of which a numerous party pretends to wish that we had murdered thousands for the titular sovereignty."

The Doctor, it will be seen, is arguing against a party in his own country who were loud in their denunciations of the ministry for accepting so little from Spain, instead of bravely demanding the whole, and fighting to the death in order to obtain it. In their opinion, England had not blustered quite enough to maintain her dignity.

"Whether the ministry might not equitably have demanded more is not worthy a question. The utmost exertion of right is always invidious, and where claims are not easily determinable, it is always dangerous. Through the whole argument of the faction runs the general error, that our settlement on Falkland's island was not only lawful, but unquestionable; that our right was not only

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certain, but acknowledged; and that the equity of our conduct was such, that the Spaniards could not blame or obstruct it without combating their own conviction, and opposing the general opinion of mankind."

Our moralist very plainly hints his opinion of the general validity of the titles by which newly discovered countries are held.

"We have now for more than two centuries ruled large tracts of the American continent by a claim which perhaps is valid only upon the consideration, that no power can produce a better; by the right of discovery and prior settlement."

The gasconading tone which many of our politicians and our newspapers have adopted, in reference to the probable issue of this dispute in a war, may not be corrected by the following remarks; but they will not fail of their effect on the judgments of the only portion of the community whose opinions are worth having.

"It is wonderful with what coolness and indifference the greater part of mankind see war commenced. Those that hear of it at a distance, or read of it in books, but have never presented its evils to their minds, consider it as little more than a splendid game, a proclamation, an army, a battle, and a triumph. Some indeed must perish in the most successful field, but they die upon the bed of honor, *resign their lives amidst the joys of conquest, and, filled with England's glory, smile in death.*

"The life of a modern soldier is ill represented by heroic fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and ten thousands that perished in our late contests with France and Spain, a very small part ever felt the stroke of an enemy; the rest languished in tents and ships, amidst damps and putrefaction; pale, torpid, spiritless, and helpless; gasping and groaning, unpitied among men, made obdurate by long continuance of hopeless misery; and were at last whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments and unwholesome stations, where courage is useless and enterprise impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melted away. Thus is a people gradually exhausted, for the most part, with little effect. . . . . At the conclusion of a ten years' war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes and the expense of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations?"

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The grandiloquent strut of some of these sentences does not accord very well with the simpler taste of our own times; but the native vigor of Johnson's good sense, and the soundness of his moral judgments, always pierce through the sesquipedalian verbosity of his style. When his indignation at wrong is fully excited, his language throws off many of its prevailing faults, and becomes natural, without ceasing to be terse and eloquent. Take, for instance, the following passages, which are tolerably pat to our present purpose.

"Let us not think our laurels blasted by condescending to inquire, whether we might not possibly grow rather less than greater by attacking Spain. Whether we should have to contend with Spain alone, whatever has been promised by our patriots, may very reasonably be doubted. A war declared for the empty sound of an ancient title to a Magellanic rock would raise the indignation of the earth against us. These encroachers on the waste of nature, says our ally, the Russian, if they succeed in their first effort of usurpation, will make war upon us for a title to Kamtschatka."

"As peace is the end of war, it is the end likewise of preparations for war; and he may be justly hunted down as the enemy of mankind, that can choose to snatch by violence and bloodshed what gentler means can equally obtain."

War is defined by high authority to be a means of establishing justice. If so, it is a very poor means, for it is demonstrable that it establishes no right but that of the strongest. When stripped of its pomp and circumstance, and viewed only in theory, its pretensions to be called a judge of right and wrong appear simply ludicrous. Imagine a proposition seriously brought forward, that the pot-valiant politicians and diplomatists, who "are ready to shed every drop of their ink, and of other people's blood, in defence of their country's rights," as they have hitherto had the war of words all to themselves, should be allowed also the exclusive privilege of carrying on the war with keener weapons; that this national duel should be fought only by the principals, and not at second hand, or by proxy; that Sir Robert Peel and a dozen members of his cabinet, duly equipped with swords and muskets, should be drawn out in open field against President Polk and his Secretaries, armed after the national fashion with rifles and bowie-knives, to put this great question to the arbitrament of deadly battle. As the latter party would be the

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weaker in numbers, they might be assisted by half a dozen of the most valiant members of the Senate; and as the Duke of Wellington, who has the reputation of being a terrible fighter, would appear on the other side, he might be opposed by that gallant senator who ended a fierce speech on this very matter of Oregon with the following startling prophecy: — "The man is alive, and with a beard on his face (though it may not be I), who will see an American army in Ireland, and an American general in the streets of London." The two chivalrous parties, thus made equal, might proceed to shoot and slash each other to their heart's content, till, one troop being cut to pieces, or having run away, the other might take formal possession of Oregon in their country's name, — and be required to end their days there.

Every one would laugh at the proposal, worthy only of Captain Bobadil, for settling the controversy in this fashion. Yet which is the more absurd, — we ask it in all seriousness, — that these grave civilians, ministers, and diplomatists should be required to fight their own battles, or that they should be permitted to hire forty or fifty thousand wretches to do all the fighting for them, while the shame, the suffering, and the loss, which must accompany every war, would fall broadcast on the community at large? "If damned custom had not brazed them so," had not so inured them to a passive contemplation of the tremendous evils of war, we might safely trust this question to every man, woman, or child, arrived at years of discretion, either in Great Britain or the United States, and be sure of an answer on the side of humanity, or in favor of confining the fighting to the smallest possible number. The bulk of the population of either country care nothing about Oregon; why should they? Not one in ten thousand of them would be made richer or poorer, happier or sadder, by a gain of the whole territory. But where shall we put a limit, even in imagination, to the sufferings, the disasters, the horrors, which must follow in the train of an obstinate and protracted, though it be a successful, war? To what fireside, either in England or the United States, will it not bring distress, if not a feeling of desolation and despair? What commercial convulsion, what pestilence, what famine, ever diffused affliction so widely, or caused so fearful a destruction of human life, as a single year of sanguinary warfare between two haughty and powerful nations, for whom science

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has carefully studied the most effective means of wholesale murder, and years of steady and deliberate preparation have collected all the munitions and enginery of destruction? The former awful dispensations of God's mysterious providence purify while they chasten; the suffering which they occasion, as it is not brought upon us by the fell devices of an enemy, nor, in most cases, as any immediate effect of our own follies or crimes, is submitted to, if not with resignation, at least without the exasperation of revengeful feelings, or the bitter aggravations of remorse. But the curse of war strikes equally upon the body and the soul; its demoralizing effects continue long after its external wounds have cicatrized, and the carcasses of its victims have rotted in their graves.

The foolhardiness which invites danger is seldom prepared to meet it. The fury and ignorance of party contentions, which have twice, within one year, brought this country to the brink of a war, have left our commerce exposed, our fortifications unmanned, and our coasts unguarded. England's war-steamers alone might blockade all our chief ports for a twelvemonth, in spite of our most strenuous efforts, while the remainder of her navy was occupied in sweeping our commerce from the ocean. The entire ruin of our foreign trade, and the paralysis of domestic traffic, would spread bankruptcy over every part of the union. Our staple exports of cotton, tobacco, and grain would lie perishing in the fields, not worth the trouble of harvesting them, except for a limited home consumption, while our ships were rotting at the wharves. True, we might have the satisfaction, in the midst of these disasters, of knowing that we were plunging the iron deep into the vitals of our great antagonist. The manufacturing poor of Birmingham and Manchester might perish for want of employment; the peasantry of England and Ireland, especially after such a season as the last, might starve. Our light-heeled privateers, escaping from the smaller ports, might make a fearful inroad upon that commerce whose sails are whitening every sea. And to reflect upon such facts as these, upon a famine caused by our hostilities, and upon piracy committed under our flag, would be the only consolation for the evils of war endured in our own persons.

The folly and wickedness of such hostilities would be aggravated by the intimate and friendly relations which have long existed between the parties. We do not, indeed, place

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much stress upon the ties of common descent, a common language, and a common literature; these may be a pleasing theme for the scholar and the reflecting man to contemplate, but have little effect upon the people at large, in whose minds they rather create the familiarity which nourishes dislike or breeds contempt. It is humiliating for the pride of human nature to reflect, that brothers may hate each other with the known bitterness of fraternal hatred, while the hearts of partners allied in interests, though not in blood, are grappled to each other as with hooks of steel. The mutual dependence of agricultural and manufacturing industry, similarity of pursuits, and community of interests draw together Great Britain and the United States almost into one nation, and commerce throws around them its connecting chains of gold. Side by side, assisting or defending each other, their daring ships put a belt around the globe, or pass from the Arctic to the Antarctic, and hoist their flags in friendly rivalry with each other in every nook and corner of the remotest seas. Shipwrecked or in peril, the mariner blesses the first glimpse of an approaching flag, careless whether it bears the emblems of St. George, or the stripes and stars; for in either case it brings assurance of rescue, comfort, and supply. But a few words uttered by a few weak men, "drest in a little brief authority," at London and Washington, more potent than a magician's spell which should change fair and sunny skies to darkness and storm, may convert that flag into a more fearful thing than the utmost violence of the winds and waves. No longer a token of succor at hand, it would become a herald of captivity and ruin, and the sailor will meet alone the utmost perils of fire and flood rather than wait its approach.

It behooves those who have the power to act at a conjuncture pregnant with such awful consequences to look with a heedful eye to the measure of their own responsibility. Thirty years of profound peace among all the great nations of the earth have made governments careless and confident, and men sit under the shadow of their own vine and fig-tree, and talk lightly of a war. A generation has passed away since the conclusion of the last great struggle, and the recollection of the misery and gloom which attended it has become dim. "He jests at scars who never felt a wound." Meanwhile, the feelings and opinions of men respecting the wilful infliction of injury, or the destruction of human life under whatever

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pretences, have undergone a greater change in reality than in appearance. Humanity has made progress, great progress; God be thanked for it! If the careless and the unthinking still speak recklessly about a war, it is only because war is not definitely connected in their minds with any idea of the shedding of blood. They have only a vague notion of it as a sort of nonintercourse, by which, at considerable inconvenience to itself, a nation bravely avows its determination not to be cheated out of the least of its rights. In this way alone can we account for the absurd blustering of some very worthy persons, who talk about vindicating our pretensions to that worthless Oregon by an appeal to arms. Bring the matter home to them, let them wake up some morning and find themselves in the midst of a war, and they would be struck with horror and remorse. The news of a great victory, of the old-fashioned kind, attended with the slaughter of thousands on both sides, instead of being received with exultation, as we verily believe, would excite in their minds only the mingled feelings of grief, humiliation, and repentance. Above all, they would hold to a fearful accountability the politicians whose policy had become so deeply stained with blood. Then let the English ministry and the American government look to it; they may carry on this war of words for a while longer, and it will harm no one; they will even deserve and obtain what is the sole object of their ambition, the applause of their countrymen for being so valiant and steadfast in defence of their country's rights. But the outbreak of actual hostilities between England and America about such a contemptible possession will be followed by a storm of popular indignation, that will not only hurl them from their pride of place, but will cover the history of their administrations with disgrace, and leave an indelible blot upon their names.

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## Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *America and the American People.* By Frederick von Raumer, Professor of History in the University of Berlin, &c. Translated from the German, by William W. Turner. New York: J. & H. G. Langley. 1846. 8vo. pp. 512.

Professor Von Raumer is well known as an eminent historical investigator, and a very respectable writer. His studies have ranged over the whole field of history, and his conclusions have been drawn from a varied and profound knowledge of the original sources. No name, probably, is of higher authority on any historical subject in Germany than his. The immense learning which he has acquired in his special department enables him to contemplate the phenomena of modern history from a point of view elevated high above the party passions of the age. The judgments of such a man are weighty and important. The actors on the political stage, of all parties, will do well to listen to what so impartial a teacher has to say.

It is a subject to be thankful for, that at last we have had a traveller in the United States, who is neither a virago, a cockney, nor a post-captain; a man born on the continent, and not bound hand and foot by insular prejudices. It cannot be charged upon Mr. Von Raumer that he judges favorably of America from ignorance of a higher and better state of things; for the most cultivated forms of European society have been familiar to him. The political institutions of ancient and modern states have been subjected to his thorough and searching study; and he has long taught history in one of the most literary cities of Europe, associated with the men who have created a marked epoch in the intellectual progress of the world. He is a German scholar, but not a German pedant; a citizen of the world, and not a burgher of "Krähwinkel," which is the Teutonic name for "Little Pedlington." In the true German fashion, he made himself at home in the "literature of the subject" before he came to America. He must have found it a deplorable business. Even German patience must have faltered at sight of the hideous mass of American travels. Even German thirst for knowledge must have found this branch of research "awful dry," as a good woman once called a hydropathic friend of ours who was addicted to hard drinking of cold water. But Mr. Von Raumer conscientiously mastered it all; and when he arrived among us, he knew already as much about America as many of the American cit-



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izens themselves. This characteristically German fact enabled him to turn every moment of his stay to the best account. He knew the great art of asking questions wisely, which, according to Lord Bacon, is more than half the work of discovering the truth. Every one who met him saw, that he was earnestly and impartially intent on knowing things as they are; sometimes, to be sure, he seemed a little dogmatic; but the vast stores of his learning generally bore him out in his assertions. He never seemed to form an opinion upon separate, disjointed facts; but the variety and clearness of his political information enabled him to place each fact in its proper connection, and to draw from it, when thus placed, its true significance. He was not insensible to the peculiarities which mark the society and manners in the United States; but he never, like most English travellers, assigned an undue importance to what was in itself indifferent or merely conventional. His researches pierced to the principles out of which the social and political phenomena of the country grow, — the philosophy which comprehends the facts that make up our external history. He scanned with careful scrutiny those things which "constitute a state"; and though he wrote, as he expressly declares, for the special instruction of Germany, there are few Americans who will not find matter for useful reflection in his luminous exposition of the working of our institutions.

Mr. Turner's translation is clear, but the style is sometimes inelegant. He does not shrink from the periphrastic cockneyism *is being lengthened;* he even ventures upon *talented*, and uses several times the word *monstrous* in the sense of *huge* or *enormous.* He calls the Prince of Orange the *Prince of Orania*, because in German it is "Von Oranien." Other blemishes of this sort might be pointed out, which, though of slight importance, are worth removing. The translation seems, nevertheless, to be well executed, on the whole; and Mr. Turner deserves praise for making so important a contribution to political literature accessible to American readers.

The Germans always go to the bottom of things. True to the Teutonic instinct, Mr. Von Raumer commences with the origin of the American continent. It was very well to attend to this matter at an early stage of the book; for had our hemisphere remained uncreated, or sunk under water, there could have been no solid basis for the historian's travels, no *stand-point* (standpunkt) for his political speculations, no American democracy. Having got a firm footing on the Western continent, and arrived at the conclusion, that "the hand of God and his handmaid Nature did not first finish Europe, and then pass over the Atlantic Ocean, in order to bring to light and embellish America, also,"

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he proceeds to give a very brief, but clear and interesting, account of the discoveries and first settlements in America. The war with the French and the American Revolution are then treated, and the springs and motives of these military events and the political results are traced with a masterly hand. The leaders and statesmen who conducted the colonies through the fiery trial of the war of Independence are well understood and delineated, and receive the heartfelt homage of this candid historian. General Washington's character is portrayed with truth and eloquence. We have nowhere seen the principles of the American Revolution, the difficulties at its close, growing out of the feebleness of the confederacy, nor the infinite importance of the new constitution, more clearly stated than in his chapters on these subjects. "The American statesmen of that period," says he, "have raised to themselves in the new constitution a monument of imperishable renown. This constitution has endured and stood its ground through circumstances the most varied, perplexing, and dangerous, and has wonderfully aided and prospered a great people in its rapid development; while numberless other constitutions, projected in empty pride, have perished after a brief existence, hurling with them the mistaken nations and statesmen to destruction." We commend this emphatic testimony of an enlightened lover of freedom to the attention of the agitators and traitors among us, who daily and nightly curse the constitution, and preach the damnable heresy of disunion.

The early administrations under the constitution Mr. Von Raumer has carefully investigated. We think his conclusions in general are correct. In all disputed questions he gives a very fair summary of the arguments and facts on both sides,—and the reader must bear this in mind, for in some cases the statements are so made that he might easily mistake them for Mr. Raumer's own opinions,—and then he gives his own judgment, sometimes with too much positiveness, but always candidly. He must be expected, of course, to fall occasionally into errors. America and her men and institutions are great subjects, and cannot be "done" in a day. For example, he stigmatizes the opposition of the Federal party to Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana as "short-sighted and malevolent," when it is a notorious historical fact, that the opposition rested on the ground of the *unconstitutionality* of the measure, and that Jefferson himself distinctly and repeatedly admitted it to be unconstitutional. So in all that Mr. Von Raumer says about Texas and Oregon, especially the former, he does not give sufficient weight to the constitutional considerations which have led a large portion of the American people into a vigorous opposition to the designs of the present administration.

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On the subject of American banking, the tariff, nullification, &c., Mr. Von Raumer follows the same plan of giving *both sides.* He recapitulates the main arguments with masterly ability; and though his own opinions will sometimes dissatisfy one party and sometimes another, they can never offend, because they are respectfully stated and sustained by argument. On the tariff, he is, like all men of science, a free-trader. He is frequently opposed to the views of the present Whig party, which we think he does not entirely comprehend in their bearings upon the science of political economy. The doctrines of free trade, like the truths of geometry, are demonstrable; but they can be applied only in a state of international relations, which, like a perfect circle, is now, and perhaps will for ever be, merely hypothetical; and it is unscientific to test the *practical* views of the Whig party on the tariff by a hypothetical standard. His chapter on American slavery is eminently calm and rational. He takes a middle point between the fanaticism of abolition and the fanaticism of slavery, and tells what we believe to be the exact truth as to the whole matter. It is worthy of the serious examination of every American, whether he lives north or south of Mason and Dixon's line. We hope it will be universally read, and help to allay the dangerous passions on both sides, which threaten disaster to the country.

The state of American literature and education, and of the institutions of learning, is very well exhibited, though here and there an error of detail occurs. In his "many-sided" German activity, Mr. Von Raumer touches occasionally upon fashions. He speaks of "fashionable ladies" (we have no idea whom he can possibly mean) "whose ideal of female beauty seems to be a pipe-stem stuck on a beer-barrel." In another place, he charges vinegar-drinking upon American ladies. We have heard of such a thing as a vinegar-faced woman, but we never saw one, and have always supposed it to be a fable, like the hippogriff, or a fabrication, like the hydrarchos. We never before heard, that vinegar-drinking was resorted to by American women as a specific for an interesting paleness. However, as Mr. Von Raumer rather oddly says, that he has been assured of this fact by "men, women, *and* physicians," we suppose it must be so; otherwise, we should suspect the circumstance to have a merely *subjective* existence. He speaks with marked disapprobation of young girls eating in the morning "not only over-cooked meat, but also (what is, if possible, still more unwholesome) the smoking hot corn-bread with melted butter!" The over-done meat we give up; but as to the hot corn-bread and melted butter, we think the girls are right.

The vile American habit of spitting justly disturbs the philo-

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sophic temper of the historian. We hope every traveller who sets foot upon our soil will hold up this most disgusting trick to the execration of the civilized world. We shall blame no one who stigmatizes us as barbarians, while tobacco salivation continues to be so horribly prevalent among us. On cooking, Mr. Von Raumer very truly remarks, that "The art is still in a very low condition in the United States. In proportion to the excellence of the materials (fish, flesh, vegetables, fruit, &c.) is the ignorance shown in the art of preparing them. Give the most exquisite block of marble to a common stone-cutter, and he will not produce a statue; so let the finest ox be taken into the kitchen, and a bungler of a cook will fail to give you from him a good roast joint. The excessive quantity of seasoning, particularly pepper and salt, destroys all the original flavor, creates an unnatural thirst, and heats the blood. The roast meats are for the most part dry and hard; the sauces without variety; many vegetables, such as peas, too old; the bread often doughy and smoking hot. A good cook knows how to alter and improve the poorest material; the presumptuous, self-complacent beginner destroys the best food, and the eaters into the bargain." Now this is true æsthetic doctrine on the subject. We do not think that pepper and salt, however, deserve this prominence; we should place several other seasonings decidedly in the foreground. And, as on the subject of the hot corn-cakes, so we are not quite of his mind with regard to hot bread. But *de gustibus non.*

In his allusions to individuals, Mr. Von Raumer sometimes makes amusing mistakes. He talks, in one place, of Mr. Webster being beaten in argument by "the eloquent Buchanan." To a distinguished scholar and theologian he attributes the mythical character of "one of the most zealous Whigs in New England"; and to Mr. Calhoun the still more mythical character of being "always logical and consistent with himself, — *totus teres atque rotundus.*"

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2. — *Hercules Furens, a Tragedy of Seneca.* Edited by Charles Beck, Professor of Latin in Harvard University. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845. 16mo.

This is a very neat edition of one of the best of Seneca's tragedies. The play entitled Hercules Furens, is, as the editor states in his preface, but "little more than a paraphrase of the Ἡρακλεῖς μαινόμενος of Euripides"; but it avoids several striking



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defects in the plan of the original, and contains several passages of uncommon poetical beauty. Two of these are specified by the editor, — the description of the break of day in the chorus of the first act, and the address to sleep in the chorus of the fourth. The latter may be compared to the pathetic words of Orestes in the play of that name by Euripides, and to King Henry's soliloquy on sleep in Shakspeare.

The text of this edition is carefully prepared, and various readings, in cases of importance, are given at the foot of the page. The preface is brief, but well written, and contains an outline of the plot of Euripides, so that the reader may compare the different modes of handling the subject, as it was taken up by the Greek and the Roman poet. At the end of the volume, a body of notes, chiefly mythological and historical, is appended. These notes are written with the editor's characteristic neatness and condensation. A table of the metres used in the play with references to Munk's Treatise on the Metres of the Greeks and Romans, closes the little volume. The lovers of Roman literature will thank Professor Beck for bringing out this play in so correct and scholar-like a form. He has adorned it with the fruits of ripe learning, carefully avoiding unnecessary show and all pedantry.

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3. — *Elementary Grammar of the Latin Language, with a Series of Latin and English Exercises for Translation.* By Dr. Raphael Kühner. Translated from the German, by J. T. Champlin, Professor of Greek and Latin in Waterville College. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 383.

Whatever may be said for or against the multiplication of elementary works of instruction, it must be acknowledged that one advantage, at least, springs from it. It induces, if it does not compel, the teacher to examine and reflect upon the different methods of instruction; it rouses his mental activity, leads him to form opinions of his own, and prevents him from sinking into the stupor of a dull routine, the baneful influence of which upon the growth of the youthful mind is incalculable. But there are other advantages which may accrue from additions to our school-books, more especially in the department of classical instruction. Although considerable progress has been made in many of our classical schools with regard to a rational mode of instruction, there is still a large field for farther amelioration, and good

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school-books, besides good teachers, as they have been the means of past, so they must conduce to future, improvement.

It is just twenty years since the publication of Gould's edition of Adams's Latin Grammar. It was greeted as a great improvement, and deservedly so, considering the grammar previously in use; but how imperfect was it still! Take any important principle of the language, and see how unsatisfactorily, if not incorrectly, it is explained. One example will illustrate this remark. Every one familiar with the Latin language knows the importance of the construction of the accusative before the infinitive. This construction, being, as it were, one of the arteries of the body of the language, is despatched in these words: — "The infinitive mode has an accusative before it; as, *gaudeo te valere.*" A boy may commit this to memory, and repeat it very glibly; but he knows no more about the principle thus stated than he did before. This grammar was, after eleven years, succeeded by that of the Messrs. Andrews and Stoddard, so much superior in almost every respect to its predecessor, that nothing but the most culpable indifference to improvement or the most bigoted prejudice could oppose its introduction. Wherever this grammar has been introduced, the students have obtained a correct idea of the leading principles of the Latin language.

We are now presented with a new Elementary Grammar of the Latin Language, by a scholar and a practical instructer, who has given, in various works, evidence of his excellence in both respects. One of these works, a Greek Grammar, was last year made accessible to the American public by the careful and excellent translation of Messrs. Edwards and Taylor of Andover. The present work has been translated by Professor Champlin, of Waterville College, who has already given to the public some fruits of his literary activity. The translation appears to be made with care and fidelity.

One of the distinguishing peculiarities of this Grammar is, that each rule is illustrated by a number of examples, Latin sentences as well as English, the former to be translated into English, the latter into Latin. It is true, that furnishing these examples is no more than an experienced and faithful teacher ought to do of his own accord, and from his own reading; but we doubt very much whether there are many teachers in our schools who are either willing or able to teach in this manner. In order to render the application of this method possible, the simplest forms of the verb (that is, the infinitive and imperative of the active, and the present indicative of the active and passive), as well as some simple rules of syntax, are introduced before and with the declensions. The rules themselves are expressed with great precision.

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Another characteristic of the book is, that the rules relating to the same part of speech are distributed into several courses, the first containing the regular forms, the other the irregularities and exceptions. This is a point which is of the utmost importance in the instruction of boys; and it is, we apprehend, too frequently neglected. The pupils should become perfect masters of the regular forms before they are made acquainted with the exceptions; otherwise, confusion and embarrassment ensue. It seems to us that, in compliance with this principle, Remark 1 on page 32 should have been incorporated into the 41st paragraph.

The translator has, with very few exceptions, which are mentioned in the preface, followed the original. To these exceptions might properly be added the paragraph on the pronunciation of the letters. It is highly desirable, with regard to this subject, that grammars should state the results of the investigations of scholars. There is a notion that it is impossible to recover the genuine pronunciation of the ancient languages; but upon a somewhat more careful inquiry into the subject, it will be seen that the difficulties are, in some measure, overrated. It will be found, that the points concerning which there is a difference of opinion are but few compared with those on which the best judges agree. By stating, even in elementary grammars, the results of these investigations, the preparatory steps would be taken for a reformation in the pronunciation of Latin and Greek in this country, which is, from the want of an acknowledged standard or principle, in a sad state. We have all the defects of the pronunciation in use in the English schools, without the consistency, accuracy, and precision rigidly insisted upon by English scholars.

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4. — *The Use of the Blowpipe in Chemistry and Mineralogy;* by J. J. Berzelius. Translated from the 4th enlarged and corrected Edition, by J. D. Whitney. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 12mo. pp. 237.

Twenty-three years have elapsed since Children's translation of Berzelius on the Use of the Blowpipe appeared in England. Until then, only a few chemists and mineralogists in England and this country were acquainted with the extent to which the Swedish cultivators of science had carried the application of this instrument. They had followed a strict system in applying tests to mineral substances subjected to the heat of flame urged by a blast of air. The results obtained had been noted, and are found

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in the present volume, which gives an extended account of a systematic method of examining all natural or artificial substances by means of the blowpipe. The work is divided into two parts; part the first treats of the history of the blowpipe, gives a description of it and its appendages, and furnishes minute directions for its use. The second part relates to the "behaviour" of minerals before the blowpipe. The author has given an arrangement, by the electro-chemical system, of a great number of mineral bodies. We are here informed of the characteristic effects produced by varied degrees of heat on different minerals; of the changes produced by inflammable gases, or a heated atmosphere; of changes of form, color, transparency; and of the phenomena arising from cooling from a highly heated state, which are often strikingly beautiful. In the application of fused reagents, the effects of solution and subsequent chemical action are accurately described. The information gained by repeated and varied experiments is here most concisely stated, and the characters before the blowpipe flame of every mineral named are given in the fewest words. In the supplement is a table presenting a systematic arrangement of minerals, according to their behaviour before the blowpipe flame.

The name of Berzelius is so closely associated with all which pertains to the chemical science of the last half-century, either in its most philosophical theories, or the minutest details of experiment, that any effort of his comes to us with great weight of authority. Instructed by the great promoters of chemical science in the north of Europe, he has enjoyed peculiar advantages; and the work before us is an exhibition of his unequalled skill in experimenting, and his quickness of thought in seizing on characteristic phenomena, however minute. Many distinguished chemists had used the blowpipe with great advantage, but no one had collected facts sufficient to form a systematic treatise on the subject. To the latest edition of this book, many additions have been made, relating to the methods of Plattner and others, and the reasonings on phenomena have been extended.

In the translation before us, Mr. Whitney has avoided a host of errors, which appeared in the English edition, and has given to American science the whole work of Berzelius, in its most improved form, up to the present date. He has additional claims to our thanks, as he has rendered into readable English a technical work abounding in untranslatable terms; a labor calling for patience, as well as a full knowledge of his subject. The chemists, mineralogists, and metallurgists of our country will find this work a most valuable aid in their pursuits. There is often no other mode of experimenting, which gives in the shortest time

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so decisive a result, as attends the trials before the blowpipe flame. Minerals are known to us only by their power of affecting our senses, by exhibiting certain relations to other bodies, which form what are called their *characters.* The blowpipe flame, aided by reagents, enables us to multiply characters almost without limit; differences between minerals once considered identical become apparent, and unlike minerals are found to possess general characters which allow them to be classed into one group. In this view, the work of Berzelius may be considered as introducing us to a new branch of science, the "science of the blowpipe."

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5.—*A Universal Pronouncing Gazetteer; containing Topographical, Statistical, and other Information of all the more important Places in the known World, from the most recent and authentic Sources.* With a Map. By THOMAS BALDWIN, assisted by several other Gentlemen. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1845. 12mo. pp. 550.

THE legitimate pronunciation of geographical proper names is a sore trial to most persons' patience as well as to their powers of speech. In comparatively few cases, the orthography is made English, and then there is but little difficulty. But when the foreign spelling is adhered to, the pronunciation is Anglicized imperfectly or not at all, and a jargon of strange sounds is introduced which is fatal to all uniformity of speech, and leaves the uninstructed hearer but little chance of recognizing names which he is perfectly familiar with as seen in print. And no authority or general principle has been established. To give the names the proper foreign sound and accent is often a mark of pedantry; and to conform the pronunciation to the analogy of the English tongue is often considered a token of vulgarity and ignorance, and is a severe infliction for the ears of those who are familiar with the original sounds. We wish the custom of the French had been followed; they fairly adopt all proper names into their own tongue, Gallicizing the orthography in most cases, and the pronunciation in all. But a reform of the English habit, if habit it can be called, is now impossible; and the next best thing is to fix the pronunciation according to the best authority, when any authority can be had, but at any rate to fix it in one way or another.

We are very glad to find an attempt, made in a very creditable manner, in the work before us, to effect this object. The princi-

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ple followed is to adopt the true foreign sound, explained as far as is practicable in English letters, in all cases except those few, like *Paris* and *Naples*, which seem to have acquired a fixed English pronunciation. The practical value of a work of this sort depends entirely on the fulness and accuracy with which it is executed; and in these respects we can commend this volume in the strongest terms. Extraordinary pains seem to have been taken to find the true pronunciation in each case, and to explain it clearly to the English reader. In an introduction of considerable length and interest, the principles on which the work is constructed are explained with precision and minuteness, and general rules are given for the pronunciation of about a dozen of the foreign languages, from which most of the geographical names are taken. A list is given of some twenty gentlemen of education and respectability, mostly natives of various countries in Europe, who have been consulted about the pronunciation of those names with which they were naturally most familiar. For determining the accent, and very often the sound, of those proper names which are now fairly adopted into our tongue, recourse has very properly been had to the English poets, who are led by the occasions of rhyme and rhythm to mark the proper sound often with great exactness, and whose popularity makes their determination of it decisive. Mr. Baldwin remarks, and the quotations given sustain his position, that the later poets especially, such as Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, Byron, Campbell, Rogers, and Moore, have been very uniform and precise in their use of proper names.

Mr. Baldwin's work is valuable also for the ordinary purposes of a Gazetteer, as great care appears to have been used in collecting the topographical and statistical information that is embodied in it. We have only to commend it heartily to our readers, in the hope that it may be generally adopted as a standard for the pronunciation of geographical names.

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6. — *An Examination of Hume's Argument on the Subject of Miracles.* By A. H. Lawrence. Washington: Printed by J. & G. S. Gideon. 1845. 12mo. pp. 20.

Hume's famous argument against the credibility of miracles has been so often exposed and confuted, that a fresh examination of it at the present day seems to be little more than an exercise of logical ingenuity. As its proper effect is to establish not the impossibility of a miracle, but the impossibility of believing in one,

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it is practically confuted by the belief actually entertained by the bulk of mankind, — by all persons, in fact, whose skeptical ingenuity does not transcend their sober judgment. It affords a good field, however, for legitimate metaphysical discussion, and a severe scrutiny of the nature and applicability of different kinds of evidence; and it is as an exercise of this character that Mr. Lawrence has treated it. He has viewed the subject more as a lawyer than a theologian, and his remarks are therefore free from that professional bias which has injured the effect, if it has not impaired the soundness, of many replies to Hume. His criticisms are not confined to the reasoning of the arch skeptic, but extend over the ground occupied by most of these replies; and they evince a clear understanding of the subject, great logical acumen, and a remarkable power of stating his arguments and conclusions in concise, forcible, and distinct language. It is quite refreshing to find a little pamphlet so free from the verbiage, irrelevancy, and indistinctness which deform most argumentative discussions of the present day. If the writer will cultivate his powers, and choose a broader field for their exercise, he can hardly fail to acquire distinction in the practice of any profession which affords play for the nobler faculties of the intellect.

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7. — *Manual of Astronomy: a Popular Treatise on Theoretical, Descriptive, and Practical Astronomy, with a Familiar Explanation of Astronomical Instruments, and the best Methods of using them.* By John Drew. London: Darton & Co. 18mo. pp. 344.

We have room only to commend very briefly the plan and execution of Mr. Drew's little work, as alike modest, thorough, and practical. His long experience as an instructer has enabled him to give a very perspicuous and interesting account of the leading principles and facts of astronomical science, adapted to the wants of those who have not leisure or inclination to make themselves entire masters of the subject. The lucid description of the most important instruments of observation, and the succinct directions for their use, will be very acceptable to a number of persons in this country, who are now training themselves in our recently established observatories to watch with scientific precision the phenomena of the heavens.

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## New Publications Received.

Walt and Vult, or the Twins. Translated from the Flegeljahre of Jean Paul. By the Author of the "Life of Jean Paul." Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays; to which are added a few Poems. By Alexander H. Everett. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 563.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books. No. IV. The Wigwam and the Cabin. By W. Gilmore Simms. New York and London. Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 233.

Poetry for Home and School. Part Second. Selected by the Author of the Theory of Teaching. Boston: S. G. Simpkins. 1846. 12mo. pp. 168.

Poems of Many Years. By Richard Monckton Milnes. A new Edition. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 275.

The Book of Good Examples, drawn from Authentic History and Biography; designed to illustrate the Beneficial Effects of Virtuous Conduct. By John Frost, LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 288.

Sermons preached in the Chapel of Rugby School, with an Address before Confirmation. By Thomas Arnold, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 18mo. pp. 284.

The Library of American Biography, conducted by Jared Sparks. Vol. XVII. The Lives of John Ribault, by Jared Sparks, of Sebastian Rale, by Convers Francis, and of William Palfrey, by John G. Palfrey. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 12mo. pp. 448.

Hyperion, a Romance. By Henry W. Longfellow. Second Edition. Cambridge: John Owen. 1845. 12mo. pp. 370.

Letters addressed to Relatives and Friends, chiefly in Reply to Arguments in Support of the Doctrine of the Trinity. By Mary S. B. Dana, Author of the Northern and Southern Harps, &c. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 318.

A Compendium of Modern Civil Law. By Ferdinand Mackeldey, Professor of Law in the University of Bonn. Edited by Philip I. Kaufmann, P. D. From the Twelfth German Edition. New York: Published by the Editor. Vol. I. 1845. 8vo. pp. 400.

Appleton's Literary Miscellany. I Promessi Sposi. The Betrothed. By Alessandro Manzoni. A new Translation. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Life of Friedrich Schiller, comprehending an Examination of his Works. By Thomas Carlyle. A new Edition, revised by the Author. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 12mo.

Memoirs of an American Lady, with Sketches of Manners and Scenery in America as they existed previous to the American Revolu-



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tion. By Mrs. Grant, Author of Letters from the Mountains. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 12mo.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books. No. V. Big Abel and the Little Manhattan. By Cornelius Matthews. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 93.

Wanderings of a Pilgrim under the Shadow of Mont Blanc. By George B. Cheever, D. D. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 12mo. pp. 166.

Western Clearings. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, Author of "A New Home, Who 'll follow." New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 238.

The Raven and other Poems. By Edgar A. Poe. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 91.

Wiley and Putnam's Foreign Library. Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini. Translated by William Roscoe. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Rhine. By Victor Hugo. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking. Translated by F. Prandi. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 174.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading; No. XXV. Table Talk, by William Hazlitt. Second Series. Part I. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. 12mo.

Lectures on the English Comic Writers. By William Hazlitt. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 222.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 175.

The Life of Louis, Prince of Condé, surnamed the Great. By Lord Mahon. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Songs of our Land, and other Poems. By Mary E. Hewitt. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 156.

First Books of Natural History. Elements of Geology, prepared for the Use of Schools and Colleges, by W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D. From the Text of F. S. Beudant, Milne Edwards, and Achille Comte. Philadelphia: Grigg & Elliot. 1846. 12mo.

The Book of the Colonies; comprising a History of the Colonies composing the United States. Compiled from the best Authorities, by John Frost, LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 280.

The Mass and Rubrics of the Roman Catholic Church, translated into English, with Notes and Remarks. By the Rev. John R. Cotter, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 18mo. pp. 177.

Practical Piety; or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of the Life. By Hannah More. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 2 vols. 32mo.

Narrative of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1842, and to Oregon and North California in 1843–4. By Captain J. C. Fremont, of the Topographical Engineers. Reprinted from the Official Copy. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 186.

Elements of Plane and Solid Geometry and Mensuration, on the Basis of Legendre's Elements, with numerous Additions and Alterations. By Nathan Scholfield. New York: Collins, Brothers, & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 396.

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Higher Geometry and Trigonometry, being the Third and Fourth Parts of a Series of Elementary and Higher Geometry, &c. By Nathan Scholfield. New York: Collins, Brothers & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 492.

History of Wyoming, in a Series of Letters from Charles Miner to his Son, William P. Miner, Esq. Philadelphia: J. Crissy. 1845. 8vo. pp. 488 and 104.

The Vision; or Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, of Dante Alighieri. Translated by the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, A. M. Illustrated with twelve Engravings, from Designs by Flaxman. From the last corrected London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 587.

The Broken Vow and other Poems. By Amanda M. Edmond. Boston: Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln. 1845. 12mo. pp. 324.

Puritanism: or a Churchman's Defence against its Aspersions by an Appeal to its own History. By Thomas W. Coit, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 527.

A Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin, with Rules for the Medical and Domestic Treatment of Cutaneous Diseases. By Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S. Illustrated with six Steel Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 263.

The Book of Christmas, descriptive of the Customs, Ceremonies, Traditions, Superstitions, Fun, Feeling, and Festivities of the Christmas Season. By Thomas K. Hervey. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 220.

The Manual of Matrimony, and Connubial Companion, gathered together for the Safety of the Single and the Weal of the Wedded. By a Bachelor. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 32mo. pp. 127.

Chances and Changes, or Life as it is, illustrated in the History of a Straw Hat. By Charles Burdett, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 18mo. pp. 158.

The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in Relation to Health and Morals. By George Moore, M. D. London: Longmans. 1845. 12mo. pp. 305.

Grammar of the Chaldee Language, as contained in the Bible and the Targums. By Dr. George B. Winer, Professor of Theology, etc., in the University of Leipsic. Translated from the German by H. B. Hackett, Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Institution. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1845. 8vo. pp. 152.

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